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AMERICANS FROM JAPAN

☆

BOOKS BY BRADFORD SMITH

☆

TO THE MOUNTAIN

THIS SOLID FLESH

AMERICAN QUEST

THE ARMS ARE FAIR

THE STORY OF JESUS
(EDITOR)

AMERICANS FROM JAPAN

☆

☆

☆ THE PEOPLES OF AMERICA SERIES ☆

AMERICANS FROM JAPAN

by
Bradford Smith

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

☆ EDITED BY LOUIS ADAMIC ☆

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FIRST EDITION

To
THE NISEI
who have proved their Americanism
by ordeal,
and especially to the memory of
their heroic dead.

ON TOLERANCE

All too often some politician, preacher or lecturer gets up, or some writer sits down, and comes out in favor of *tolerance* as a remedy for whatever he has been led to believe ails the individual and group relations among Americans on the ethnic and religious levels. In most instances, the speaker or writer is sincere enough; means well, his uneasy mind has been touched by the nebulous idea of good-will. He may even have familiarized himself with the history of the concept of toleration since before John Locke. But, as a general rule, he has no clear, firm notion of what he is about. The probability is that his advocacy of tolerance, tolerance, tolerance, has no positive long-range effect on relations among Americans belonging to diverse ethnic and religious groups, or on the quality of American life as a whole.

In ninety-odd instances out of a hundred, when an American in these middle decades of the twentieth century is "tolerant," it means simply and exactly that he *tolerates* those unlike him racially, religiously or in old-country background. It means that he refrains from blurting out his doubts about your fitness to inhale the same air with him because you are a native of Hungary or were born of Italian-immigrant parents, or because your name is Wasielewski, Zamblaoskas, Capogrini or Mesojednik, or because you are a Jew or Catholic or Protestant, or because you happen to be a Yankee or a Mexican, or because your eyes look aslant, or because your skin is dark—although maybe no darker than his own in summer when he spends time and money at the seashore to acquire a tan. This is particularly true when the tolerator practices racial and religious tolerance consciously, with a good deal of righteous effort and purpose, in response to appeals by people of prestige, who persuaded him that it was a great virtue. The tolerator may himself be a member of some so-called "minority" group and an object of toleration.

"Forbearance," perhaps is the closest synonym of tolerance at its best as practiced in the United States. One is tolerant in this least objectionable way when one passively, patiently suffers something or

someone one doesn't like. The degree of objectionableness depends on the extent of the grace with which that something or someone is endured.

Basically, tolerance is a thin veneer of *intolerance*. That veneer is poor stuff, it cracks easily.

As practiced in the ethnically and religiously complex United States, tolerance is controlled, suppressed, covert intolerance. To many people in and out of the "minority" groups it seems preferable to active intolerance in immediate day-to-day situations, now and then. It works more or less favorably, off and on, for "minority" people whose conscious individual concern is for the moment only. It works, and it is considered preferable to open intolerance, in normal times when the winds of doctrine are mere breezes and serious group tensions induced by economic or political trends and tides are absent or dormant.

When a crisis comes, when things tighten up economically and the winds of doctrine attain gale velocity, when a war threatens to break out, when large numbers of people are afraid or confused and can't think matters through, and scapegoats are needed, then the thin veneer of tolerance cracks. There is open racism, anti-semitism, anti-alienism, hitting individuals and whole groups; "undesirables" are dropped from jobs; restriction of immigration becomes a hot issue, and KKK crosses burn on hill-krests. The Constitution is by-passed and abruptly a multitude of people are uprooted and put into virtual concentration camps because they constitute a certain kind of "minority" which up to that moment was more or less "tolerated," but which now suddenly is "dangerous" (so labeled by another minority) and about which the country as a whole has next to no information for, having tolerated it, it had no real interest in it. There is sharp, undisguised intolerance, perhaps the more furious and ignorant because of its recent mask of tolerance.

"Tolerant" persons are nearly always condescending and patronizing, superior and snobbish—*Herrenvolk*-ish—toward those who are unlike them in some respect. In their turn, the objects of tolerance—individuals and whole groups—assume or develop or continue to maintain vaguely defensive, that is, negative attitudes, including extreme sensitiveness, that often are even worse than the tolerance which induced them, effectively precluding vital communication with others . . . and there they are, there we all are, separated by invisible chasms.

Visiting Scranton, Pennsylvania, late in the 1930s, I spent an evening in the home of a self-educated, hale and articulate octogenarian

immigrant from Lithuania who said: "When we Lithuanians and the Slavs first began to come to the hard-coal region back in the middle 1880s, the Irish, Welsh and Cornish miners resented us like anything. On the way to the pits in the early mornings, their favorite sport was to push us 'foreigners' off running streetcars. But, man, you could deal with that kind of intolerance. You got hold of the guy who pushed you off the car, you slugged it out with him, the best man won—sometimes it was you. Then you and he and your friends and his went to a saloon, and we got acquainted all around. The Irish or Welsh wanted to know where in hell Lithuania was; we learned the whereabouts of Wales and Ireland; and once I remember we all drank a round of toasts to our respective old countries and to the United States. You and the fellow who pushed you off the car and into the cinders became the best of pals, and by-and-by your son married his daughter. . . . But this 'tolerance' nowadays; why, you can't get at it.

"These 'tolerant' people smile at you so sweetly, they're so nice, so polite, but you see that they're only putting up with you. There's a cold, sharp gleam in their eyes which says that you're not as good as they are and never can be; and, well, you just can't reach that thing in them, whatever it is—that superiority, that sense of priority, you can't tackle it at all. If you give a hint of wanting to challenge it, 'tolerance' drapes itself in indignation and retires: and there you are. What can you do? You rage inside yourself. In that rage, an Italian may become aggressive or ambitious, perhaps an artist or a gangster. If you are a Lithuanian or a Slav, your sensitiveness increases; more and more you pull away from things, you crawl inside yourself; you remain a Lithuanian or Slav, or at best you reconcile yourself to being, as H. L. Mencken used to put it, only a second-class American, an assistant American. You hate 'them,' the self-styled standard Americans, but don't show it; you tolerate them. You don't know them; they don't know you. It's not good. . . ."

Tolerance, as practiced in the United States in response to long-time organized propaganda and sporadic free-lance appeals, has other subtle effects. "Tolerant" people, to repeat, are apt to fear being regarded as intolerant; some are tolerant only or chiefly for that reason. In wide areas of American life, this operates in the direction of a vague kind of censorship, away from free discussion of personalities and movements that may be members or parts of "minorities." This enables various schemes for the control of your life and mine to be hatched be-

hind the shield of tolerance. If you cast a critical glance at any such scheme or the people or the movement behind it, you are in danger of being denounced as an intolerant bigot . . . unvirtuous and un-American.

Being widely hailed as a virtue, tolerance has tricked many of its practitioners into self-righteousness. It passes for something it isn't; it deludes people into an unsound self-esteem.

In its total, long-range effect, tolerance—especially when it becomes a habit within the context of the whole culture of a nation—is no less undesirable than intolerance. It throws people off their guard. It inhibits their impulse, their freedom, to criticize public figures who have some sort of minority status but whose operations may be hostile to some of the country's best traditions and institutions. It weakens the personal character—the critical faculties, the instinct for decency, the passion to stand up for what is fair and just and intelligent.

There was, for example, no outcry against the unjust and unintelligent treatment of the Japanese Americans during World War II. The overwhelming majority of those non-Japanese Americans who did not like it in 1942 did nothing about it then or since. Retiring behind the critical war situation, they "tolerated" it in the early forties; since the war's end (up to this writing) there has been a general toleration of the likelihood that nothing will be done by Congress to compensate the victims of that treatment and thus diminish the danger inherent in the unconstitutional precedent of rounding up a whole "minority" by Executive decree and military orders, and putting it behind barbed wire.

The fact that the preponderantly loyal Japanese "minority" was rounded up in an illegal fashion, chiefly in response to pressure from a bluntly intolerant, grasping element on the Pacific Coast, may be less alarming from the angle of a sound American future than is the fact that the rounding-up was tolerated by millions of Americans, including all other racial and religious "minorities," who in their hearts and minds disapproved of it or at least were uneasy about it.

As it operates within the American psyche, and continues to be uncritically urged on the people, tolerance makes one tolerant not only of Jews as Jews if one is Gentile, or of Gentiles as Gentiles if one is Jewish; not only of Negroes as Negroes if one is white, or the other way about; not only of people with Oriental faces if one's own has Caucasian features, and vice versa; but also of persons and organizations, schemes, tricks, events, trends, conditions and developments in

other than ethnic and religious classifications, of some of which, at least, one would be actively intolerant within the best American traditions, were it not for the fact that one is entangled in the subtle trap of the whole subtle business of tolerance.

Tolerance, as practiced more often than not, tends to unfit people for definite ideas, attitudes and purposes. It causes one to be namby-pambily neutral or limply liberal. It makes one try to look in several directions at once, and be headed in none. It leads one to become susceptible to almost any kind of propaganda.

To the concept and practice of tolerance is traceable more personal, moral, intellectual, political and generally cultural characterlessness than to almost any other concept and practice. Many people are so "tolerant" that they do nothing about anything, and are for everything and nothing.

Tolerance—word and practice—ought to be replaced by a trinity of words and practices: *acceptance*, *concern*, and *understanding*.

Democracy, if it is to be a positive way of life—in other words, if it is to endure and evolve and lead to individuals' creativeness and happiness—requires something more than tolerance. The different elements of the American population will have to begin to *accept* one another with all their racial or old-country and religious dimples and warts—as Gentiles, as Jews, as Negroes, as New Americans of the various Caucasian and Oriental stocks—in line with the basic American principle that "all men are created equal" and are entitled to the same chance within the American scheme of things.

Of course this does not mean that one ought to like everybody. It means that one's decision to like or dislike or to be indifferent to a man should be made on the basis of his essential qualities as a person, not on the basis of the fact that he was born an Albanian or Yankee, or that he came over in steerage or in a slave ship, or that he can sport a *Mayflower* blossom on his family tree. Personally, I happen to dislike some Gentiles, some Jews, some Whites, some Negroes, some Protestants, some Catholics, some Italian Americans, and some Yugoslav Americans because I find them to be unsound individuals; but off and on, perhaps too seldom, I wonder if my dislike of them is just and intelligent. I like others because I like the turn of their minds, their ways and inclinations, their social and political ideas, regardless of their ethnic background or religious affiliation.

We need to be trained (in schools, by the movies and radio, etc.),

or train ourselves, in the direction of becoming creatively, positively, interested in a man partly because he is different; because, being different, he is apt to have something out-of-the-ordinary to offer to us personally and contribute to the evolving culture and civilization. Emerson said, "It is the 'not-me' in my friend that charms me."

Inviting diversity, being interested in it, will tend to produce unity in a democratic country; will tend to make it dynamic; will operate against the concentration-camp-like foreign sections and ghettos and restricted residential districts, and will encourage movement and dispersal, at the same time that it will work for harmony and fusion. Inviting diversity brings out the basic sameness of people, just as the opposite results only in more and sharper differences. It breaks down both the superiorities and inferiorities, which are equally bad—two ends of the same stick.

We need to look at one another closely, critically and honestly, with a conscious effort away from fearing anyone because he is different; with *concern* about and for one another, and for our general cultural atmosphere, for the trends and tides in our national life and our international affairs; and with purposeful and continual endeavor toward *understanding* on the basis of information generously interpreted.

We might study the relationship between Ishmael, an American and a Presbyterian, and Queequeg, a cannibal, who meet in Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*. Ishmael's concern for Queequeg is very deep; his desire to understand him, very real. In the process of their becoming the closest of friends, Ishmael argues with Queequeg about his "half-crazy conceits" and "absurd notions," his idol Yojo, and his other spiritual appurtenances and personal customs and habits. Hanging onto his values, Queequeg takes his friend's criticisms good-naturedly, and Ishmael, impressed by the cannibal's charming qualities, and starting to question some of his own national and religious virtues, comes to this conclusion: ". . . let him be, I say; and Heaven have mercy on us all—Presbyterians and Pagans alike—for we are all somehow dreadfully cracked about the head, and sadly need mending."

LOUIS ADAMIC

*Milford, New Jersey,
Lincoln's Birthday, 1948.*

FOREWORD

From the time the first laborers reached Hawaii in the sixties, the Japanese seem to have touched off a spark wherever they came among us. They wanted only to work and earn a modest return, but for one reason or another they have been "good copy" from the beginning. Whether exhibiting their wrestling skill before a Hawaiian king, protesting the exclusion of their children from American schools, or being dispossessed by government action and victimized by sheer cupidity, they have made news. News, but very little real information. Our ignorance about the Japanese, even those within our borders, is astounding.

It is not usually remembered that the Japanese came to Hawaii and to the mainland United States at our insistence, and in some cases through practices on our part little short of kidnapping. Yet they had no sooner come than we began to act toward them as if they had been invaders. Turned by our hostility inward upon themselves, they formed communities which were mysterious only because we did not care to know them.

This indifference toward the immigrant is not unusual; only in the case of the Japanese it was particularly thoroughgoing. And as usual, ignorance led to trouble.

When Japan struck at Pearl Harbor few Americans knew that alien and citizen Japanese together made up less than one tenth of one per cent of the population of the continental United States. Fewer still understood that of these 126,000 (there were another 150,000 in Hawaii) more than two-thirds were Americans, most of them young people who had never seen Japan.

Failing to know them, we locked them up in desert camps. Thus, by a lack of faith in the Americanizing process, a peculiar color-blindness which supposed that German and Italian aliens could be trusted though Japanese American citizens could not, we suffered a triple loss—their labor, the expenditure, for their care, of men and materials, which might have been used productively, the failure of an American ideal.

There was a further loss too, in the propaganda use Japan made of our action as evidence of the hypocrisy of our war aims. Anti-Orientalism had come home to roost; white supremacy was getting an answer. Our rigid

exclusion laws directed against Orientals and our evacuation of the Nisei helped Japan to assume the role of protector of Asia.

Yet, as the Nisei were victims of our worst discrimination and hatred, so they have also been recipients of that considerate and generous aid which is equally characteristic of the American temperament with its tendency to run to opposite extremes and to run at once in both directions. They have brought out the best and the worst in us, and therefore their story gives dramatic illustration to the larger story of race relations in this nation of all races. Because they came first to Hawaii, much of their story is there—a story different in many respects from that of immigrants to the mainland and contrasting dramatically even with that of the Japanese in California.

Since the words appear frequently in the following pages it is well to introduce them here—Issei, Nisei, Kibei.* Issei, meaning "first generation," applies to the older Japan-born folk. Nisei, "second generation," means the American children of the immigrants, most of them minors when war came, few having had any contact with Japan. The Kibei, usually older brothers or sisters, had been born in America and sent to Japan to be educated. Many of these Kibei were among our most useful intelligence officers in the war.

In the telling of the story that follows I have used a good many names, most of them real, a few fictitious. Within the context it is readily apparent whether the name is one or the other.** In any case, though the names are often assumed, there is not a single piece of fiction in any of the events described.

In spite of eviction from their homes, in spite of the separation of families and the loss of most of their possessions, in spite of being branded by their fellow Americans as potential traitors though no evidence had been brought against them, in spite of being shut up in prison camps behind barbed wire, the Nisei turned in a magnificent war record out of all proportion to their small numbers.

What made these men such good soldiers? What made them remain so loyal to America in spite of this mistreatment? What explains the fortitude with which the dispossessed, fighting the modern equivalents of the pioneers' forest and Indians, have begun to build their lives from nothing again?

*I have held to the Japanese, which does not add *s* in the plural. But the Nisei themselves frequently make the plural as in English.

** Pseudonyms are distinguished by italics in the Index.

The answers, many of them, lie in an understanding of the completely alien culture of their parents and what they got from it. To make so alien a culture come alive is difficult. It can be done only if the reader is willing to accept the Japanese as people, and if he will get accustomed to the fact that cultural traits, unlike physical ones, are not inherited.

There is another question which they illuminate. It concerns the conflict our world is now in the midst of—a conflict in which racial relations play a part, but also our conception of the meaning and purpose of government, indeed of the direction and significance of human life itself as expressed in the acts of individuals and organized units from family to world state.

This conflict is primarily one between the individual and the state. How is the balance to be struck between individual rights and public duties? How can we persuade ourselves to sacrifice something for the general good and thus save ourselves, instead of looking out for ourselves and thus losing all? Though the answers are being given from day to day in the behavior of individuals, the ultimate conflict is on the higher, broader plane of human destiny and survival itself. The foliage is material and particular, but the roots are general and moral.

In this struggle our traditional values are being tested—our extreme individualism, our materialism, our clinging to an all-out competitive system, our insistence upon rights and freedoms without equal concern for obligation and responsibility. They are being tested against a system which emphasizes the group rather than the individual, the strength of the state rather than the comfort of the person, the virtues and economies of cooperation in contrast with wasteful competition.

Whether collectivism will first learn to accommodate itself to the human desire for freedom, or whether a free society of individuals will learn to curb its selfish desires and conflicting demands before chaos sets in is the paramount problem of our times. The story of what happened in America to a people whose social system was cooperative and who had been trained to think more of duty than of rights provides one illustration of this cosmic drama. ("Death is lighter than a feather while duty is heavier than a mountain," says a Japanese proverb.) In viewing the Japanese or their American children it will be kept in mind. Hidden in the history of this smallest of minority groups there may be an experience of value to us all.*

*Footnotes in this volume which the reader ought to be able to glance at immediately are placed at the bottom of the page. Those which are of interest chiefly to the scholar are numbered and put at the back of the book, together with information on sources.

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One of the real rewards of writing such a book as this is the number of friends one makes, the constant discovery of people who are willing to lay aside their own work in order to help. Some, like the Issei lady who spoke so beautifully that even my Japanese was equal to the occasion, are nameless. Others have become close friends. While this list names only a few of those who helped, I want even this inadequately to thank:

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Finally, I want to thank the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial

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BRADFORD SMITH

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"Japanese are People."

Return from Exile.

PART ONE

I

MARCO POLO AND PRIVATE OMIYA

About three hundred Texans of the 36th Division were in a bad way. Pushing along a ridge in eastern France, they had overextended themselves and been cut off by strong enemy forces. Their senior officers had been killed, their command post dispersed. The time was October 1944. The German armies, still strong and well-organized, fighting not very far from home, were a formidable enemy. They had singled out this group of hopelessly isolated and outnumbered men for annihilation.

The Americans had soon used up their food, their water, their medical supplies. To get water they crawled to a mudhole where under continuous fire they filled their canteens. There were no doctors for the wounded. When a man died, an officer would read a prayer in whispers so the enemy could not hear. Patrols went out. Sometimes they came back, sometimes only a few, sometimes none. Minefields lay under every path. Road blocks were manned by the enemy on every side.

They had been cut off for three days when the 442nd Combat Team was pulled back from a rest area—where battle-weary from eight sleepless days they had just been sent—and ordered to get them out. The terrain was next to impossible. Mountain, forest and thick underbrush had to be fought as well as an enemy strongly entrenched. Casualties grew high from shells bursting in the trees, against which there was no escape. On the second day, after a terrific expenditure of men and material, the Combat Team had gained less than a mile. At night there was no rest, no relief from bitter cold and drenching rain.

On the third day the troops set out again, met the enemy on a ridge so narrow there was no chance to maneuver, no way out but frontal attack. Word came forward that the Lost Battalion was in a desperate situation. Relief had to be given at once. A position that should have taken two days to reduce was to be taken immediately. With the aid of tanks they made a small advance until terrain and enemy fire pinned

them down. Now they could neither advance nor turn back. The tanks could go no farther. There was only one course.

With fixed bayonets the men of the 442nd moved forward, firing from the hip. The dead fell over enemy gun barrels, into enemy dugouts. Other men stepped into their places. Overwhelmed not by numbers but by determination, the enemy fled. Meanwhile another battalion of the same Combat Team surprised and routed a German force occupying a nearby hill. Finally, on the fourth day, October 30, an advance patrol led by Tech. Sergeant Takeo Senzaki made contact with the Lost Battalion. Nearly three hundred men who had never expected to come out alive had been saved, but at bitter cost to the Japanese Americans of the Combat Team.

The usual restraints were off. The Texans hugged their saviors, let themselves go. Pfc Mut Sakamoto was the first of the rescuers to speak.

"Do you guys need any cigarettes?" he said.

On September 22, 1943, thirteen days after the initial landings in Italy, the 100th Infantry Battalion composed of Americans of Japanese ancestry from Hawaii landed at Salerno. Only a few days before, on September 2, they had disembarked at Oran in North Africa. They were in every major battle of the Italian campaign from the time of their landing. They made five crossings of the Volturno River. They fought in the bitter battle for Cassino. For forty days they slugged it out against impossible odds, against weather so bitter it swelled men's feet to the point where it was torture to walk. Ranks grew so thin that when a man was killed or injured there was no one to take his place, only a gap in the line and an empty foxhole where he had been.

In Cassino the fighting was not measured in miles or yards, but in houses taken, in rooms of houses, in cells of jails seized one by one from German paratroopers. Still the attack on Cassino failed. But when the enemy was finally rolled back, five fresh divisions were required to accomplish the job one had valiantly attempted and nearly succeeded in doing.¹

After Cassino came Anzio. The drive for Rome rolled on until in a last ditch defense the enemy created a bulge that had to be straightened out. The 100th Battalion in thirty-six hours of bitter fighting cracked the line and opened the road to Rome.

In mid-June 1944, the 442nd Combat Team * caught up with the 100th

* Consisting of units of the 442nd Infantry, 232nd Engineer Company and 552nd Field Artillery Battalion.

near Rome. Many of their number had already been sent as replacements for the 100th. Now (August 10) the 100th became the first battalion of the 442nd. While the 100th was made up of pre-Pearl Harbor Japanese American inductees from Hawaii, the 442nd was composed of men from both Hawaii and the mainland who had answered the call for volunteers early in 1943. The 100th was proud of its fighting fame. It bitterly resented being merged with the untried 442nd. Still, in the 442nd were many younger brothers and cousins. There was a lot to talk about. There was fresh news from home, from the warm tropical islands which to the men of the 100th had become even more beautiful than they were, contrasted with the blood and danger and death, the cold and the filth that were now their lot. For three days the two outfits, now one, were allowed to rest. Then for fourteen days the older men, the battle-hardened, drilled the younger.

Seventeen days after the fall of Rome they were pulled back into the line to reduce a pocket of German resistance near the town of Belvedere. Following an artillery barrage the 442nd hammered at the German line but was driven back by a counterattack supported by heavy mortar fire. The 442nd was pinned down in a wheat field, exposed to German artillery.

The 100th, resting in a bivouac area, heard of what was going on. They sent a representative to their commanding officer to say that they wanted to go in and give their buddies a hand.

But orders had already come. The 100th was to encircle and capture Belvedere, cutting off the main road running north to Florence.

An hour after the jump-off A and B companies had infiltrated completely around Belvedere. They located the enemy's communication wires and cut them. They moved quietly into town until machine gun fire forced them to jump from house to house. Four grenades took care of a machine gun post. One platoon ran into four German 155s that had been firing down on the 442nd and were just getting ready to go at it again from a new position. But the platoon got the heavy weapons company on the radio. In a few minutes all four guns were knocked out.

The Germans, realizing that they were encircled, tried to make a break. Seventeen amphibious jeeps loaded with soldiers swung out of an olive grove. The Nisei waited until they were on the road, then knocked out all seventeen vehicles. Riflemen picked off the men who tried to escape. Next came four loaded trucks. Two got away, but the drivers of the other two were hit, the trucks piled up, and the road was blocked against any further escape.

Some Germans were holed up in a farm house. A well-planted grenade brought them out. When they saw their captors they said to one of the non-Japanese officers, "These men are Mongolians, yes?"

"Mongolians, hell," the officer said. "Doesn't Hitler tell you anything? The Japanese have surrendered. They're fighting on our side now."

Some Germans who had retreated into an olive grove started a counter-attack with a tank and a half-track. When the tank was about fifteen yards away, Private Nakamura hit it right in the belly with his bazooka. Then he hit it again in the same place. The tank blew up, killing one of the Nisei nearby. When its occupants began to climb out of the turret they were picked off by Pfc Nakano. A few minutes later he killed four Germans who were carrying two machine guns up the hill to launch another attack.

That broke the counterattack. From then on it was mopping up. Four hours after the jump-off it was all over. B company had one box of ammunition left. Around Belvedere lay the remains of the SS battalion—nearly two hundred dead and eighty prisoners, smashed equipment that included 13 motorcycles, 19 jeeps, 7 trucks, 2 half-tracks, 1 tank, half a dozen guns, a radio communications set and a communications post with twenty telephones.

The 100th lost one man and had eight wounded. The next day there was a lot of razzing between the 100th and the 442nd.²

The 100th received a Presidential Citation for outstanding performance under murderous fire, against a numerically superior enemy, and with insufficient time to prepare through physical reconnaissance.

That was the Battle of Belvedere.

The 442nd and the 100th pushed north to Leghorn, then to the Arno toward Florence. After crossing the Arno they were pulled out toward the end of September and sent to France—to Marseilles, Epinal, Bruyères. A month later they brought about the rescue of the Lost Battalion.

By mid-November they had been so badly battered as a result of continuous front-line fighting that it was impossible to go on without reinforcements. No more reinforcements were available. Those who were not dead or hospitalized suffered from trench foot so badly they could scarcely walk, or were coming down with flu from sleeping in puddles and living for weeks in wet clothes under cold rains.

Expecting a few days of rest when they arrived at Nice, the Team found itself in the line again, this time near the Franco-Italian border.

On this forgotten front the men stayed four months, engaging in patrols and raiding parties, holding a line which if breached would have upset the whole advance. Food and equipment had to be brought in by pack mule to the lonely mountain outposts. The best part of the duty was the chance to visit rest centers at Nice and Cannes in hotels once frequented by the rich.

In March 1945 the 552nd Field Artillery Battalion was separated from the 442nd and sent to help the Seventh Army's crossing of the Rhine. The rest of the the Team went back to Italy, to Leghorn which they had liberated eight months before, and from there to a line forming for the assault on Bologna.

Before them was a ridge which had resisted the 92nd Division for six months. Merely to scale the sheer mountain wall was in itself an achievement. To climb in full view of the enemy was impossible. Led by a Partisan guide, the Combat Team undertook to reach its goal by night.

The ridge was gained, the enemy enveloped—the mission completed in thirty-two minutes.

In April the Japanese Americans were at the Frigido River. The enemy held desperately to his line. Progress was slow, costly, until the 2nd Battalion succeeded in a brilliant flanking movement and seized the town of San Terenzo. The prisoners taken were mostly Italian. The Germans were pulling out.

The drive was now toward Genoa, which the 3rd Battalion entered in commandeered street cars. A thousand enemy troops surrendered to them on their way into the city. Other surrenders came with a rush. And on May 2 the Wehrmacht in Italy was finished.

The 442nd had its celebration a little prematurely when on April 29 it "liberated" Asti, center of Italian champagne production. The men deserved it.

The men of the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Combat Team were fighting two battles all the time. One was against the enemy, the other against prejudice in their native land, in America which had put barbed wire around 110,000 of them, two-thirds of these American citizens, the others their alien parents. Every man in the 442nd was a volunteer. Many had left for induction from the concentration camps into which they had been herded by order of a General who later confessed publicly that to him "a Jap's a Jap."

These "Japs" include:

Pfc Yoshinao Omiya of Honolulu who lost his sight when a buddy tripped a booby trap after crossing the Volturno River. Omiya had been a fine athlete and a skilled craftsman before the war. In Italy he was a machine gunner. Now he is back in Honolulu with his Seeing Eye dog, a young man learning to live without sight. "I don't want anyone to feel sorry for me," he says. "I'm getting used to the change. And thank God I'm still alive."

Pfc Sadao S. Munemori, who made several frontal one-man attacks when his unit was pinned down, and knocked out two machine guns with grenades. He was moving back from a shower of enemy grenades to a shell hole occupied by two of his men when an unexploded grenade bounced off his helmet. He rose into the murderous fire and fell upon the grenade, smothering its blast with his own body in order to save his companions.³

Corporal Yoshiharu Aoyama who had both legs blown off when he went to rescue a wounded companion. Aoyama, who used to sell fruit in Los Angeles before he and his family were evacuated to a relocation center, had crawled through heavy fire to rescue a wounded artillery observer. A direct hit shot his legs away. He wouldn't allow them to treat him until everyone else had been cared for. He died the next day.

Private Jesse M. Hirata. Hirata was serving as a scout near Cezzano, Italy, when enemy snipers located him. Still he kept on toward the enemy position. But his rifle failed to function. He grabbed a German shovel lying nearby and charged right into the enemy. Three soldiers surrendered to him and his shovel, turning over a fully loaded machine pistol, two rifles, and a number of hand grenades.

An unnamed infantryman who went alone into the German lines near Cassino, crawled within range of two German tanks, wrecked them both with his bazooka, and returned safely to camp. His delighted buddies painted two tanks on his helmet.

Sergeant Kazuo Masuda, whose six-man mortar squad was halted by enemy fire. Masuda picked up his mortar tube, took an extra steel helmet, and climbed up the slope toward the enemy. He filled the helmet with dirt and put the mortar in it. Then he wrapped his legs around the tube and opened fire.⁴ He fired his mortar single-handed for twelve hours, throwing back two counterattacks. He later sacrificed himself to allow men on patrol with him to return to their lines in safety.

These "Japs" before the war were clerks in California fruit stores,

plantation workers in Hawaii, doctors, lawyers, merchants, accountants, chemists, technicians, produce men, farmers. They had gone to American schools, pledged allegiance to the flag, joined the Boy Scouts, attended Japanese language schools. Many of them had worked hard on little family farms in California or Hawaii. Some had been well-to-do, others poor. They were, on average, far better educated than other Americans, and most of them had sweat for their education. Very few had ever seen Japan.

These "Japs" include the 1,300 members of the 100th Infantry Battalion who received more than 1,000 Purple Hearts, 73 Silver Stars, 96 Bronze Stars, 21 Distinguished Service Crosses, 6 Legion of Merit Medals, and 16 Division Citations.

They include the seven Nakada brothers, all of them in the army. Or the four Masaoka brothers. One of them wrote: "We have three Purple Hearts, one Silver Star, another up for citation. One brother is missing in action, another is in a hospital in Chicago, and the third just returned to our unit after five months in a hospital. I'm the only one who hasn't contributed a damn thing to our family record." Or the best-known hero of them all, Ben Kuroki, veteran of fifty-eight bombing missions in Europe and Asia.*

They include more than ninety per cent of the men in the 442nd who were awarded Combat Infantry Badges for exemplary conduct under fire. They include all 26,000 who enlisted in the armed forces and who served not only in Europe but on Bataan with Wainwright, in the Solomons with the Marines, in MacArthur's liberation of the Philippines and in the occupation of Japan.

"Go for Broke" was the motto of the 442nd. In Hawaiian pidgin that means "shoot the works." The only AWOL cases they ever had were men who skipped from the hospital in order to rejoin their outfit at the front.

What accounts for such a record of heroism? Why did ten thousand AJAs ** volunteer in Hawaii when only 1,200 were asked for?

Could these Americans have gained something from their Japanese background that made them so eager in the discharge of their duties as citizens? Or was it only their need to prove that they were as good Americans as the rest of us? Did anything in their upbringing produce

* See Chap. XXII.

** More popular in Hawaii than the term Nisei, AJA stands for American of Japanese Ancestry.

that sense of obligation that sent them forward into almost certain death, on missions they were not obliged to undertake? What makes a man risk his life when he could just as well play safe? What made them do it so often?

When the Japanese American 100th Battalion hit the beach at Salerno on September 22, 1943, it completed a cycle begun seven hundred years before, a cycle comprising the whole of modern European history and of a world made one in conflict which had never been one in peace.

When Marco Polo set out for China in 1271 with his father and uncle, the family connection between the rulers of Persia and China made possible a contact between East and West that was not repeated for centuries. On their first visit to China the Polo brothers had been ordered by the great Khan to return with a hundred teachers, "intelligent men acquainted with the Seven Arts, able to enter into controversy and able clearly to prove that the Law of Christ was best." But they had been able to get from the Pope only two faint hearted Dominicans, who turned back before the journey was scarcely begun and thus quite possibly altered the course of history.

After his remarkable adventures in China as an official of Kublai Khan, Marco returned to Italy where he soon was known as Marco Millions because of his extravagant, yet in the main true, stories of China. Some years later in a war between Venice and Genoa he was captured and taken to Genoa where in jail he dictated the story of his travels to a certain Rusticiano.

Marco Polo's *Travels* were directly responsible for the discovery of America, because Columbus, reading Marco Polo's account, got an exaggerated idea of the extent of Asia. He supposed therefore that Japan was about where Mexico lies. Marco Polo had also said that Japan, though he had never been there, was freighted with gold. And Columbus, like the men of his time, dreamed of capturing the wealth of Asia. It was in search of this Japan that Columbus headed west.

Columbus did not find Japan, though he thought he had found it when he touched Cuba. But what he found turned the current of adventurous voyaging and settling to the new world, turned the tide that ultimately would have pushed on to Japan, making it possible for Japan to resist for centuries the influx from Europe.

Japan's turn was reserved for a later act.

When America had been settled and fought over and all the Atlantic

seaboard was in the hands of the British, when the colonists had fought for independence and won it, then the Orient again became a lodestone, pulling toward it ships and men.

Gold again, as in the time of Columbus, played a determining role. The discovery of gold in California drew men with an irresistible magnetism. Shipping from the Atlantic coast was at a premium; the Pacific Ocean suddenly took on an American character. And Yankee traders who had been dealing with China and who had always had their eyes on Japan began to demand that the sealed land be opened to them.

So the American government sent Commodore Perry to negotiate a treaty of commerce and amity—in a friendly manner if he could, by show of force if necessary.

Japan had escaped the visit of a Marco Polo, had missed by his own miscalculation the visit of Columbus. But it could not escape the Yankee trader. In 1853, Perry, after delivering his message, sailed off with the promise that he would return in the spring for his answer and the threat that it had better be favorable.

It was favorable. The *shogun's* government was in no position to resist the will of the black ships.

The vigorous young republic on the other side of the water was not looking for the gold Columbus had dreamed of. But it wanted trade, which amounted to the same thing. Soon it was wanting men.

Hawaii wanted them most. Hawaii, though an independent monarchy, was commercially in the hands of the Americans, together with a few British and Germans. And Hawaii needed labor for its plantations. So to Hawaii, then to California came the Japanese, a backwash from the waves of Europe which after spilling upon the New England coast had swept to the Orient again—where the men of the Renaissance had tried to go and made the mistake of stumbling upon America.

Still the cycle was not complete until several hundred young Americans whose ancestors came from Japan rode on commandeered street cars into Genoa, liberating the city which had once imprisoned Marco Polo and been the birthplace of Columbus.

It was America's destiny to join all peoples and races and to give them one language—a tower of Babel in reverse.

With the children of Europe we succeeded well enough, for they had drunk at the same cultural stream. How would it be with the men

of the Orient, and especially with Japan—cut off so long from the world, gripped for centuries within its own cycle of bloodshed, then blessed with two hundred and fifty years of peace?

The testing of the American proposition that Americanism is not a matter of blood or race, but of the mind and spirit, is in their story. Private Omiya and Sergeant Kuroki may not have known it, but their story begins with a certain John Mung.

II

ENTER: JOHN MUNG

For three days they had been sailing off the southern Japanese coast in search of fish when, twenty miles from shore, they ran into a great school of mackerel and sea bream. Manjiro, fifteen and youngest of the five, saw them first.

Six buckets of nets they cast, and their nets were full when a corner of the sky grew suddenly black and a monkey-and-cock wind began to blow, first with a pulsing breath then with a fierce steadiness. Then born on the wind came a swift, stinging rain. Denzo, head of the crew, dropped the sail of the little sampan and raised a smaller one while the other men—two of them but boys—tried to keep the boat from foundering. He had no more than raised it when the wind carried away mast and sail together. As the boat tossed, all their oars but one, much of their spare canvas and their rudder were washed away. Death was on the other side of a thin wall of leaking planks.

At night the wind froze their wet clothes into stiff boards. Icicles formed on their sleeves and in the knots of their sashes. They ate of the cold raw fish lying in the bottom of the boat. Sleet, blown in at the neck of their loose-fitting jackets, melted and ran down the channel of their spines. For water they gnawed the icicles from their sleeves.

On the fourth day the wind still blew as hard as ever, still drove the rain in their faces. They tried to roof themselves in with canvas. Hour after hour they lay in the bottom of the boat, half-frozen, surrounded by the slimy remainder of their catch, peering out at the empty, storm-beaten sea, shuddering when a strong gust tore the canvas out of their numbed hands and drove a sheet of rain full against them. The constant plunging of the boat had numbed their minds as the wind their bodies. Misery had occupied them; no space was left for the sharp thud of fear.

On this day the wind began to be warmer, and on the next the rain seemed to lessen a little. White birds flew over the rudderless boat. At

evening they looked out upon an island whose sharp cliffs dropped beachless to the sea.

At daybreak they cut their anchor which they could not lift and with rudder and oars made of planks headed for the cliffs. Driven by a high wave, the boat swept forward and up. As it smashed against a rock two of the men leaped out. Manjiro and the other two, borne under by the surf, were lifted on the next wave and thrown bruised but safe upon the rock.

Though the sea had delivered them up, it had delivered them to hopeless solitude. The island was not more than two miles around, its steep slopes rising everywhere directly from the sea. For six months the five Japanese lived on albatross, seaweed and shellfish until early in June 1841 an American whaling vessel sent in a boat looking for turtle, found them and brought them safely off.

Thus the story of the Japanese in America begins in the log book of a New England whaling captain who, on Sunday June 27, 1841 wrote:

This day light wind from SE. Isle in sight at 1 p. m. Sent in two boats to see if there was any turtle, found 5 poor distressed people on the isle, took them off, could not understand anything from them more than that they was hungry. Made the latitude of the isle 30 deg. 31 m. N.¹

For another six months the Japanese learned the art of whaling until the ship put in at Honolulu. There four of them stayed. But Manjiro begged Captain Whitfield to let him stay aboard the *John Howland* and to go to America. The fifteen-year-old lad, christened plain John Mung, had already become popular with the crew. So he had his wish.

For three years more the voyage continued—to the Kingsmill group, to Guam, even into Japanese waters, before the holds were full of whale oil. When Captain Whitfield finally brought his ship into New Bedford harbor in 1844 he had been five years absent. This was a long voyage, even for a whaler, but New England harbors in those days were accustomed to the sight of ships returning from the other side of the world.

This time, however, Captain Whitfield had stayed too long.

When he brought the *John Howland* into her berth that winter morning, the residents of New Bedford paid little attention to the Chinese-looking fellow who followed him off the ship. Crew members from Polynesia, shipwrecked men from China were not unusual sights here. No one knew that this boy of the Captain's was the first Japanese

to set foot in America. Nor could they know that his arrival would, in its consequences, prove historic.

Captain Whitfield took young Manjiro across the great bridge to Fairhaven, to his home, to the wife and children he had not seen for five years.

Only his wife was not there. She had died during his absence.

Manjiro Nakahama, the first Japanese to reach the United States, came at a time when Japan had chosen a rigid policy of exclusion, when foreign ships were driven away with no sign of the courtesy which later was accounted a Japanese trait, and when Japanese who had the ill fortune to be shipwrecked were subject to prompt execution if they returned home. No American, no European—except for a few Dutch traders who were virtually prisoners on a small island in Nagasaki harbor—had been allowed to live in Japan since the rigid exclusion policy had been put in force about 1640.

Manjiro came to America voluntarily, knowing that he must always remain cut off from his native land or, returning, risk death. His plea to Captain Whitfield that he be brought to America is symbolic of a later wave of Japanese arrivals which came to be a subject of humor in America—the Japanese schoolboy. For Manjiro wanted to see and learn. The traits of eager curiosity and avid learning were apparently already present in the Japan of a hundred years ago.

Everything in Fairhaven was new and strange to Manjiro—the prim white houses seeming angular and cold to one familiar with curving roof lines where thatch and unpainted wood blended into the landscape; the sharp clang of church bells so unlike the mellow bronze temple bell; the stiffness of dress so different from the flowing kimono. Yet he fitted into the town's life, probably as a result of that nervous eagerness to harmonize with his surroundings which is a familiar trait to those who know the Japanese—a trait which has been transmitted to Americans of Japanese ancestry.

Whatever John Mung thought of New England culture, he kept his eyes open during the years he spent in Fairhaven. Captain Whitfield, marrying again, took the boy into his own home and treated him as a son. John not only went to school, but like the son of any practical Yankee he learned a trade—that of cooper. In later years schoolmates remembered him as an industrious and scholarly fellow with a flair for mathematics and navigation. That their memories are correct is

borne out by the fact that in 1857 Manjiro completed his translation of Bowditch into Japanese. They also remember his deep yearning to return and see his mother.

If Manjiro wanted to see his mother so badly, why had he come to America? The answer has its roots in some basic traits of Japanese temperament—traits which, contrary to popular opinion, are far from inscrutable.

Climate and geography have had a good deal to do with molding the Japanese. Earthquakes, typhoons and other natural disasters have given them a stoic and fatalistic turn of mind. Isolation for centuries has made them both stubbornly suspicious of foreigners yet at the same time markedly curious about the foreign and unfamiliar, sensitive to any change in environment, and often eager to acquire the new for their own. Isolation also fostered a naive belief in their own invincibility, their own explanations of the physical world and their central position in it. Because they lived close together, the Japanese developed conformity and repression of the individual to an extreme. The long feudal period with its firm bonds between lord and vassal encouraged an absolute and unquestioning obedience to higher authority whether in the family or the nation. Individual enterprise and opinion are at a discount: to be submerged in the group is to be safe. Yet the individual is always responsible for upholding the family honor. A failure on his part is also a family, perhaps even a national, disgrace. Fear of failure spurs many a Japanese to effort beyond his strength and sometimes to suicide. It also prevents the timid from undertaking anything which does not promise sure success.

Since the nation's resources never provided quite enough to keep everyone alive, self-denial became one of the cardinal virtues. Industriousness, hard work, a meager subsistence are taken for granted and even wealthy men live simple lives. Thus almost every influence on the Japanese is repressive rather than expansive. The one truly happy situation a Japanese remembers is that of his pre-school childhood when his indulgent mother permitted him to nurse when he chose, carried him on her back and warmed him in her bed. The impossible dream of a return to such a state lies deep in Japanese character; mother is the symbol for a lost world, for happiness too complete to last.

In Fairhaven, Massachusetts, Manjiro showed those Japanese traits which a foreign environment would be most likely to bring out—industry, a quick and sensitive adaptability, an eagerness to learn. Even the casual memory of his schoolmates caught that duality of character

in Manjiro—the steady industry in assimilating a new environment and the thought of his mother.

Manjiro saw the best of America. The kindness of a whaling captain rescued him from ultimate starvation or madness on an uninhabited island. In Fairhaven he lived as the adopted son of a man respected in the community. He must have come to know the town well; its flamboyant individualists must have been a source of amazement to this boy from a small fishing village.

And when he did return to Japan—by way of the California gold rush, Honolulu, and a whale boat launched from an American ship off the shores of the Loo Choos (Okinawa)—this knowledge served him and his country well. The Japanese government kept him prisoner for thirty months before deciding that he might live, and when he was finally permitted to return to his mother in January 1853 it was only for three days. The government had need of him in Yedo (now Tokyo) where the pressure of Western civilization had become too strong to resist. Within a few months his knowledge of English was turned to good account when in July Commodore Perry steamed into the bay of Yedo and Japan's long exclusion was forcibly brought to an end. As interpreter between Perry and the officials of the shogun Manjiro played an important part. His understanding of American ways, his memory of the kindness shown him by Captain Whitfield and the people of Fairhaven gained on this occasion historic importance.

Although Manjiro returned to America in 1860 as a government official, he did not see Captain Whitfield until 1871 when he came again, this time as member of a commission on its way to Europe to study military science during the Franco-Prussian War. Then for a day he revisited the town which had been his home thirty years before.

After his return to Japan he became a university professor. By the time of his death in 1898 thousands of his countrymen had emigrated to Hawaii and were beginning to come to the mainland in increasing numbers.

Japan's entrance into the modern world would have happened without Manjiro Nakahama; historical process does not stand still for want of individuals. Yet Manjiro's presence at the critical moment was at the very least a lubricant without which Japan might not have been so successfully launched.

It would be stretching things to call Manjiro the first Japanese American. But with him the story really begins. He was probably the first Japanese to learn English, certainly the first to reach the United States

and to live and study here. His thirst for American learning found echo in many a Japanese student of later days, and his four months in the gold mines ("Average eight Dolls. per day beside expenses," he wrote the Captain) are in a way a realization of the dream many a Japanese had in later years—to make a modest fortune in America and return to Japan.

Other Japanese had been picked up by American ships and had come ashore at Honolulu before Manjiro's day. Eight survivors out of twenty-two shipwrecked men were brought to Hawaii in 1806, the other fourteen having been washed overboard or killed and eaten after drawing lots. Although Captain Amasa Delano, an ancestor of Franklin Roosevelt,* returned the remaining eight to Canton, only one finally reached Japan. But these and all the other shipwrecks scarcely belong in the main stream of the story. Manjiro, by simple force of character and achievement, does.

* President Roosevelt's grandfather, Warren Delano, was part owner of the ship that brought Manjiro to America. To Manjiro's son Franklin Roosevelt once wrote: "Your father lived, as I remember it, at the house of Mr. Tripp, which was directly across the street from my grandfather's house, and when I was a boy, I well remember my grandfather telling me all about the little Japanese boy who went to school in Fairhaven and who went to church from time to time with the Delano family. I myself used to visit Fairhaven and my mother's family still owns the old house."

III

FROM FEUDAL JAPAN TO FEUDAL HAWAII

An American business man kidnapped the first Japanese laborers to leave their country.

Manjiro had been back in Japan for seventeen years, and fifteen years had passed since Perry's ships first dropped anchor off Uraga before any Japanese went abroad except on official business or as students. Meanwhile the feudal system, rotten at the core, was making a feeble effort to perpetuate itself against the economic pressures from without, and from within against the clans rallying around the Emperor as their symbol of revolt.

Since 1865 another pressure, originating in the Hawaiian Islands and ringing out in widening circles across the Pacific, had been pushing at the tottering column of feudalism. It grew out of the need for sturdy plantation labor and its instrument in Japan was Eugene M. Van Reed, an American business man acting as Hawaiian Consul General.

Now, in May 1868, Van Reed was in a dither. For three years he had been urging the Japanese government to let him send a group of laborers to Hawaii. As Hawaiian Consul General, and even more as a business man looking for a good thing, he had turned every trick he knew to get the government's concurrence. If, like every American business man after him, he cursed Oriental deviousness, it must be admitted that in his case there was cause.

After three years of delay, negotiation, tergiversation and plain caprice he got permission to send about 350 laborers. An agreement was signed with three Japanese acting as labor contractors. Passports were issued. The British ship *Scioto* was engaged.

Then came a letter from Hawaii's Foreign Minister with a remittance for \$1,925. The voyage of the *Scioto* alone would have cost \$10,000. Van Reed returned half of the passports he had struggled three years to get and started looking about for a smaller vessel. But a few weeks later he changed his mind and chartered the *Scioto* for \$8,900.

Now he had only to get back the passports he had turned in. The laborers were already going aboard. Three years of wearying effort seemed at an end.

At this point civil war broke out, the government was overthrown, and on the day before the *Scioto* was to sail, the new government took over the administration of Kanagawa and demanded return of the passports. Hoping to get a new set of 350 in exchange for the 180 he had, Van Reed returned them.

The new government flatly refused to issue any. It refused to reimburse him for his expenses in recruiting laborers and chartering the ship. It refused to do anything. On May sixteenth Van Reed warned that the *Scioto* had cleared the Custom House and would sail unless the government would return the money expended. The government did not budge.

So she sailed with 153 Japanese¹ who had no passports and no permission to leave. Van Reed had defied the government of Japan and Japanese emigration had begun.² In view of some subsequent attitudes about Japanese emigrants it is worth noting that their government had used every weapon short of physical force to prevent their going. In Japan there still existed that sense of tribal unity, blood bond, and the *mana*—the beneficent influence—of birth on Japanese soil to make emigration seem unpatriotic, even fearful. But American enterprise, carried even beyond the bonds of legality, had overcome these odds. Very few Americans since have cared to remember that we asked for it.

Sentaro Ishii, a young *samurai* of about thirty years, heard of the ship that was going to Hawaii. The advantages of being a samurai at a time of civil war and the collapse of the greatest feudal lords looked dubious to him; there appeared to be no future in it. In contrast, the attractions of a sunny land far out upon the ocean appeared considerable. So he cast his warrior's sword into the river, changed his broad-shouldered kimono and swaggering trousers (*hakama*) for the tight-fitting pants and short coat of the coolie, and got himself aboard. There he stuck while Van Reed fumed and the new government said no and civil war raged in the land.

He was glad when the ship finally lifted anchor. Perhaps there would be an end now to the ceaseless gambling and quarreling. As a samurai he had little use for his companions—a parcel of coolies and palanquin bearers from the lusty, brawling city of Tokyo: masterless men, most

of them young, nothing like the humble and obedient peasants from whom they had doubtless sprung. Many, he could judge, had depended more for their living upon gambling and thievery than upon labor. They had no idea where Hawaii was, except that it was a long way from Japan. Some said it was in China while others held for India. But they had a name for it—*Tenjiku*, which meant heaven, the resting place of Buddha, the farthest distance a human could go. Sentaro was not too clear on this point himself, except that as they were headed toward the rising sun he concluded that they were not going toward China.

Riding for days through stormy seas, most of them including Sentaro ate no food. When the storm ended all but two of the men cut off their topknots and cast them into the ocean as a thank offering, forswearing at the same time all fighting and promising to live together as brothers.³

So their shorn black hair, rising and falling where it was cast upon the cradling waters, seemed to float backward toward Japan as the ship moved relentlessly toward a new sun which always before had been said to rise in Nippon whose name meant "sun's source." Even the processes of nature, it seemed, were reversed in the eyes of those so venturesome as to seek their homes abroad.

Sentaro Ishii had a whole world to unlearn.

Japan in 1868 had scarcely burst the chrysalis of its isolation. The fifteen years since Perry's arrival had, to be sure, seen the establishment of foreign diplomats and traders. Commerce with the outside world had begun to make bustling harbors of places that had once been sleepy fishing villages. Townsend Harris had carried out his mission as American Minister with skill and patience and integrity, winning at last the commercial treaty of 1858. The Japanese assiduously studied the fine art of Western warfare and assiduously put it to use in killing each other during their civil war. Yukichi Fukuzawa, samurai and son of a samurai, symbolized the new age by casting off his two swords and embracing Western learning. Missions were sent to America. It was of one of these that Walt Whitman, seeing them ride down Broadway in exotic garb, wrote:

Over the Western sea hither from Nippon come,
Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,
Leaning back in their open barouches, bare-headed, impassive,
Ride today through Manhattan . . .

I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time on those groups
of sea-islands,

My sail-ships and steam-ships threading the archipelagoes,
 My stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
 Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work, races reborn,
 refresh'd,
 Lives, works resumed—the object I know not—but the old, the Asiatic
 renew'd as it must be,
 Commencing from this day surrounded by the world.⁴

After two hundred years of seclusion, the effort to adapt to Western learning and business was as disrupting as if the people of the United States should determine overnight to convert from capitalism to communism. The new ways were so different from the feudal practices indigenous to Japan that nothing short of revolution could assimilate them. When in April of this year 1868 the new Emperor promulgated the Charter Oath in which he ordered the ancient and barbarous practices of feudalism to be cast aside and all measures decided by public opinion, it looked as if the revolution had happened.

In many ways it had. Yet beneath the suddenly raised façade of Western commerce, learning and even the promise of constitutionalism, stood the essential timbers of a feudal world. It could scarcely have been otherwise.

The first Japanese to leave their country were the children of that feudalism, particularly so since they came mostly from the lower classes and had the least opportunity for contact with the newer currents of thought.

In its pure state, Japanese feudalism like that of Europe had made rigid class distinctions. From the Emperor, living for several hundred years secluded and even unknown to most commoners, down to the *eta* who was not even counted in the census and when counted at all was referred to in the language reserved for beasts, every Japanese had his place. Below the Emperor came the *shogun*, military head and virtual dictator; beneath him the *daimyo* or feudal lords, then the *samurai* or warriors. Next in order came the peasant whose stock for the most part supplied the migrations to Hawaii and America, and beneath him—in theory at least—the merchant class however wealthy, then the outcaste *hinin* and *eta*. Of the commoners, the farmer was theoretically highest. Government policy, however, was to see that farmers had just enough to keep them alive and no more.

In the best of times the Japanese peasant was just about able to scrape together enough to live on. Even so he had to practice *mabiki*, "thinning out" or in plain words infanticide, in order to keep his family from

starving. To work harder and produce more was no solution because he would then be taxed more heavily. When such frequent natural disasters as wind or flood damaged his crop, starvation was unavoidable. Moreover in the Tokugawa period (1600-1868) an economy based on rice was being converted into a money economy and a powerful merchant class and urban society were forming. These changes made life even more miserable for the peasant who found the price of rice fluctuating unaccountably and every class but his own raising its standards of living at his expense.

In addition to infanticide, two means of escape were tried. One was the peasant revolt—an attempt to gain a point by force when misery had grown too much to endure. The other was escape to the town where one could lose himself in the anonymous crowd, enjoy the air of gaiety and luxury, and receive a wage free of tax. The first remedy rarely succeeded, for the leaders were usually executed and any relief that might be granted was temporary. The second worked better, despite the efforts of government to prevent it. The number who could lose themselves in this way was small, but many of the first immigrants to Hawaii were of this sort.

Class distinctions were breaking down all along the line in pre-restoration Japan. Samurai, impoverished, were turning to trade or recovering their fortunes by choosing sons-in-law from the formerly despised merchant class. Similarly, Sentaro was the first to abandon his rank in order to try his fortune abroad. Merchants were becoming landed gentry while those who had always lived on the land were forsaking it. The imperial edict which in 1871 abolished the feudal classes was recognizing a situation more than it was creating one.

This social and economic transformation of Japan was not so much the product of Perry's opening the door as it was of forces pushing upon the door from within. Japan's feudal system would in any case have collapsed before long, and in the long run the incursion of the West provided a way out of an internal dilemma by opening up new courses of economic activity.

To describe what Japan had lost by her long seclusion would be to retell the history of Europe since 1600—the intellectual ferment of the Renaissance, the beginning and rapid progress of scientific method, the Industrial Revolution, the voyages of discovery, the developing concepts and the successful battles for political and religious freedom.

Withdrawing into herself, Japan had developed her already long established and fairly successful methods of government, her arts, her

ethics with its emphasis on loyalty to family head and feudal lord. Principles which long ago had been imported from China had become so thoroughly domesticated that the Japanese themselves were scarcely aware of the borrowing. Necessarily this development in isolation became more and more a refinement leading close to stagnation. The civil bureaucracy grew more intricate and ramified. The military class became an increasing burden and deadweight upon the productive elements of the social order. Ritual at the court of the Emperor in Kyoto became an endless spinning out of useless functions, a perfection of etiquette to the point of absurdity. Learning was for the most part a restatement of earlier and more creative thinking. The real vitality of the nation was in the life of the large towns with their wasteful yet colorful living, their expenditure in silk and lacquer and courtesans of the lifeblood of the peasant. Rare was the feudal lord who had the strength or the intelligence to resist the temper of the times, to bear down not quite so heavily upon the peasant, and to keep his fief healthy by not pressing his people through taxation below the subsistence level.

Despite the changes apparent in Yedo which in their results affected the whole land, the farmers in the back country lived as they had lived for centuries. They had always balanced on the thin rim between life and death. The climate was against them with its sudden typhoons sweeping away a whole season's labor. The land was against them—only a fifth of it arable, the rest untillable and unproductive except for charcoal by any means they knew. Their masters were against them, interested only in squeezing them like rape seed * until all the essential oil had been pressed out. Even the natural processes of their own bodies were hostile, so that of the children they begot in the one transient pleasure allotted to them many had to be killed to prevent the starvation of all.

It is not remarkable, then, that in the little peasant hamlets men clung together in their misery and learned to help each other along the narrow rim of existence. Working together, they developed a code which emphasized mutual aid and meticulous return of services. All the daily acts, and most of the emergencies of life, had their set rituals—even their ordained phrasing. Centuries of experience lay behind the planting of the rice shoots, the mending of the ditches around the paddy fields, the delivery of a child, the preparation of the body of the dead, the celebration of the New Year.

To emigrate was to lose this comfortable shell of ingrained habit

* Source of an oil used in Japanese cooking.

and custom in the hope of an easier life and fuller belly. To most Japanese the thought of leaving that comfortable shell was too frightening. The Japanese have never been good colonists, have never emigrated in numbers at all proportionate to the economic pressure that might have been expected to blow them off their narrow islands. One reason lies in their dependence upon the group, their intensely social as opposed to an individual consciousness, their preference for acting as members of a group rather than for themselves as separate men.

The Japanese who came to Hawaii and to the mainland United States, then, must have had more than average initiative to overcome that cohesiveness which held them so closely to the group. Men like Sentaro Ishii were adventurers, not drifters.

While the earliest group came mostly from Tokyo and Yokohama, the later immigrants were chiefly from the southern end of Honshu (the main island) and northern Kyushu (the southern island). If, looking at a map of Japan, you choose as your center the sea that separates Honshu from Kyushu and pick out Hiroshima and Yamaguchi prefectures on the one, Fukuoka and Kumamoto on the other, you will have located the area from which a considerable majority came. Wakayama follows next, and after that some of the northern provinces and Okinawa. The reason for this concentration is the government policy which, during the peak period of emigration, encouraged those from the most crowded areas to leave—that, and the contagious nature of such adventuring.

This southerly part of Japan has a mild winter, many of the hot springs the Japanese love, and coastal plains wider than can be found elsewhere. It is beautiful country, with that dramatic combination of shore and mountain that is the hallmark of Japanese scenery. It is a place of neatly rimmed and terraced fields where the dark water of the paddy turns its sepia mirror toward the sky, where every foot of ground and each shoot of rice is tended by a people who know that their husbandry will determine the number who can continue to live. Thatched roofs made of rice straw blend so closely into the fields surrounding them as to seem a natural part of the landscape. The meager farm yard, swept bare and trodden firm by generations of feet, may have a few chickens and an ox in it. Otherwise there are few animals about. In an economy which calculates every inch of tillable space, animals consume more than their yield is worth. Fish consume nothing of the brief and precious land and are available for the taking. So it is not surprising that the principal diet of the Japanese is grains and

seafood, including the seaweed whose tasty and mineral-rich qualities most civilizations have overlooked.

As simple as the diet is the cookery by which it is prepared. The farm-house kitchen is little more than an area of bare, hard-packed earth like the yard outside, with a hole for the fire and another hole in the roof to draw off the smoke. The labor of women is too much needed in the fields to permit an elaborate household regimen. Boiled rice or some cheaper grain, dried fish with fermented soy bean sauce for salt and flavoring, bean curd or bean soup and some such tidbit as a few raw greens or a pickled plum or radish—these make an adequate and tasty meal for the Japanese farmer. They require little preparation and little cleaning up.

Equally unpretentious are the household appointments. Unlike the kitchen, the rest of the house is raised a foot or two above the earth, the floor covered with mats of softly bound straw two inches thick surmounted by a finely woven straw matting and bound along the sides with an inch of black cloth. At night the bedding is pulled out of closets and spread on this floor. There is no furniture except for a low table or two and a chest of drawers. The toilet is primitive and so disposed that the nightsoil can be reclaimed to fertilize the fields. The Japanese farmer would not understand our referring to such a valuable item as "waste." The bath may be a wooden tub provided with a means of heating the water by wood or charcoal, or the family may use a public bath house.

Always there is a shelf for the gods, perhaps two—one for the Shinto deities, another for the Buddhist. For centuries the two religions have existed side by side. By a habit which may reflect the popular impression of their respective philosophies, Shinto has come to be used for such happy occasions as birth and marriage, Buddhism for death and memorial services.

The life of the peasant though materially poor is rich with a rural culture blended of two principal streams—the indigenous custom and belief of which Shinto is a part, the Buddhist belief and ritual imported from India by way of China but acclimatized to Japanese ways. Every season has its ritual accompaniment, from the joyous welcoming of the New Year through the pleasant melancholy of the feast for dead souls to the harvest thanksgiving. And as the New Year has its symbols of pine and orange, of crab and straw rope, its special food of pounded rice and its special acts of visiting and well-wishing, so each month in

its course brings feast or festival to aid and celebrate, as in dim ages past, the great drama of the earth's turning and the earth's fruition.

It was the sense of belonging, the feeling of living an integrated life where nature, the family, the nation and the basic human needs were bound in a harmonious whole of prescribed custom that kept even the most desperately poor Japanese from emigrating. In any case, there have been few. Mainland America and Hawaii together received a *net* influx of not more than 160,000 to 180,000 Japanese between 1868 and the passage of the exclusion act in 1924. Today we have about 280,000 of Japanese ancestry in the Hawaiian Islands and the mainland together, of which not more than 80,000 are aliens—barred from citizenship by our laws and thus forced to retain a nationality different from that of their American children. Taking both American and alien Japanese together, those in the continental United States come to about 130,000 or one out of every thousand of our population. In Hawaii, of course, they are much more numerous—168,000 or about one-third of the non-military population of the islands. Yet curiously enough the mainland with its one in a thousand seems to have been much more excited about this tiny minority than Hawaii has been concerned over one in three. The reason for this will be explored in its place.

Small in comparison with our total population, the Japanese emigration was also small compared with that from other countries and with the population of Japan:

	Total immigrants 1820-1924	Per cent of total immi- gration to U.S.	Homeland population, 1924	Per cent of immigrants to homeland pop.
Germany	5,643,793	15.7	65,000,000	8.7
Italy	4,561,379	12.7	38,835,184	11.7
Sweden	1,168,260	3.2	5,904,489	19
France	557,304	1.6	39,402,800	1
Greece	410,568	1.1	4,777,380	8
Japan	271,385	0.8	55,961,140	0.5

These figures show *total* immigration and do not account for returns to the native land, a figure of considerable size—about 100,000 or more than a third—in the case of the Japanese.⁵

Needless to say, the economic pressure was far stronger and the margin of existence slimmer in Japan than in the European countries. Yet constant encouragement and inducement were needed to provoke even

so much emigration as occurred, at least in the early years. Those who raised the cry of the Oriental menace chose to forget that the initiative was all on our side.

The immigrants who crossed the Atlantic had difficulties aplenty to overcome in fitting themselves to the new life in America, yet all of them came from a culture not basically different from that in the new world. Most of them were Christians coming to a Christian land and sharing therefore a common fund of story, philosophy, poetry, law, ethics and festival. Many came because America offered a haven from religious or political persecution. They came, therefore, sharing the same convictions that had built a bridge from Europe to America since Plymouth Rock. If their differences of clothing and language and etiquette made them all seem greenhorns at first, the common culture lying underneath soon worked its way to the top. If not in the first generation, then certainly in the second, the immigrant stiffness had worn off and the resulting man was scarcely distinguishable from his fellow Americans of older vintage.

But the Japanese, in addition to the usual hurdles, had features which set him apart from the rest of the community, laws which barred him from the privilege of citizenship, and a completely different set of religious, social and artistic principles. Because he was unable to communicate these through lack of language it was assumed that he had none, or none worth knowing.

Of course the Japanese who came to Hawaii in 1868 was not coming to a part of the United States, since it was another thirty years before the islands became American. It was only a few years, however, before some of these plantation workers skipped the three-year contract to which they had been bound and made their way to the mainland. So the story has to begin with them.

Hawaii, though it lay midway between Japan and California, had come sufficiently under the dominance of American traders and missionaries to be part of the Western world. There was nothing in its people or its customs but would look foreign to a Japanese. Yet strangely enough, the Japanese were to meet there a feudalism which, while different from their own, was in some ways as thoroughgoing.

On June nineteenth the *Gannen mono*, the "first year men" because they had left in the first year of Emperor Meiji, came ashore at Honolulu. Men like Sentaro, eager for adventure, were disappointed. They did

not care for this meager little village. No two-sworded samurai with kimono truculently hiked up to their knees strode through the streets. No courtesans and tea house girls made wooden music with their clogs or caught the eye with their gaily-colored kimono, their artfully brazen modesty. In place of weathered buildings of unpainted wood and the great stone walls of the shogun's moat were grass shacks, a few frame buildings, and the large stone church which to Japanese eyes looked cold, angular and forbidding.

A few carriages moved along the streets wide enough to accommodate them, but beyond the village the roads became mere horse trails. Men and women alike wore hats home-woven out of green palm leaf with garlands of fern or flower around the brim. Near the waterfront a somewhat lustier atmosphere prevailed where sailors sick for the sight of a woman found a quick cure in Liberty Hall or the National Saloon and where a drink and a dance with one of the buxom native maidens made a seaman's life seem worth living again.

Despite the missionary influence in Honolulu, it was no rare sight to see a drunk or two staggering through the streets. This as much as anything made the men from Tokyo feel at home. The native soldiers and policemen, still somewhat self-conscious in their uniforms of Western cut in a climate that made a breechcloth far more sensible—these looked far more foreign to a man from Tokyo than these other Hawaiians carrying their burdens on shoulder poles.

Almost Oriental were the vendors at the street corners. Here was a fellow with twenty calabashes lined up along the curb. The prospective customer peered into the pots, stuck his finger into one that looked promising, tasted, and if he liked, bought. This was poi, a staple of the native diet, made from taro root and tasting like library paste with a faint aroma of apple.

There was fish for sale too which, if you bought, would be wrapped in a green leaf. After thirty-three days on ship's rations, a Japanese would stop and look twice at fresh fish. Even the barrel of salted fish King Kamehameha had sent the new arrivals had been welcome.

For two weeks after their arrival they were allowed to look about while adjusting themselves to the new climate. They no doubt looked up the paths to the more prosperous houses where hunched native women swept the black sand with bunches of cocoanut leaves. They saw King Kamehameha riding about town with far less pomp than that of a minor feudal lord in Tokyo. Everywhere the hospitable natives invited them into their shacks with old-time simple hospitality, offering

them cake and serving papaia which they did not know how to eat.

Most remarkable of all, they found one of their own people—shipwrecked, rescued and brought to Honolulu, now a houseboy. His name was Sentaro (the record does not give his family name) which must have given him a special sense of kinship with Sentaro Ishii, the new arrival, to whom he explained some of the mysteries of the new environment. He and two others wrecked with him thirty-seven years before acted as guides and interpreters while they pumped the newcomers for news of Japan and listened with wonder to word of the upheaval going forward there.

Though the Gannen mono were not by any means the best Japan might have sent, to the *Hawaiian Gazette* they were a "very good natured and lusty-looking set of fellows." One who claimed to know the Japanese wrote: "They are not a brutish, ungrateful people, but polite, kind and grateful, and naturally expect the same things from others. In a word, their sickness must have *moral* treatment as well as medical." ⁶ The symptoms of homesickness, apparently, developed at an early date.

A month later the same paper reported that they were adapting themselves easily, though not so hardy as the Chinese, one having had the inconsiderateness to die in spite of being well tended.

So after two weeks Sentaro Ishii, erstwhile proud warrior of a proud and sensitive race, became a plain working man under a system quite as feudal in some respects as the one he had left. For one thing, no one expected an imported laborer to rise to anything else; his caste was as fixed as that of the eta in Japan. The wage which had seemed princely back in Japan proved little enough, and the laborer was bound by contract just as in Japan the peasant had been bound by custom and law to his lord.

Sentaro went to Maui as did forty-four others. Sixty-one went to Oahu plantations, eight to Kauai, and the rest were taken up as domestics.

Since the *haoles*—a convenient Hawaiian word for Caucasians—were the employers and editors of papers, no record has been left of the first impression the Japanese made upon the average Hawaiian. But as Hawaiians generally took the attitude that hard and unrelenting labor was an aberration they would as soon leave to others, it is safe to guess that they welcomed the Japanese. In the spirit of *aloha* which is one of the Hawaiian's finest gifts to the island culture, there has rarely been racial friction between them.

But this quiet acceptance of the situation by the natives to whom the

islands had once belonged was almost the only phase of the situation which remained without friction. The Gannen mono, like Japanese immigrants ever since, soon began striking sparks.

The Japanese had come without written contracts but with the understanding that they would get four dollars a month, food, clothing, medical attendance, and free passage from Japan and home again after three years.⁷ On their arrival the Board of Immigration assigned them to the various applicants, and drew up contracts which specified that half of their wages would be withheld for payment on arrival in Yokohama at the end of three years unless the workers asked otherwise. They were asking for it before the middle of August, such was the high cost of clothing and other items of need.

The dollar itself was "mex," not American, and scarcely equal in value to the yen (at fifty cents American). It bought a shirt, and pants could be had for seventy-five cents. But the food, cooked usually by a Chinese, was so poor that most of the workers bought extra rations out of their meager income. A bottle of Chinese wine cost a dollar, and not many seemed willing to get along without.

For four dollars a month the worker was expected to labor twenty-six days from six in the morning until five in the evening with a half-hour for lunch. It was hard work. The Hawaiians had for the most part given it up long ago, those who had tried it. No such pace, no such monotonous labor under a hot sun had ever been seen in Japan where men were not strangers to hard work. The Gannen mono found their Tenjiku, their heaven, a disappointment, the new feudalism worse than the old. Whether justly or not, they believed an agreement had been broken.

Now poor Van Reed, already threatened by the Japanese government with retaliation for having "piratically stolen Japanese from the country against all [their] vigilance"⁸ had to face the charge that the men he had kidnapped were being harshly treated. To this Van Reed confidently replied that the best way to find out was to send an embassy to Hawaii. After first objecting that such a move would cost money, the government sent Seichi Shiroyama to do the job. Shiroyama, reaching San Francisco in December 1868, sent his two assistants back to Hawaii, picked up some rumors in San Francisco regarding a state of rebellion among the immigrants, and trotted back to Japan with the news. What became of the two assistants the record does not disclose.

Threatened by the Japanese government, publicly condemned by the American Minister, and now confronted with a disastrous outcome

to the mission he had himself suggested, Van Reed must have wished Hawaii dissolved into the blue Pacific. With a tenacity rising perhaps out of desperation he got the government to send another ambassador, of sufficient rank and authority to settle the issue. The instructions when written gave the envoy "full power and authority to settle all matters relating to certain Japanese subjects now on said islands, and to bring them back to Japan."

The Ambassador, Uyeno Kantoku-no-kami,⁹ seems to have been an impartial judge. He took along with him as Co-Envoy Extraordinary—and this was the first stroke of luck Van Reed had in the whole business—Hoichi Miwa, an official of the old government and translator of the original agreement which in 1865 was to have resulted in a treaty with Hawaii.

The embassy reached Hawaii two days after Christmas in 1869 after a detour to San Francisco which seemed to be *de rigueur* for Japanese on official missions. Uyeno himself wore the full official costume with hakama—a kind of pantaloons or divided skirt worn over the kimono—and two swords tucked into his belt. The party were housed in the quarters which had recently been used by the Duke of Edinburgh during his visit to the islands. Colonel Isaac Hooper of the American Legation served as temporary secretary.

As official missions go, this one worked quickly, impelled perhaps by the Japanese custom of settling all outstanding issues before the year's end, for on December 31 Uyeno forwarded a note to the Hawaiian government containing two propositions. It is worth noting that the first was immediately to return all Japanese then in Hawaii at Japan's expense. The second proposal was to return those who wished to go back at Japan's expense, the rest remaining until their contract expired. If any should remain beyond that time, "due notice (was) to be given to the Japanese government as to the cause or causes which may prevent such persons from being sent at the proper time with the others." In the light of history it is worth noting that the Japanese government did not encourage any of its nationals to remain abroad, and in fact demanded that they be returned. The whole notion of emigration is in fact one which we introduced to Japan.

Hawaii accepted the latter alternative after requesting the Ambassador's signature to a statement that if at the conclusion of the contract any Japanese should "desire to remain the Hawaiian government has no authority to compel them to go."

As for the rumors of harsh treatment, they were put to rest at least

temporarily by Uyeno's statement: "We have everywhere found our countrymen well cared for, and kindly treated by their employers."¹⁰

The Ambassador and his party left Honolulu on January 20, 1870. Nine days later thirty-eight of the forty who wished to return were embarked for Japan, the other two leaving a week later. After their arrival in Japan a newspaper there printed a complaint signed by thirty-nine of them, charging cruelty and failure to carry out the terms of the contract. Once again Van Reed had to defend himself. But this time the situation was not serious; the government was satisfied with the report of its ambassador.

Before that government would sign a treaty with Hawaii, however, it insisted that Van Reed resign as Consul General. A few months later he was reinstated through the support of the American Minister and thus face was saved on all sides. At his death two years later in 1873 he had still failed to provide Hawaii with the adequate labor supply he had counted on. For of the thousands he planned to send only ninety, more or less, remained, thirteen having returned to Japan at the end of their contract.

What made life in the island paradise so unattractive to the Japanese?

One great difficulty was language. Tomi Saburo, head man of the whole group, knew little or no English. It was once proposed to send him to Punahou, Hawaii's best school, but nothing came of the idea. When the Japanese separated to the various homes and plantations they were sealed off from those around them by the language barrier. Worse still they felt cold and alone, separated from the social warmth of group activity and familiar custom. Although there was but one suicide, word drifted back to Japan that the emigrants were all poisoning themselves to gain relief from intolerable conditions.

There were other specific complaints. One man said his employer had withheld part of his wages for medical treatment. The Board of Immigration investigated and instructed the employer to pay up. Some plantations invoked a system of fines for petty offenses. The Board put a stop to this too. Doubtless there was physical mistreatment, especially where a man claimed illness when the foreman thought him well enough to work. The climate of Hawaii is wonderful for vacationers but discouraging to physical labor. Maybe too much was expected of the Japanese.

Still, with every opportunity to return immediately to the homeland, almost two-thirds of the group stayed not only for the three-year term which was all they had intended, but for life. Those who went back to

Japan were the ones who could not stand the uprooting—in short, the most Japanese. Those who remained were, in sociological phrase, the deviates from the mores of the old country. They married non-Japanese women—Hawaiian, at least one Portuguese. They learned English, or at least pidgin. It was a later wave of Japanese, provided with enough women to reconstitute Japanese village culture, who recreated the conditions of Japanese rural life in Hawaii. The Gannen mono became, to an extent, Hawaiian.

There were too few of them to make much of an impress upon the conflux of cultures meeting in Hawaii, but at least they disprove the uninformed proposition that Japanese do not assimilate.

While most of the Gannen mono remained on the plantations, some became business men and made modest fortunes. One established the first public carriage in Honolulu. Barbers, photographers, hotel keepers followed. There were opportunists like the "doctor" who spent six months in Hawaii as a specialist in the cure of leprosy and carried four thousand dollars back to Japan with him.

As for Sentaro, his superior birth and training made him leader of the group which went to the island of Maui. Once they nearly killed him, holding him responsible for bad treatment. But he survived to become foreman over the next group of immigrants in 1885. He became a Catholic, married a Hawaiian girl, and had four children by her.

IV

COOLIES IN SILK HATS

For seventeen years no more Japanese came to Hawaii, and not even a king could budge the Japanese government in its determination not to let its people emigrate again.

King Kalakaua on his tour of the world in 1881 made it a special point while in Tokyo to stress his desire that Japanese be allowed to come to the islands. He even instructed his Minister for Foreign Affairs to negotiate a revision of the existing treaty in order to eliminate the right of extraterritoriality. But the Western powers feared any change that would admit Japan to legal equality. They forced Kalakaua to give up the negotiations and as a result nothing came of his appeal for men.

In 1871 a Treaty of Amity and Commerce had been ratified in the hope of gaining, among other things, labor for the plantations. Nothing came of it.

In 1879 \$10,000 had been appropriated to bring in two hundred Japanese. No result.

In 1882 a mission under John Kapena went to Tokyo to urge emigration. Nothing happened.

In 1884 Major Curtis Iaukea, one of the King's inner circle, made the trip to Japan. His proposal for an immigration convention was firmly vetoed.

But he brought back with him Hawaii's Consul General in Japan, W. R. Irwin. Irwin soon returned to Japan with an appointment as commissioner and special agent of the Bureau of Immigration, a long list of applications for field labor and household help, and what was probably more important, a credit of \$40,000.

The cost of bringing labor to Hawaii was no small thing in itself, the Hawaiian government having spent over a million dollars between 1878 and 1888. One reason why the planters kept coming back to Japan is clearly drawn in the following figures:

Cost to the plantation of obtaining a Japanese laborer, \$65.85; Chinese, \$76.83; Portuguese, \$112.

Twenty-five per cent of the Portuguese women worked in the fields, seventy-two per cent of the Japanese.

The planters loved the Japanese for another reason. Not only were they cheaper to get; their presence would keep down the price of labor generally, but especially among the Chinese.

The Chinese kept wages high by means of secret societies, so said the planters, though the fact that wages promptly fell with the arrival of the Japanese would seem to fix the blame on something more to be feared than secret societies, namely supply and demand.

The demand for labor had led the Hawaiian government to search throughout the world for workers. Naturally the government reflected the economic interests it served, while these interests saw millions in profits if an adequate labor supply could be found. The Hawaiians were not adequate. Not only did they love leisure and living too well to be good wage earners; they had been terribly decimated through contact with merchants, sailors and missionaries from the West. Even to mild diseases like measles they succumbed in thousands.

So the Chinese were brought in. At first the planters were delighted. Here were good workers content with small wages and meager quarters. Their popularity lasted until they discovered the strength of their position and began to demand more money.

Other nationalities were tried. Polynesians, Norwegians, Portuguese from the Atlantic islands—these and many more, always with the same result. Still the planters, aided by government, hoped each time to find a laborer who would stay content with small wages, work hard, eat little, keep well, and beget a flock of sturdy children who in their turn would become and remain cheap labor.

In spite of the failure of the Gannen mono to meet these specifications, the planters still held to the idea that if only Japanese could be imported in sufficient numbers, the problem would be solved.

So they looked very hopefully toward Tokyo and Mr. W. R. Irwin and the \$40,000. And Irwin kept pressing a reluctant Japanese government until finally he succeeded in getting its signature to a labor agreement. To get it he had to guarantee free steerage passage together with food during the voyage. He had to guarantee employment on arrival in Honolulu without getting the laborer's commitment to a contract before departure. He had to promise free medical care, three years' exemption from personal tax, and a minimum wage which would be fixed before the sailing.

Furthermore, the Japanese were brought in as wards of the Hawaiian

government. A letter to the planters advised them that "while the immigrants remain under their original contracts they are to be under the immediate guardianship of the Hawaiian Government. . . . No employer or overseer shall be permitted under any circumstances (except in self defense) to strike or lay hand upon any contract laborer who is a government ward."

The Japanese government in 1885 was showing itself as adept at labor bargaining as the most militant industrial union of 1946. For the government still conceived itself as a father responsible for all its children, a familial responsibility which Western nations erected on a non-paternal base did not make so much of.

Conditions in Japan were such at the time as to encourage emigration on almost any terms. The offer of free passage, food, lodging, medical care *and* some cash to boot could not but sound like El Dorado to people on the edge of starvation, as many of the peasants were. Once the government gave its permission, there was no lack of applicants. In 1886 there were 28,000.

Irwin, determined that there should be no hitch this time, must have studied all Van Reed's mistakes. He made certain that suitable supervisors and interpreters were in the party. He included doctors. And to make sure that no disaster happened en route, he made the long voyage himself.

He had the ship stand off shore for a week at Nagaura, in order to be sure that everyone was in good health. He had every member of the party vaccinated. No wonder a contemporary reporter found them "a fine body of desirable immigrants who cannot fail of being of great benefit to the country."¹

Japanese immigration really began with the 943² who came down the gangplank of the old Pacific Mail steamer, *City of Tokyo*, when she docked at Honolulu on February 8, 1885. These were not the city toughs who had come in the first group, but farmers and small landowners—561 of them from the prefectures of Hiroshima and Yamaguchi—whose skill with growing things was to have results not only on Hawaiian plantations, but in the onetime waste lands of California and ultimately in the halls of the Congress in Washington.

They were not a fashionable-looking lot, nor had they the animation of feature cultivated by people of the West. The women wore kimono, of dark materials mostly, sometimes with towels tied about their heads, while the men were most likely to be wearing the close-fitting pants

of the farmer with nothing but Western style underwear above the waist, or perhaps a knee-length blue *happi* coat open in front and still showing the underwear. They were proud of that underwear. Artisans and delivery boys still wear it today, in Japan, as outer covering.

But the children—the children were different. The bright red colors in their little kimono gave light and gaiety to the group as they ran nimbly about on clogs, or stared soberly with dark unblinking eyes as from a balcony seat on their mothers' backs.

It quite surprised the local residents—as it still surprises a good many Americans—to discover how light-colored they were. Some, says a contemporary observer,³ were quite dark but none were dusky. Some of the women were actually white—a matter still confusing to those who prefer not to have their racial theories troubled by a fact, all of them very clean, even to their quilted bedclothing.

They were all confined for two days to the immigration depot, the "thousand man building" as the Japanese reports refer to it. Here royalty itself visited them in the person of King Kalakaua. The King greeted them in their own language, a few words of which he had learned on his world tour, and bade them welcome. Indoctrinated with the awe and majesty of kings, the immigrants were deeply impressed.

On the third day, accompanied by interpreters and followed by huge, poi-fattened Hawaiian policemen, they were allowed to wander about Honolulu.

Honolulu had grown since the Gannen mono had in similar fashion wandered through its few streets seventeen years before. It was now a town of some twenty thousand, and thanks to the missionary influence it looked like a small seaport of Connecticut or Massachusetts. There were still very few broad streets, but Iolani, new palace of the King, with the statue of Kamehameha cast in Italy facing it across the wide street, gave to Polynesian and New England Honolulu the air of a petty German state.

American and European business men, and some well-to-do Hawaiians, walked in leisurely fashion about the business section in their white duck suits and panama hats. Chinese coolies wore the trousers and wide-sleeved coats of their native land, but the Hawaiian women, once innocently happy in nothing more than a skirt, now wore the enveloping Mother Hubbard with perhaps a wreath of flowers as chaplet or necklace. Not even the missionary influence had brought them to wearing shoes.

Hospitable to strangers, the Hawaiians tried to give the Japanese

hats, shirts and other articles of clothing. Perhaps they thought the close-fitting trousers would prove impractical in the warm climate. In any case some Japanese thought it improper to receive the gifts and a minor controversy developed.

Though they may have thought it impolite to receive hats as gifts, the Japanese, quick to feel the pulse of a new environment, had recognized the social value of a hat. They explored every store in downtown Honolulu for hats, for any kind of a hat. "It does not seem to make any difference to them whether the hats are of high or low degree, plug, slouch, silk or straw," wrote a contemporary observer. Practically every hat in Honolulu was bought, and coolies with humble underwear covering their torsos dressed above the ears as if for a royal reception.

This compelling desire to conform has made Japan a nation of uniform-wearers. It would also have made Americans of the Japanese if we had recognized and fostered it in those who came to us. The course of history might then have had a different bearing.

Many a silk hat must subsequently have hung for years in a plantation shanty, never to fulfill its destiny at a king's reception or even at a gangster's funeral. A few of these hats no doubt returned with the owners to Japan, there to be admired by untravelled villagers and mouldering even today among the few and cherished heirlooms of a peasant family along with the legend of a rich ancestor who went far and endured much to establish the family fortune.

On February eleventh, the fourth day after their arrival, the immigrants invited the King and Honolulu's first citizens to an entertainment at the immigration station. The repertoire of these simple peasants was astounding; they fenced, wrestled, sang, danced and did acrobatics. They startled their audience with the blood-curdling yell that accompanies *gekken*, Japanese fencing. They delighted them with their nimble feats of balancing. Chief event, however, was a *sumo* match, a type of wrestling in which the principals, dressed only in a meager loincloth, try to throw each other out of the ring.

The few Gannen mono still living about Honolulu came to call, or greeted the immigrants on the street. One of them had a home of his own and a box at the post office—sure proof, apparently, of an unqualified success.

On the sixteenth the first mail from the new arrivals was dispatched to their families at home by the *Mariposa*. Some of those who went to the dock to see the sailing were already wishing themselves back

home. For even with the reassuring hat upon their heads, they must have had an uneasy feeling that this symbol of the West, purchased as if it were a ticket to the play, had only admitted them to the gallery and to a distant view of a life they had no part in.

A day later occurred the first death—long journey and superfluous uprooting for so quick a couching in alien soil.

On the eighteenth they were selected, so far as possible in groups according with their home villages, to go out to the plantations. After this the news drops off, to revive in a brief reference on the third of March to the Japanese garden at the Queen's house on Beretania Street.

The Japanese, apparently, had gone to work.

Tatsuo Hirai and his wife were lucky. They were in the group assigned to Kipahulu, Maui. Sentaro Ishii was lucky too, for on the arrival of this group of his countrymen he was made *luna*—foreman—over them. Expecting a boss—for the rumors had already gotten around—who would drive him without mercy and who spoke no Japanese, Tatsuo could not at once believe his good fortune.

"They let you, a Japanese, become boss?" he said.

"As you see. I have lived here a long time."

"You have a wife?"

"Yes, a Hawaiian. You have brought a wife with you, I see. Will she work in the field?"

"It is so. We wish to save as much as possible before returning to Japan."

"Do you really think you will return?"

"Yes, certainly. I own a farm in Hiroshima, but it is a very small farm. Money was necessary to increase the land and leave a property worthy of the ancestors. Yes, when we have saved enough, we shall go back."

"I came for only three years," Sentaro said. "I have been here seventeen. I have a wife and four children. I shall never go back."

Not to go back! Tatsuo and his wife lived in expectation of going back. For her work in the fields Ohana, his wife, would get ten dollars a month. He himself would get fifteen. This was less than the Chinese got by about two dollars, four dollars less than the Portuguese. But it was more money than they had ever seen. Then, by working half an hour extra each day, Tatsuo got a quarter-acre of land and vegetable seed to plant in it. Five hundred of the first arrivals made this arrange-

ment. Ohana cooked and washed for a bachelor group—got up at four to make their breakfast and pack their lunches, finished the supper dishes at nine, and was up at four to do it all over again. •

Not to go back! What was there to stay for except the money?—the money to buy land, to gain respect among men of the village, to honor the ancestors and to provide for those to come so that he, Tatsuo, would in his turn earn honor and respect as an ancestor who had raised the fortunes of the family.

This foundation of impermanency affected every action and every decision of the Japanese as it did many European immigrants to America. Most tragically it affected the American-born generation who were persuaded or at need commanded to study things Japanese. And it affected the number of women who came, keeping their numbers down to about one in five.

Most men wanted to save three thousand yen before returning, but those who went home in three or four years with four hundred yen were well satisfied.

"I haven't earned enough money yet" was the stock answer of a Japanese asked whether he planned to return to Japan.

The most penurious bachelors did not even join such a mess as Ohana cooked for, but fed themselves, eating nothing but rice and *umeboshi*, pickled plums, which they had brought from Japan. When the plums gave out they ate only rice, rattling the plum stones in their mouths. The meanest of these saved every stone, keeping them in sacks to take home as evidence of his thrift and filial piety. Only he died before he could get there.⁴

To these peasants and sons of peasants rice itself, forbidden to farmers only a few years before in feudal Japan, was a luxury.

As a result of unbalanced diet, beri-beri and other dietary diseases became common. When their bosses told them to eat meat and fish, the men politely replied that it would make them sick. This was a Japanese answer. The real reason was their desire to accumulate savings. The thrifty lived on four dollars a month and saved eleven. Those who worked their way up to mill jobs might get twenty, or even as much as sixty dollars a month. But even with such self-denial as the Japanese were capable of, savings were often lost through sickness, or even more commonly through gambling.

Even if the image of home in Japan had not drawn them, the caste system on the plantations would have driven them. Though he could scarcely have expected anything different, the new arrival found himself

at the bottom of the heap—beneath the earlier contract laborers of different race, beneath the luna or foreman, beneath the free as opposed to the contract laborers, beneath the whole hierarchy of bosses and supervisors up to that splendid feudal personage, the manager of the plantation.

The sugar plantation where Tatsuo worked was a world to itself, almost as far removed from Honolulu as from Tokyo or New York. Many a Japanese who came there never left as long as he lived. The plantation manager was ruler of this realm, and the inflexible laws of the system—the hours of work, the luna, the bell—were so impersonal, so apart from the workers that they came to be resisted with feigned illness, desertion, and for relief drunkenness, gambling, quarreling and, if opportunity offered, chasing after women.

These men were not lazy. At home they would have worked from dawn to dark, but their own land or that of their neighbors would have been under their feet. They could have paused for a look at the friendly mountains or for a ribald country joke. Their work would have had the joy of ownership rather than the pursuit of an impersonal dollar. Perhaps they had to learn that a man needs anchorage more than surplus, a home more than a mansion.

Nor did they expect anything sumptuous to live in. But what they got was not like a home. The Hirais, Tatsuo and Ohana, got a room to themselves. European families, by some peculiar racial metaphysic, were given two rooms. The building they were assigned to was white-washed—some were painted red—with a porch extending along the front. Each family had an oil drum at the outer door. Converted into a brazier by lining the bottom with clay and running rods across to support the pans, it was their kitchen. Rough board partitions separated each room from its neighbor. A platform about two feet high took up more than half the floor space, and on this, with a piece of straw matting, a hard headrest, quilted bedclothing and mosquito nets Tatsuo and his wife slept.

No such space was wasted on bachelors. In their quarters platforms three feet wide ran the length of the building. Sometimes there were three or four tiers. Each man got a three by six foot space of platform to sleep on and shared the floor beneath it with men from the other tiers.

From these narrow couches the men—and some women—got up at half-past four in the morning when the rising whistle sounded over

the dark fields. Ohana was up half an hour earlier to make breakfast. How she managed to awake was her secret.

After breakfast the workers gathered at the plantation railroad track if they were going to a distant field, and by six were at work in the cane. At half-past eleven there was a half hour for lunch. At four-thirty they started home again after ten hours of backbreaking labor.

Now came the day's pleasantest event, the daily bath.

The Hirais had no bath of their own. One large wooden tub served the whole camp. Set underneath an open roof, it had an iron bottom so that it could be heated from beneath, and around it was a floor of wooden slats. Here at the end of day the men and women congregated, relaxing in the scalding hot water until their flesh was pink. That an act which usually demands strictest privacy in the West should be performed in a group, without sexual differentiation or embarrassment, tells a good deal about the difference between Japanese and Western civilization. The Japanese like the feeling of being bound in a group, sharing tasks and pleasures. We feel cramped unless we can act by ourselves.

After supper what little time remained was spent in talk or card playing, unless like the Hirais you had a quarter-acre of vegetables to tend. A few of the younger men, with that assiduity which has often marked the Japanese, studied or in some places went to night classes. But a good many of the bachelors, according to men of their own group, were fresh, lazy, drinkers and gamblers unable to pay their board bill at the end of the month.

What happened when the Japanese, who could speak no English, went to work under men who could speak no Japanese?

The Hawaiian government tried to set the right tone by advising planters of the nature of the Japanese who could be better led by "the silken thread of kindness" as their circular put it than by blows or threats, and who would even work overtime without pay in an emergency if thus led, and supplied with "five gallons of hot water daily" for bathing.

The employers themselves were hopeful. There was good reason why the arrival of the Japanese was "the most important event that has happened in Hawaii for many years." For by the treaty with the United States, signed in 1876, the goods of each country were admitted duty-free to the other. The great flood of gold crystallized out of sugar cane

and waiting to be poured into the laps of the planters needed only the touch of Japanese labor to be loosed.

In addition to the 943 arrivals in February, another 978 came on the *Yamashiro Maru*. By an Emigration Convention signed on January 28 and finally promulgated May 31, 1886, twenty-six lots of immigrants reached Hawaii between 1886 and 1894 on three-year contracts. Approximately 28,685 men, women and children came in under this arrangement.

It looked as though the planters' problem was solved. The skin of the Japanese had the color of gold.

To prevent such dissatisfaction as had spoiled the first immigration, the Board of Immigration appointed a special commission of inspection with a Japanese, George O. Nakayama, as chief. Yet even this precaution and the presence now of a Japanese Consul (Jiro Nakamura) in Honolulu did not forestall complaints. Again, as in the case of the Gannen mono, a special commission came from Japan. Nothing serious could have been involved, for emigration was soon resumed. Apparently the major difficulty was language.

It was hard for a luna to tell whether a man was too sick to work without the exchange of words we rely on in every human contact to tell us, not so much what a man says as what is really going on inside. So, because many faked sickness, those who were really sick were often forced to work without pay or were put in a cell without food for a day, standard punishment for malingering. Many a Japanese tells how he dragged himself down to the plantation office to report sick and was told, "If you could walk down here, you can work."

Cases of brutality no doubt occurred. Combined with the fear of strangers in an alien land, and subject to a control from which there was no appeal, they were magnified until in the telling the exception seemed to be the rule.

Yet despite the lack of a common language, despite the fear on one side and the cruelty on the other, contact along the wire of common human qualities did occur. Humor, at its most basic level, needs no words, only a shared attitude. One of the 1885 arrivals, for instance, remembered years afterward how he had arrived on the plantation with no pants except the *momohiki*—something like winter underwear with the slit seat.

Every time he stooped over at his work in the fields, the back opened up, and every time the back opened up the foreman tickled him with

a straw. This went on until payday when the newcomer was able to buy a more dependable seat cover.

Perhaps not many Japanese would have put up with such fooling. They had, even among themselves, a reputation for hot-headedness and were quick to take affront. In the early days it was their custom to take large water cans into the fields with them. If the luna started to beat them they hammered on the can until they had gathered their forces. Even in later times the can remained as the tocsin to call a labor meeting or a strike.

With misunderstanding on both sides, desertions increased until in the Hamakua district of Hawaii alone there were 388 in six months. While there were many immediate reasons for running away—to escape gambling, store or boarding debts, to get away from a cruel luna, to take the higher pay of coffee plantations or city jobs, it is obvious that the real reason was a social displacement, a lack of the tight community and family controls which had operated in Japan, a need for a wife and family responsibility, and perhaps to a degree the plain exuberance of young men sowing their wild oats in the expectation that they would soon return to the heavy restraints of a Japanese village.

In these early years there was a short-sightedness on both sides that led, once Hawaiian-born children began arriving, to unforeseen stresses and difficulties. The Japanese came with no thought but making enough money to return to the ancestral village. Only one in four or five came with a wife. No stable community life could be built under these circumstances, and this lack of stability besides leading to the usual vices made it impossible for the weaker characters to save the money which would have pulled them out of the slough. The plantations, on the other hand, wanted cheap labor. They did not anticipate that the Japanese would ever be anything else. They did not regard him as a participating member of the community and did nothing in the early years to aid an assimilation which he for his part did not desire.

Yet of the 3,457 Japanese who came to Hawaii from 1885 through 1888, only 291 returned permanently to Japan.

So the two worlds, the haole and the Japanese, the bosses and the bossed, revolved side by side, held together by economic forces which encouraged production of the sugar they could provide, but not touching in any essential way. Between the manager and the managed there exists a social distance which may be diminished but never eliminated.

Here the unique factors were a completely different cultural background, alien citizenship, lack of a common language, and a "racial" difference which in the minds of the haole or governing class created as if by divine fiat a permanent social and economic gap.

It was in the interest of the governing group that this gap should remain and that the Japanese should continue docile, hard-working and cheap.

ACT TWO: BLENDING

V

THE WAYS OF THE PEOPLE

The story of those thousands who came during the peak years from 1886 to 1907 is brave, pathetic, and shows little variation.

The Morioka family of Hiroshima prefecture were better off than some of their neighbors, for they had five acres. Takeo though still a young man was head of the family, responsible for feeding his wife and six children, two brothers and a sister. Eleven mouths, five acres. It was this sort of pressure one felt everywhere these days, for the industrialization which resulted from opening Japan to the world had raised the population from twenty-eight million in 1868 to forty million in 1880, and later to fifty-three million in 1913. There was no room for sons to marry and bring their wives home any more. Something had to be done.

Then out of the West which had caused all this growth came also a promise of relief. There, far in the ocean, was a land of beauty, a land of plenty, a land of endless summer and high wages, a land that was begging the sons of farmers to come and tend its ample soil.

There was excited talk in the villages. Many, when it came to a decision, could not bear to separate themselves from the land, the home, the family, the community which were part of themselves and without which they would lose their identity, almost their being. Takeo listened and turned it over in his mind and finally decided to go.

The lonely plantation was a bitter disillusion. Treeless, the red-brown fields, more lava than earth, stretched inland until the hills grew too abrupt for tillage. The land was beautiful, but it lacked the neat and tidy intimacy of a Japanese landscape. The weather was too hot for unsheltered labor in the boiling sun. Then the cane itself was a hard master. It was tended by hand in those days. Men went down the rows with cane knives, cutting the stalk first four feet above the ground, then lopping off the leafy top of the cut portion, then cutting the remaining stalk close to the ground. This was backbreaking work.

Worst of all, though Takeo did not understand it, he was thrown into a life ruled by competition rather than by cooperation. It was this more than the physical labor even which made the work hard—that it was done for nothing but a few dollars in the hand and to make other men rich, not to grow the food that would sustain your own family or that of a neighbor who in his turn would give his labor to you.

Still there was the hope of saving enough to return home and buy another field, to become a well-to-do man in the home village. Yet even the closest economy and the most meager living failed to materialize the fortune. Takeo, thinking that another pair of hands would double the fortune, sent for his oldest son.

Ichiro, who no doubt enjoyed the voyage as any young fellow would, found plantation work little to his liking. He begged his father to send him home. Instead Takeo went back himself while Ichiro moved on to a pineapple plantation. Here wages were better. He studied English. And when he had saved some money he borrowed more in order to buy a piece of land and raise pineapples.

A crude three-room shack in the corner of his seven acres was his home. Water came from a nearby stream and for light and cooking he used kerosene. Needing a wife, he wrote to his father who selected a girl after the usual painstaking investigation and sent her to Hawaii.

Yuri joined her husband in the fields as well as caring for the chickens and feeding the five men who worked for Ichiro. But the venture was a failure. Five years of hard labor failed to bring enough even to pay the costs. Ichiro returned to the plantation as a worker with a wage of forty dollars a month (this was in 1928). Every month ten dollars were set aside for life insurance to guarantee the education of the son who had arrived, and everything was done to stretch the remainder. There was no meat, fish, or even oranges or apples except on special occasions. The only fruit and vegetables were those raised in a small home garden. Unbalanced meals allowed the children, when they came, to catch every disease. And because doctors cost money, most of the cures were home-grown.

Yuri took in washing and raised hogs as well as chickens to stretch the family income. She and Ichiro were too busy even to attend the yearly picnic given by the plantation for its employees.

Then a year came when the plantation allowed Ichiro the use of several acres of land for watermelons. There were several children old enough now to help in the fields. All summer the family labored, cultivating, picking, gathering, sorting and weighing. The crop was a tre-

mendous success. The Moriokas had, unlike most of the plantation workers, achieved the modest fortune every immigrant dreamed of. But they no longer wished to return to Japan. They moved to Honolulu, and thus another dream was achieved. They bought a home. But Ichiro at forty-seven was an old man.

For each of those who left the plantation, finding a measure of success and independence, many stayed. Plantation living had improved since the early days when it offered nothing but the basic necessities. In Ewa, now one of the most progressive plantations, the first immigrants found long houses divided into rooms about ten feet square. Two couples might be put in one of these rooms. They also shared a kitchen with a homemade stove put together out of an old can, rocks and clay. Dry sugar cane served as fuel. But by 1914 a certain plantation on Maui boasted of the following luxuries for the Japanese: water piped to each house, outside cook houses, sewers, bath and laundry houses on a community basis, sanitary gangs, sterilized drinking water, and five company stores "maintained merely for the purpose of keeping down prices in the vicinity."¹ There were also public schools, a Japanese school built by the plantation, kindergartens and a nursery for children whose mothers worked in the fields, churches and a hospital. Housing was being changed from the long rows of drab "apartments" to detached cottages.

Ichiro had tried to recreate in his plantation home the things he had been accustomed to in Japan, but the result was in many cases an approximation. The thick straw floor mats, for instance, were replaced with a thin layer of straw over rough boards. A converted oil can took the place of the small clay cookstove. The individual lacquer tray for each diner disappeared, and as a result customs revolting to Japanese table etiquette grew up.

The life of the small farmer in Japan had been anything but sumptuous, yet the material culture it developed—the tools of working, eating, cleaning, bathing—had a consistency and honesty of craftsmanship which fitted their purpose. The teapot, the rice tub, the bamboo broom—all had a functional beauty growing out of the life which produced them and growing back into the lives of those who used them.

There was no incentive to recreate this culture in Hawaii. Neither house nor land belonged to a plantation worker.

But two aspects of the old culture were too strong to be killed by the competition of Western ways—the bath and the diet.

The Japanese bath is not merely a way of keeping clean. It is a ritual, a medicine, a social club, a physical and mental pick-me-up, and occasionally a side-show or three-ring circus. However inadequate the shack he lived in and however meager his diet, the Japanese had to have plenty of boiling water at the day's end.

In the early days, and until the outbreak of war in 1941, the bath was a community affair as it had been in Japan, serving a number of families, all ages and both sexes. Like the school and the temple it was a social center, a place to exchange news, a place where one could feel his membership in the group and thus feel *good*, for the Japanese had always felt his personality most fully when acting as a member of his group rather than as a separate individual.

The bather undresses, splashes, soaps and rinses himself and then climbs into the steaming bath. The tub itself may be big enough for one or for a dozen or more bathers. Once in, it is wise to keep very still since any movement of the body brings hotter water against the skin. Children who swim and splash are always a hazard. So, to a real devotee, are those who want to lower the temperature of the water below the scalding point. Sunk in water up to the neck, the bather feels all the ache and tiredness going out of him, feels a sense of lassitude and well-being impossible in a porcelain tub. The shortcomings of earthly life are remarkably minimized by such an immersion which raises one above personal irritations into the mansions of philosophy.

Once in a while an old couple remembering the phallic dances of rural Japan and having reached that uninhibited state which comes only with age or drunkenness to the Japanese—such a couple would add gaiety to the scene as they rotated their naked hips and buttocks.

But when the American-born generation became conscious of their nakedness and began to cover themselves, it was as if the serpent had offered the apple all over again. The innocence, and therefore in a measure the relaxation of the Japanese bath were lost. Then a higher level of material prosperity led to private baths of the American variety—poor substitutes with their few inches of tepid water for the neck-deep steaming pool. Many a Nisei who grew up in a plantation camp and is living today in a comfortable bungalow of American style remembers with nostalgia the warmth, as much human and social as physical, of the plantation bath. Some have built Japanese baths into their otherwise American homes.

Like the bath, food preferences resisted change because they had been developed from childhood. Rice of course is the staple at all meals.

It so dominates the diet that other foods are mostly flavoring to its bland taste. Thus the flavors of other foods are heavy—the sour and odorous *taġuan* (a radish pickle), the sharp tang of seaweed, the pungent and salty soy sauce whose flavor is added to nearly everything else.

For special occasions a delicious seafood dish, pieces of fish fried in deep rape-seed oil, may be served, or the best known of Japanese dishes, *sukiyaki*—known in the islands as *hekġa*, consisting of thin strips of beef and vegetables boiled in a sweet soy sauce.

There was probably less change on an outer island plantation of Hawaii between 1885 and 1941 than anywhere under the American flag. Less change fundamentally, that is, in the lives of the workers. True, wages went slowly up—but so did living costs, always a little bit ahead like the carrot dangling in front of the donkey's nose. Living conditions improved, greater mechanization sought to wipe out rising labor costs, children grew progressively American in ways and speech and seemed to their parents to be going to the dogs—a phenomenon noted by parents of all times and places. Life in general grew a little easier as workers were lifted on the rising tide of the nation's well-being.

Very few alien parents realized that the coming of American-born children would cause an about-face in family planning, leading them at first reluctantly to postpone and then forever to abandon the return to Japan.

Isolated on plantations, they had made little contact with American customs. What they handed on to their children was therefore almost purely Japanese. But as the first-born began to go to school, they carried home the seeds of a new culture which grew and spread among the younger children until at last it dominated the field.

The Morioka children were raised as they would have been in Japan. At first they were indulged—"spoiled" we would call it—especially the boys. But about the age of six began the rigid restraints and disciplines which characterize a Japanese upbringing. Chiefly the discipline was to produce respect for parents and conformance with the mores of the community, a bending of the individual will and interest to fit the mold of tradition and custom.

All children must submit to this disciplining of the will, but where Western culture places a premium upon individual initiative and encourages personal preference and variation, the Japanese mode demands a full conformance with customs and relationships long established. Many an American-born child remembers the strictness with which

he was held to Japanese etiquette and how when guests came he escaped if possible to the fields rather than suffer the ignominy of making a mistake.

One reason for his fear was the perplexing nature of the Japanese language with its varying forms of speech depending on the person one speaks to. The other was the fear of ridicule, the strongest weapon in character training—strong because conformity is the chief virtue and failure to conform means to be excluded from the group.

So great is the fear of ridicule even among adult Japanese that in serious cases it can affect the behavior of an entire family. When the older sister of the Muramoto family went out with a non-Japanese and wanted to marry him, the whole family stayed at home for days, their faces "smeared," unable to face the neighbors who they were sure were laughing at them. When the force exerted by group opinion is so strong, very few will risk the ostracism involved in stepping outside the bounds of accepted conduct. This force has, among the Japanese in Hawaii and the mainland, resulted in one of the lowest crime rates on record.

The disciplining of boys was stern enough, but after the Oriental pattern the girls had the worst of it. "When I have my own daughters," one of these girls wrote, "I know I'll never bring them up the way I was brought up—the Japanese way. I want my daughters to grow up with every assurance that they are born free and equal individuals, not bound by any obligation to serve any man in blind submission." The earnest words suggest long years of uncomplaining but unforgotten experience.

So as the arrival of children made it possible, the Japanese family hierarchy was reconstituted in Hawaii. Following the pattern traced by his own father and by uncounted generations before, Ichiro Morioka took obedience and subservience in his children for granted. Closest to him in importance was the first son, then the other sons in their order, then the girls. Servant of all the men, last to be served at table, last to bathe, last to go to bed and first to rise was the mother, was Yuri, a woman with infinite patience and endurance who after all her labors for the family, ended by being unable even to communicate with her children as they grew less and less Japanese.

Over and again those born to alien parents speak of this barrier of language, this distance more effective than miles in cutting them adrift from parental understanding. Growing ever more responsive to the non-Japanese community to which they were introduced by school and playmates, they talked about things alien to the experience of their

parents and in a language their parents could not understand. Futile efforts to explain, to communicate, grew to be silences. Nisei children came to feel a lack of the comradely give and take of American family life observed in non-Japanese homes or absorbed from books. Parents sensed their failure to understand and advise but were helpless.

The large family helped to overcome this handicap. Older children, who had most to suffer, smoothed the way for the youngsters by explaining the reasons for their non-Japanese behavior, easing the tight strings a Japanese parent was likely to keep on his children, supporting upon their backs the traffic between the two cultures.

Masao Yoshioka had always wanted to be a doctor. He could have worked his way through college, but because the family was large his labor was needed to support the household while the other children were young. So he stayed on the plantation. But he remembered his ambition. He talked to his two younger brothers until he had charged them with the same enthusiasm. He guided them through school until they had passed beyond his ability to instruct. Still he saw to it that they studied well. When his father thought it time to take them out of school and put them to work, Masao said, "Not yet. It will pay to let them learn more." He did not dare tell his father that he intended to send them even to the university.

Masao would have liked to marry, but if his plan was to be accomplished, every penny of his earnings would be needed. So he put it off. When his brothers had finished high school he sent them off to Honolulu, to the university. The neighbors were impressed now; the boys would become scholars and the whole neighborhood would gain stature. The father shook his head, but Masao's position as virtual foster father was recognized, his will respected. Such a thing would never have happened in Japan, but in America the need of depending on someone who knew American ways as well as Japanese was recognized, the use of an intermediary an honored Japanese institution.

After university the boys went to the mainland, one to medical college, the other to dental school, supported still by their brother's earnings supplemented by their own. Only when the long courses of study were finished and the boys established in the largest town of their home island did Masao feel free to begin his own life. Having elevated his brothers far above himself, he never felt quite at ease with them again. Kind and grateful as they were, a gulf of knowledge and custom separated them. But Masao did not mind; he rather enjoyed their superiority, for was it not his monument? In the old country one

tried to bring a new field under cultivation or plant a grove. Here in America one built in the temple of the living, and the fabric was as a platform for all future generations.

This pattern of hard work and determination to rise economically and educationally is an interesting example of intercultural influences. Being Japanese gave that family solidarity which made these sons stick instead of running away. Being American gave the competitive quality and the opportunity, for in a Japanese village there would have been less need and less opportunity to change status. Virtues learned from the old culture—family loyalty, a sense of obligation—produced the necessary impetus toward the schooling necessary in a competitive economy. Notably lacking was the selfishness which goes with our excessive individualism. Men like Masao were willing to sacrifice for the wider benefit of the whole family group. From the Japanese point of view they did not lose by this but gained, for the benefits belonged to them and to the whole family. From this point of view individuality itself is extended. One shares his individuality with the whole group, and a brother's triumph is likewise his triumph, a brother's need his need. The excessive and unseemly individualism of a Rousseauistic civilization has no place in the Japanese scheme of things.

Most of the Issei raised large families, knowing no way but to let nature take its course. The story just related, and it is typical, suggests that while the older children bore burdens far beyond any reasonable expectation, the younger suffered no handicap as a result of their number. In fact, most of them have a warm memory of the peace and solidarity and safety produced by the large family group, though they themselves have followed the prevalent American habit of restricting themselves to a few children.

The stern sense of filial piety and reverence for the ancestors have long departed. Even in the first generation of immigrants it was hard to preserve them after a while. Immigration itself was an individual movement, a break with the cohesive family group. While the immigrants tried to instill a sense of filial piety in their offspring, they were losing that feeling themselves so far as it applied to the family in Japan. Absence from the family symbols, from the obligation of maintaining and perpetuating the family property, the family graves inevitably weakened the old customs. Finally the flood of individualism sucked up by the children in every contact with a competitive economy washed out the old loyalties to persons and institutions in Japan. But there remains a

solidarity within the family group, a sense of mutual obligation and benefit which, translated into the political sphere, is essential to the welfare of the state. Competition and excessive individualism have weakened this quality which once shone brightly in such institutions as the town meeting. The American of Japanese ancestry has not yet lost it, though every pressure of American life urges him to toss it overboard.

Plantation life was not easy, but it had a rugged simplicity which many of its participants look back on with a mixture of dislike and nostalgic pleasure. Dislike included the fear of the boss extending back to a time when physical punishment was, if not meted out, at least threatened. It included unremitting labor and, for the children, going to Japanese language school.

Many of the physical deprivations were not recognized as such by people who had never known running water, flush toilets and electric lights. The visit of a salesman, the coming of a movie, a community-sponsored play rose like breakers above the ordinary ebb and flow of life.

When a salesman came to the camp, children would scamper off to call their parents and a crowd would gather to see what was offered. Sometimes it was the peddler of Japanese medicines. He would leave a large packet containing a number of drugs, and on his next visit would replenish those that had been used. Until the war ended all traffic with Japan, these patent medicines were widely used. Scarcely a mother failed to take Gotosan after the birth of a child, and no self-respecting household was without Jintan, universal elixir and panacea.

Or it might be the drygoods man in a car loaded down with yard goods, belts, hats, toys and scissors. The women, who held the purse strings of the family, would buy the necessary denim and khaki for the men's working clothes. Then they would stand and look longingly at the beautiful dress goods, urging each other to buy. When a woman weakened, the rest would urge her on until fingers trembling with decision opened the purse and drew out the money and the sale was made.

But generally the women had better sales resistance than the men. One young Nisei remembers how his father, buttonholed by a haole book salesman, gravely listened to an eloquent discourse of which he could understand not a word, gravely signed on the dotted line, and came out of the ordeal owning a set of the *Encyclopedia Americana* which he could not read.

Salesmen, as honored guests in these communities, were invited to

spend the night or to share a meal. The menfolk delighted in this rare opportunity to talk with a man of the world who came all the way from Hilo or Honolulu.

Even more exciting was the arrival, every month or two, of a traveling movie. On the afternoon of the performance a car decorated with bright banners drove into camp with a man pounding a drum and a crowd of children running in the cloud of dust behind the car. Then the car would stop and the man would get out, clap three times with a pair of sticks, bow to the assemblage, and respectfully request their attendance at the picture. When he had bowed and clapped his sticks again, the car would drive off with the drum booming.

"The children whose parents had already decided to go would race up and down the camp in glee, while some of their less fortunate friends would pick up a hoe and go to the garden to make a belated attempt to compromise their parents. There would be many tearful pleadings with father. The parents, whose determination had been undermined by the talk, tried to wait a decent interval before relenting." ²

Then came a flurry of preparation—the womenfolk making delicacies, the children running off to the plantation store to buy candy, an early dinner, after which the children hustled off to the hall with straw mats in order to stake out a portion of the floor space for the family. The admission price was left to the discretion of the customer who put his offering in an envelope and handed it in at the door.

While they waited for the show to start, the audience peeled and ate fruit and candy, mothers suckled their babies, and "the whole atmosphere would be filled with the aroma and the crunching, munching and crackling of peanuts, candy, gum, apples, oranges, and assorted foods. . . . The projector was set on a table, and once in a while when a man sitting in front of the projector recognized an acquaintance and got up to bow to him, shadowy heads would bob up and down on the screen. That was the cue for everyone to start yelling."

After the first reel—usually a comedy or a piece of an old Western—the *benshi* or narrator would appear and the Japanese film would begin. The *benshi* acted every part of the silent film, altering his voice to each character and clapping the sticks or beating the drum to heighten the emotional pitch of the most exciting moments. Often the meaning of the films was obscure, and men would debate for days what had actually happened.

Similarly exciting were the *shibai* or plays given in the camp and acted, after the Japanese fashion, with men playing the female as well

as male parts. In one of these a father acted so realistically the part in which he was shot that his terrified children came screaming onto the stage, halting the show until father came back to life.

Most important of the purely social organizations were the *kenjinkai*, the prefectural associations. The first contract laborers to arrive in 1885 had been so far as possible kept in groups according to the prefecture and even the town they came from. In a rural culture like Japan's, differences of habit and custom might vary considerably from one part of the country to another. It was natural enough that those who had come this far from home enjoyed the company of their own *ken* folk, with whom they shared the same dialect, the same birth and marriage customs, and often the same Buddhist sect. Doubtless the *kenjinkai* also served as a means of self-aggrandizement for those whose qualities of leadership could find no scope or acceptance in the larger community surrounding the Japanese. For the children the *kenjinkai* was chiefly useful as the sponsor of a summer picnic—a wonderful affair of games, soda pop, speeches, sweets, exhibitions of wrestling and fencing, and more soda water.

Immigration made a rude break with the close family and community ties which bound a Japanese from birth. The extended family group in Japan performed many an essential function, especially at birth, marriage and death. Family councils were called to discuss the marriage of a member or the sale or purchase of land.

To fill this gap, the immigrant generation turned to *tokoro-no-mono*—"same-place-people." The nearer the place of origin, the closer the tie. A man from the same town was practically a brother and would perform the same functions—helping to place the body of the dead in the coffin, taking part in such funeral and marriage functions as are usually reserved to relatives in Japan.³

In time the growth of American-born children reconstituted family groups until the need for *tokoro-no-mono* grew less. Today the old forms of organization have mostly made way for such groups as the Boy Scouts and merchants' associations.

Another form of organization popular among Issei was the *tanomoshi* or *ko*, a kind of private loan club, said to have its origin in raising money for pilgrimages to famous Buddhist shrines. If a man needs money to pay debts, to build a house, or to bear the expenses of marrying off his daughter, he invites a group of friends, usually on payday, to drink tea. If the *ko* is for one hundred dollars there might be ten men present,

each putting in ten dollars. The promoter takes the first pot. Then once a month the same group meets again, and the members bid for the pot in terms of interest to be paid. When everyone has had the pot, the *ko* ends. Lest the winners drop out before the *ko* is ended and they have paid in their shares, each man has two guarantors who will be responsible if he should default.

There is no limit to the uses of the *tanomoshi*. One group of women held a five dollar one until they all had wrist watches. Among men a suit *tanomoshi* is favored.

Where men are well known to each other, the *ko* is a good investment for anyone who has money to loan. It was essential for men who needed help in an emergency. (The Japanese banks loaned only to the few big concerns.) It was widely used throughout the Territory until the war. But among the Nisei it was never favored. They regarded it as expensive and cumbersome, an evidence of being hard up. They preferred to do business with the banks, another evidence of their Americanization—a preference for the cold, impersonal institution rather than the intimate and cohesive group. For though the *tanomoshi* was a business organization, it kept the flavor of a social event. The meetings included something to eat, maybe something to drink. There was talk, smoking, relaxation. The business seemed almost incidental.

Is there anyone to deny that from the human point of view it was superior to our own notions of doing business? *

Plantation life required little initiative from the worker with respect to self-government. He had no responsibility such as he had in Japan for maintaining the roads and bridges, building or repairing his home or guarding and improving the water supply. He was expected only to work as directed. The worries and responsibilities belonged to the plantation manager or to some unseen owners in Honolulu.

When Japanese left the plantations and settled elsewhere, however, the responsibilities they took on led them to recreate many of the forms by which their fathers had solved similar problems in Japan.

Many of them around the turn of the century went to the Kona district on the island of Hawaii, some of them to escape their contracts. In Kona a sugar plantation was attempted with Japanese capital. When that failed, the Japanese tried to make their fortunes as coffee growers where many had failed before. More than seven hundred families were living there before the war, scraping a bare living from the unfertile lava soil. Here as independent farmers they recreated the cooperating

group of neighbors (*kumi* or *kumiai*) which assists at funerals, house building, and agricultural tasks requiring more labor than the family can supply. The group consists usually of from fifteen to twenty households with an elected head. At an annual meeting in January expenses are reported, dues assessed, and contributions to shrine, temple or church are determined.

That the kumi has never played a part as important as the equivalent group in Japan is due partly to the fact that neighbors in Kona were unknown to each other until their mature years and may have come from different parts of Japan. Then too, the competitive spirit in the world about them, the emphasis on individual enterprise rather than on mutual aid has encouraged the people of Kona to strive for a better status than that of their neighbors rather than to keep step with them.⁵

The war, which brought unexpected prosperity to Kona after years of poverty, has fostered the competitive spirit at the expense of cooperation. American soldiers and sailors on their way to fight the Japanese enemy created a huge demand for purses, table mats and other items made of the *lauhala* (pandanus) leaf. The people of Kona became lauhala weavers overnight. They got three dollars for a lauhala purse (which sold in Honolulu for six to eight dollars), and a family could make as many as ten in a day. Such prosperity may not last long, but combined with the rapid disappearance of the older generation, it has discouraged the kumi way of working together.

The younger generation find the kumi type of cooperation wasteful and inefficient. The heavy drain upon members, who are expected to bring money, gifts to funerals and weddings and to provide elaborate banquets when such events occur in their own families, is irksome and may often put a family seriously in debt. The kumi philosophy was developed in a homogeneous farming community having a rice economy. It has not fared too well in a community of men with different backgrounds and with competitive aspirations. That the form has held on so long is a tribute to the sturdy core of the idea of mutual aid, and also no doubt to the sentimental regard for it by men long exiled from their native land.

While rural life in the main followed an even and uneventful track, the life of the Japanese community in Honolulu had patches of color too gaudy for most tastes. The origin of the Japanese underworld in Honolulu is in dispute and there are several claimants for the honor. One old resident says the founders of the gang were the sons of wealthy

Japanese sent to the mainland from Japan to study and who, having failed, stopped in Honolulu instead of returning home in shame. The fear of failure which so plagues a Japanese gives some color of truth to this story. Another source believes that the gangsters drifted into crooked dealing after running away from the plantations. The Japanese historian Morita says that some gangsters came to Hawaii under false colors, soon broke their plantation contracts, and congregated in Honolulu.

In any case they were soon organized on a quite open and formal basis. Most famous of the clubs were the Hinode (Rising Sun) and the Gikyo (Helping the Weak), each of them having two hundred members and a club house in which gambling and brawls were daily occasions. A club could always raise two or three thousand dollars at need to bribe the police. Aside from gambling, the club's sources of income were the Japanese merchants on whom they practiced extortion and the prostitutes whom they had established in houses and who were doing a thriving business as early as the nineties. The large number of unmarried Japanese men and the lack of the Western (or in any case small town American) attitude toward sexual matters guaranteed that this traffic would prosper.

As for the prostitutes, no professionals had been brought from Japan so far as anyone knew, but some women had apparently entered into impermanent unions in order to get to Hawaii. They, and perhaps some other wives, were enticed away from the plantations by promises of money and release from the almost unbearable round of labor they were caught in. Some husbands actually encouraged or forced their wives into such activity. Reprehensible as this seems, it needs to be remembered that in Japan a daughter who redeems a family's indebtedness by going into a licensed quarter is praised for her filial piety. A prostitute's income in those early days is said to have been from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a month. Since the same woman had earned only nine dollars a month for twenty-six backbreaking days of toil on the plantation, the wages of sin must have looked very attractive indeed. They had attracted two hundred women by 1895, and about as many men who took a cut of their earnings.

Compared with the feared Japanese police, the Hawaiian cops were easy-going and even inclined to join in a game of craps. Indeed the Japanese had no monopoly of the vice racket, for the Chinese had preceded them and other races performed their share as they came to the islands.

The clubs had their heyday from about 1893 to 1900. Japanese Chris-

tian pastors and other decent elements in the community tried to drive them out, but with little more success than we have in eliminating our own cesspools. Deportation proceedings could never quite be brought to jell. It took the great fire of 1901 to cauterize this sore, but when the cure came it was one the clubs never recovered from. Thirty of the ringleaders were arrested, a test case started to see whether they could be locked up, and they escaped deportation in the end only for lack of witnesses.

On quite a different plane were the *geisha* or professional entertainers whose income between world wars rose to as much as five hundred dollars a month. (In 1940 the average was from two to three hundred.) To become a *geisha* requires considerable training in such lively arts as playing a *samisen*, dancing and making the men laugh. Until immigration laws prevented, *geisha* were imported from Japan. Thereafter the older ones taught American-born girls. A select company, they numbered only fourteen when they became, apparently by common consent, casualties of war and disappeared from the expensive restaurants in which they had performed.

Less colorful but much more numerous were the Japanese in Honolulu who ran shops, worked as domestics, and performed many of the lowly tasks of a constantly industrializing economy.

While the majority of the Japanese had been sent to plantations on their arrival, most of them longed to leave—to buy or rent a farm, a store, to work for their own family instead of for an impersonal corporation and thus to retrieve the identity which even the poorest farm in Japan permitted its owner. A few ran out on their contracts but most stayed for the three years.

The first of those to come to Honolulu found living space among the narrow cluttered alleys of Chinatown. Then, as industrial needs developed, the plantation "camp" was reconstituted along the fringes of the city.

Honolulu is full of such camps—long rows of drab duplex houses built of the cheapest materials. There is no space for any furniture except a table and perhaps a chair or two for guests. Thin straw matting covers the rough, wide-cracked floors. The flimsy construction, far rougher than that of a good New England barn, would not sustain life on the mainland, but in Hawaii where every day is warm a man really needs very little in the way of shelter. The trouble is, he does need something in the way of beauty. It is the crowding and the colorless, dilapidated look of the

buildings, the lack of privacy and the lack of anything gracious that makes these camps slums.

The Japanese moved into them because there was nowhere else to live. "Free" rent often went with the job because it was profitable to offer housing and low pay. The camps became racially segregated units—Japanese here, Portuguese there, Filipinos over there. The Japanese felt their exclusion from the larger community, felt the onus of economic inferiority with which they were labelled. And while they were striving to rise, they also kept together in order to compensate for the exclusion and suspicion they felt around them. The need for security and compensation made them cling to things uniquely Japanese. Life, even in a Honolulu camp where exotic influences surrounded it, was patterned on Japanese village organization.

The Japanese school served as a focal point for all activity. But it was community-wide and did not satisfy the need for a kumi type of organization. So there were neighborhood groups of fifteen to twenty families, meeting from house to house every few weeks. Usually the Buddhist priest was invited to conduct a service, after which there would be food and talk. Always in such social contacts is the feeling that such a group must be maintained so that when death visits the family there will be helpers at hand—again that group feeling so strongly felt in the Japanese, so organically a part of the whole personality.

Such organizations, copied from the homeland kumi, may appear to have retarded Americanization. Yet where the alien group was receiving no organized or purposeful encouragement toward Americanization, the kumi prevented the disintegration and degradation which often overtake immigrant groups. They fostered self-respect and enforced a high moral standard. They acted as a strong deterrent to crime. In fact, as Andrew Lind has shown, Japanese families living in purely Japanese neighborhoods had practically no crime or delinquency, while those living in areas of mingled racial settlement developed delinquent tendencies as a result of weakening family and group control. A wise policy, as hindsight shows, would have been to encourage those Japanese traits which made for decency and rectitude. Too often the American-born children, as a result of mistaken Americanization in the schools or an implied scorn on the part of the larger community, tried to throw over everything Japanese, the good with the bad.

Do these neighborhood groups prove the contention that Japanese are "unassimilable"? Within this social pattern the alien Japanese lived to

themselves. They had their own shops, temples and language schools. By the force of group opinion they controlled crime and delinquency and promoted harmony, industry and frugality. They helped one another in time of need instead of depending upon the local government for support. They perpetuated the language and customs of the land they came from. Denied American citizenship, they clung to a belief in Japan and things Japanese.

The Japanese proved "unassimilable" because nobody took the trouble to assimilate them. Eligibility to citizenship would have made all the difference, as those who gained citizenship by fighting in the first World War have proved. American citizenship was flaunted in the faces of these aliens as something they were unworthy of while every test of social acceptability—low crime rate, cleanliness, diligence—proved them to be better than many a group who had citizenship. While we thus compelled them to remain loyal to Japan if they were to have any nationality, we built a high barrier of citizenship between them and their children.

Naturally Japanese alien parents did their utmost to impose Japanese standards of behavior upon their children, with results that will be discussed later.

Out of these little Japanese communities and into the comfortable homes of the whites came the domestic workers whose cleanliness, patience with children and quiet courtesy soon gave them a high reputation. Thus many a haole home in Hawaii knows, and knows favorably, the Issei cook, maid or yard boy, but especially the women, tiny in figure, pigeon-toed and speaking pidgin English, gentle yet possessing an endless supply of energy, neat and courteous, devoted to the family which entrusted itself to their care. Many a child raised in Hawaii has grown up remembering such a "mama-san" with affection.

A Japanese writer describing life in the Chinatown area of Honolulu around 1910 chose as significant or picturesque the small shrines and temples where children made playrooms of the sanctuaries, the clubs with inner courtyards whose clean-swept, carefully proportioned gardens with their little bridges and miniature trees carried one to Tokyo or Kyoto, the geisha at the tea houses, the lads running through the streets calling the name of some person they were sent to find.

Peddlers of cakes, bean curd and fish ran on slippered feet through the alleys, calling their wares. Next to the Hongwanji temple was a

building where you could hear a Shinto priest tell stories of old Japan. Hotels run like Japanese inns, the first opened in 1891, were numerous. A Japanese in Honolulu could, any time in the early nineties and thereafter, live in a Japanese hotel, dine at a Japanese tea house, read a Japanese paper, operate a store catering to Japanese customers, worship at a Shinto shrine or Buddhist temple, wear a Japanese kimono, send his child to a Japanese language school. He could even take his vices, both women and gambling, in pure Japanese form.

In response to the Japanese love of fresh fish, Japanese went into this business (formerly monopolized by the Chinese) about 1897. All the essentials of the Japanese household economy could be found in the shops, but imports from Japan dropped off as local sources of the most common staples were found. By 1900 there was a Japanese merchants' association. A few years later, in 1909, the women formed a club. But this was more than the men were willing to put up with. Pressure from the Japanese newspapers forced it to disband and the women meekly went back to gossiping on an informal basis.

It was not that the husbands opposed any entertainment for their wives. There were magicians and story tellers. A few years later there were Japanese movies with a benshi to make things as exciting as real *Kabuki* drama. There were acting companies. If the women still had time on their hands, let them turn it to account by making something for one of the many cottage industries now beginning to flourish.

In Japan Sunday had been like any other day except for government officials and bankers. But in Honolulu the Christian influence made it to some extent a day of recreation. Even the Buddhist temples profited from this Christian feast day by holding regular Sunday services, a thing then unknown in Japan.

Sunday was also a day for family excursions dearly beloved in Japan where any flowering tree or vocal stream is an excuse for a family picnic. In Honolulu many a family went for long walks to the abrupt slopes and deep ravines of Oahu's central spine of mountains, once volcanic, now overgrown with a green blanket shining like emerald under the bright tropical sky. Or they spent the day, carrying their mid-day lunch of rice balls and pickles, in the Japanese gardens of the Damon estate at Moanalua. Hawaii was a little like their own islands with its blending of mountain and ocean, its richness of blossom. At Moanalua one could believe for a moment that he was indeed back in Japan, and the feeling induced a melancholy sadness both sweet and compelling to the Japanese psyche with its bias toward fatalism.

Whether on plantations or as independent farmers or as residents of Chinatown or the many camps of Honolulu the Japanese people carried their culture with them to the new environment. Many of its modes and methods were unadapted to the new life, and these either disappeared or were modified to satisfy new demands and conditions. Still greater changes were ahead. For the children who rode upon their mothers' backs, for all that they looked like Japanese, were to be nourished by a quite different culture.

VI

RATS, RICE AND HISTORY

Because the English got here first, we tend to see all our history through their great contribution. No one thinks of the Japanese as contributors of any importance, yet the fact that Hawaii today is American territory is owing in large part to them. For many years they furnished a large part of the labor which converted the islands from a lazy, unproductive paradise to an exporter of sugar and consumer of American goods. Their rising numbers had a good deal to do with bringing the islands into our political sphere.

The arrival of the Japanese coincided with the stormiest and most interesting years of Hawaii's history. In the fourteen years from 1887 through 1900 Hawaiian politics took on the volcanic nature of the land itself. Constitutions, kings, insurrections kept the political temperature at a simmer until the islands were annexed in 1898 and a territorial form of government instituted in 1900.

Not since King Kamehameha the First had unified the islands around the beginning of the nineteenth century had the air been so full of alarums and excursions, except perhaps during the temporary control of Honolulu by the British and then by the French during the forties.

The ferment in Hawaii was part of a world-wide stirring of the nations, the latter outgrowth of the voyages of discovery raised out of the yeast of the Renaissance—the parcelling out of Africa, the British rule in India, the settling of America itself. The main streams of commerce, running from Europe to America and around Africa to India and China, had left the wide Pacific relatively untravelled until modern times. The United States, struggling to establish itself on the Atlantic seaboard, had little energy left for expansion in the Pacific, or any need there except for places where whalers and clippers might stop for water.

The stories such ships brought back, together with a few Hawaiian youths carried at their own request to the United States, led a group of American missionaries in 1820 to make the long voyage from New

England to Hawaii. From that time on, despite the temporary incursion into Hawaiian politics of the British and French, American interests dominated Hawaii's foreign relations. The missionaries have been accused of robbing the Hawaiians of their land, forcing them to work, bringing disease that decimated the population, and finally taking political control of a country they had already seized in fact and whose fruits and profits they enjoyed at the expense of the original owners.

There is some truth in this. What happened in Hawaii was what happens whenever an aggressive culture meets one less efficiently organized to kill, seize or dominate. The missionary invasion, however (and that of the Yankee traders which preceded it), was not only peaceful but was received in a friendly manner by the Hawaiians who granted lands and privileges. The ancient manner of livelihood had already begun to disintegrate as a result of contact with the West, diseases such as measles were killing thousands who lacked immunity even to the mildest forms of sickness, and the Hawaiians if left to solve these problems themselves would have come to a far worse conclusion and in the end have fallen into far less tender hands than those of the missionaries. To lament the fact that the wealth of Hawaii is in the hands of missionary descendants rather than in the hands of pure Hawaiians is to regret the dominance of Western civilization over the American Indian and every other aborigine whose strength to resist was weaker than ours to overcome. If this is aggression, we should not attempt to hide it.

In any case, the logic of geography made American influence strong in the Pacific, and in spite of the fact that Americans at various times were either indifferent or openly opposed to our exerting it in Hawaii, ended by our drawing the islands into our orbit. The Japanese in Hawaii had more than a little to do with that decision.

To put the matter in a nutshell: the treaty between Hawaii and the United States in 1876 favored the production of Hawaiian sugar (largely under American influence), creating a demand for labor which led to the importation of Japanese until the Japanese dominated the labor market and scared the same people who had clamored for them. The same interests, to prevent the Japanese from exercising any political influence, urged and obtained annexation by the United States.

In 1887, two years after Japanese immigration was resumed, a reform league demanded and got a new constitution which put a curb on the peremptory acts of King Kalakaua. Supporters of the King in 1889 occupied the palace grounds and government buildings, set up a battery

of field pieces, and invited the King to proclaim a new constitution. Volunteer troops scattered these insurgents, and the affair was for the moment ended. But it had brought to focus the conflict between American business men who wanted their economic interests guarded against capricious government by a petty Hawaiian monarch, and a group of Hawaiians together with some Americans and Europeans who opposed the political dominance of the planters and the threatened annexation by America.

In 1891 King Kalakaua died during a visit to California and his sister, Liliuokalani, was proclaimed Queen. Her two-year reign was a continuous storm, beginning with four changes of ministry and an attempt to restore practically absolute monarchy.

In January 1893 a Committee of Safety organized, held a mass meeting, established a provisional government, occupied the government building and, after a force of American troops had landed, proclaimed the monarchy at an end.

The Queen surrendered her authority under protest, a commission from the provisional government went to Washington where a treaty of annexation was signed but not acted on by the Senate, and with the inauguration of President Cleveland the treaty was withdrawn and a special commissioner sent to study the facts on the spot. Meanwhile a protectorate had been proclaimed and the American flag was flying over the palace when he arrived. By his order the flag was lowered. President Cleveland accepted his findings that the revolution had succeeded only with the aid of the American Minister, and a new Minister was sent with instructions to demand the restoration of the Queen. The provisional government refused to do this, and having failed to obtain annexation, proclaimed a republic on July 4, 1894.

The Japanese aspect of these affairs begins with the arrival of the cruiser *Naniwa* at Honolulu February 23, 1893, commanded by the Togo who later became famous for his defeat of the Russian navy off the Straits of Tsushima. American and British ships also lay at anchor in the harbor, as well as the Japanese training ship *Kongo*. Rumors spread in Honolulu that the Japanese ashore, backed by the ships, intended to take possession of the islands. Togo's refusal to fire a salute to President Dole of the provisional government and his refusal (although within his rights) to deliver up a Japanese murderer who sought refuge on his ship, strengthened the rumors. The story went around that royalists had stirred up fifteen hundred Japanese on a plantation near

Honolulu by telling them that if Hawaii came under the United States as the provisional government was suggesting, they would become slaves. The Japanese, it is said, were promised full rights of citizenship if the monarchy were restored. Such promises are alleged to have resulted in four hundred Japanese marching on Honolulu with cane knives, until they were dissuaded by Japanese officials.

The provisional government of 1893 put American residents firmly in the saddle. The Japanese, who outnumbered the Americans, appealed to Tokyo for help. Their plea was based on the fact that the constitution of 1887, in addition to limiting the powers of the King, had prohibited Orientals from becoming citizens. Under the old constitution Japanese had been eligible for citizenship, and though only three had actually become Hawaiian subjects, the idea of being shut out from political activity was irksome.

Their petition contains a number of interesting statements, the more interesting with the backlighting of subsequent history thrown upon them.

We subjects of Japan, residents in the Hawaiian Islands, respectfully appeal to your wise judgment for action in the following matter:

These Islands are the Gibraltar of the Pacific, and from a strategical point of view are of the utmost importance. . . .

The most influential element in these Islands is the American. They have control of nearly the whole of the Islands. The Americans have everything their own way, and run things to suit themselves.

We are far from satisfied with this state of affairs. Our patriotic spirit causes us to turn to our Home Government for redress. . . . We should be dominant as we are the most important element in these islands.

We have never asserted our rights, and have no protection for our lives and property. We are not allowed to say one word regarding the form of government we live under. . . .

We pray our Home Government to place us upon an equal political footing with other foreigners. . . .

The monarchical form of government has been overturned, a republic is now established. New treaties, no doubt, will be made with foreign countries. We consider this an opportune moment for our government to endeavor to place us upon an equal political basis with other foreigners.¹

The issue was taken up by the press in Japan. Meetings were held to demand vigorous action by the government. The Japanese had a good case based upon the Treaty of 1871 which promised "at all times the same privileges as may have been or may hereafter be granted to the

citizens or subjects of any other power." But the Hawaiian government argued, very weakly, that contract laborers even after their contracts had expired were under the control of their home government and therefore not eligible.

All this was legalistic sparring. The plain fact was that the Americans who had gained first economic and now political control of the islands were scared by the presence of 22,000 Japanese residents—nearly a quarter of the population at that time—and did not propose to give them any political rights. Hawaiian-born Japanese could vote, but there were very few of these.

Negotiations had made no headway when the republic was established. Less than a month later Japan went to war with China and the matter was dropped.

If Japan had won the war against China before the political upset in Honolulu, the Hawaiian and American governments might have been sufficiently impressed to grant political rights. For though China was not much of an opponent and was subdued after about eight months (the Treaty of Shimonoseki was signed on April 14, 1895), the world's reaction was one of praise and respect for Japan. The *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* commented:

Japan has taken on the aggressive spirit of England for controlling new territory in all its phases. . . . Our Japanese colony has double cause to rejoice today, since the educational and commercial aggression has gone hand in hand with the increased military power. Though other nationalities may look upon the new power with more or less apprehension, there is much to admire and commend in the manner in which it has conducted its affairs.

The Japanese community no doubt applauded this support of the theory that might makes right. On the day of its appearance, May 11, the Japanese in Honolulu celebrated with a parade, speeches, wrestling and fencing exhibitions, and in the evening fireworks and lanterns.

The Japanese in Hawaii were actually celebrating another victory. As their arrival in Hawaii followed that of the Chinese, they had naturally lagged behind them in prestige and in economic power. Japan's victory over China raised their stock with the peoples of Hawaii—excepting of course the Chinese—and seemed to them an augury of their future.

A last effort to revive the monarchy was quickly put down in January of 1895. The Queen and her adherents were tried and granted provisional

pardons, and Hawaiian monarchy made its final graceless and rather pitiful exit.

In the midst of proclaiming itself a republic and putting down insurrections, the provisional government considered the problem of Japanese immigration serious enough to enact laws both in 1894 and 1895 limiting the influx. The attitude was that later expressed by Lorrin Thurston:

The controversy with Japan is the preliminary skirmish in the great coming struggle between the civilization of the East and the West. The issue in Hawaii is whether in that inevitable struggle Asia or America is to control the naval key of the Pacific.²

In 1894 the last contract immigrants under Japanese government sponsorship arrived. Thereafter emigration from Japan was turned over to private companies who continued to operate until the annexation of Hawaii in 1900. Under their auspices laborers poured in at the rate of about ten thousand a year. Late in 1896 they were coming at the rate of two thousand a month, a number when compared with Hawaii's total population equivalent to a million arrivals a month in the United States. "This," someone said, "is not immigration but invasion."

To prevent social and political upheaval, the Legislature enacted that no alien could land in Hawaii without fifty dollars or a written contract with an employer binding him to agricultural labor for not less than two years. In 1895 it forbade any person or corporation to prepay the transportation or otherwise assist the entry of alien labor except with the written approval of the Board of Immigration. A year later the government required plantations to take two Chinese for every Japanese imported. So in less than ten years it had switched from importing Japanese as a means of breaking Chinese influence to the reverse.

When the unabating flood of immigrants did not stop, the authorities determined in the spring of 1897 to enforce the restrictions.

When 671 immigrants arrived on February 27, their qualifications were carefully examined. Four hundred and eighty were rejected. In similar fashion two other shiploads were examined in March and April. Altogether 1,200 immigrants were turned back.

The action led to strong but ineffective protests. In May a Japanese cruiser arrived, bringing Masanosuke Akiyama as Counsellor for the Honolulu Consulate which in April had been raised to a legation. The situation had become grave enough so that the United States sent the

Philadelphia. The little republic stood firm against all arguments. When on February 15, 1898, the *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana, Hawaii as a way station to the Philippines assumed a new and dramatic importance. Annexation, deferred and denied for years, was brought about by joint resolution on July seventh.

Before the islands could be formally transferred, the dispute with Japan had to be settled. On August first an indemnity of \$75,000 was paid to the Japanese government, to cover claims arising out of the return of the rejected immigrants.

Meanwhile Japan had protested the annexation in Washington. When the American government replied that no protest had been made over a similar treaty in 1893 the Japanese said that the situation had changed because of Japan's expanding interests and the increased Japanese population—tripled to 61,115 in the four years up to 1900—of the islands.

But Japan could scarcely have expected to prevent annexation. On August 12 sovereignty over the Hawaiian Islands was transferred to the United States of America. On the same date the peace protocol was signed between the United States and Spain.

The United States had become a Pacific power.

The flow of laborers into Hawaii was supervised by the Board of Immigration, not only as to the number of laborers but the vessels on which they should come, the terms of the contract, living and working conditions and the settling of grievances. Everyone was imported for one purpose—to be a plantation worker, with the exception of a small group wanted for domestic work.

The next few pages deal with the statistics of that influx. Those who do not like figures had better skip them.

From 1885 to 1894 the Immigration Board brought in about 29,000 Japanese. Immigration during the years 1894 to 1900, when the private immigration companies in Japan supplied the workers totalled about 64,000. And from 1900 to 1910 free immigration supplied 77,000—a total, from the revival of immigration in 1885 to its falling off after the Immigration Law of 1907 and the Gentleman's Agreement,* of about 170,000. During this same period 80,000 departures from Hawaii were recorded, but even this number does not bring the population down to its actual figure which, according to the 1910 census was about 60,000 aliens.³

These figures, together with those given in the table below, expose

* See Chap. XV.

as groundless some of the more commonly held beliefs about the Japanese in Hawaii. They show that:

The heaviest immigration took place in the twenty-five years from 1885 to 1910.

After 1910 the aliens died or left the islands in larger numbers than they arrived.

The movement from the islands to the mainland was stopped by the 1907 law.

Before 1908 one woman arrived for about every five men.

The period from 1910 to 1920 was one of wife-getting, particularly from 1912 to 1915 when most of the arrivals were "picture brides."

The highest crude birth rate occurred in 1925, just a year after immigration stopped.

In 1923 Japanese women bore 51.2 per cent of all children born in Hawaii. Nevertheless, Japanese women in the childbearing years showed a lower rate of fertility than all other racial groups except Caucasians.

Though the number of childbearers has increased as American-born girls come of age, the birth rate has declined. Only half as many children were born to potential mothers of Japanese ancestry in 1940 as in 1932.

The number of school children, nearly 50,000 or 48 per cent in 1936, dropped to 45,000 or 44 per cent in 1944. A further decline is indicated by the fact that first-graders of Japanese ancestry dropped from 44 to 34 per cent of the total enrollment between 1934 and 1945.

The number of Japanese aliens had declined by 1941 to 35,000 and will decline rapidly until it is practically wiped out in 1960. Meanwhile the number of AJAs rose to nearly 125,000 in 1941.

The highest number of Japanese plantation workers was reached in 1904 when they were 32,000 or 70 per cent of all plantation workers. They declined from that point to 9,000 workers in 1930 when they made up 18 per cent of the labor force. The depression caused a reverse swing to about 11,000 or 25 per cent in 1935. In 1946 there were about 8,525 (38.2 per cent because mechanization has decreased the total labor force).

If these figures are less sensational than those which usually describe the "Yellow Peril," it is because they are more accurate. The manner in which excited statistics can be made to run to false conclusions, even in a sober government report, is illustrated by the following excerpt from a Bulletin of the Department of the Interior published in 1920.

By 1930, then, it seems probable that the Japanese may comprise about 28 per cent of the electorate, a sufficiently large proportion to constitute

a force that must be reckoned with if it acts as a unit. By 1940 about 47 per cent of the electorate may be expected to be composed of voters of this race. From that time on, their numerical superiority will grow very rapidly, the voters doubling every 21 years, as children of children enter the electorate.⁴

The final sentence suggests that the would-be statistician expected the Japanese to gobble up all opposing racial groups and then to start digesting each other. In any case, his forecast was just about 50 per cent wrong, for the number of potential voters in 1930 was 15.3 per cent and in 1940, 32 per cent, at which point it will stabilize.

The following table reports a few more facts and exposes a few more fallacies regarding the place of the Japanese in the total population.

JAPANESE AND JAPANESE AMERICANS IN HAWAII

Year	Aliens	Citizens	Total	Per cent of total Hawaii population	School attendance	Plantation workers
1890	22,329	2,078	24,407	14	39	8,624
1900	56,230	4,881	61,111	39.7	1,352	27,537 *
1910	59,675	20,000	79,675	41.5	7,262	28,000
1920	60,258	49,016	109,274	42.7	17,541	19,474
1930	48,446	91,185	139,631	37.9	42,000	8,956
1940	36,678	121,312	157,990	37	46,499	13,298
1945	30,170	133,130	163,300	32.5	39,260	8,525 **

* This figure is for 1901. The peak came in 1904 when there were 32,000 Japanese plantation workers.

** This figure is for 1946.

Honolulu in 1900 no longer looked like a New England village. It had suffered the blight of commercial ugliness which had struck many a New England town, and with the same result. The business section sprouted long rows of plain brick or stucco buildings plastered with signs. Poles festooned with wires—for Honolulu had both telephone and electric lighting now—ran down both sides of every principal street.

Between the office of a leading commission merchant or banker and his home in cool, green Nuuanu Valley lay Chinatown, center for the Chinese and Japanese residents of Honolulu. They had no homes in Nuuanu; they lived where they worked, in little rooms behind their stores.

The merchant or banker driving home every day along the edge of

this community contained in, yet wholly separate from his own gave it little or no thought, except that in times of stress when the Japanese were demanding civil rights or the Chinese in trouble over opium he may have thought to himself that these Orientals were getting too numerous and would have to be watched.

As for what lay inside this community, he considered it none of his business. He knew, of course, a few of the more prominent Chinese and Japanese merchants. He knew them favorably as substantial men who could be counted on to pay their debts, whose word could be trusted. But these, he thought, must be different from the majority—the majority whom he did not know.

What lay behind the shops, in little alleys and outhouses, he did not know. Until December 1899 he did not care. The Board of Health had apparently not known or cared either.

Then bubonic plague attacked Honolulu. There were many deaths. The plague centered in Chinatown where despite quarantine measures the deaths continued. When the Board of Health finally investigated, it found conditions of unutterable filth in a labyrinth of narrow alleyways, dilapidated wooden buildings unfit for human dwelling, overflowing cesspools under the houses, floor timbers saturated with the sewage, and hordes of rats.

The Board of Health quarantined the district and ordered the worst spots to be burned. On January 20, 1900 one of these fires was going when a sudden high wind carried an ember to the steeple of Kaumakapili Church. Soon one whole side of Chinatown was in flames, all the way to the harbor. A dozen city blocks burned to the ground before the fire could be stopped. A military cordon was drawn about the area to prevent the quarantined from spreading out and infecting the whole city. No lives were lost in the fire, the homeless were moved to three detention areas and after three days barracks were erected to house them and community kitchens built to prepare their daily rice.

In any such situation, where economic loss and social disorganization occurs, rumor finds fertile ground. It was now told among the Oriental community that the haole merchants had planned all along to burn the whole of Chinatown as a means of stopping competition. The rumor was fed by a resolution passed by the Chamber of Commerce the day before the fire, recommending to the Board of Health that all goods imported from the Orient—virtually the whole stock of Oriental merchants—be burned, with compensation at two-thirds of the value. The dispossessed were further irritated, a little later, by a proclamation pro-

hibiting the importation from all foreign ports infected with bubonic plague of practically all the specialties of their diet unobtainable elsewhere. This too looked to them like discrimination.

In any case the fire brought an end to the plague, and the homeless who had been cared for at public expense were released from the detention camps on the first of April.

There followed a long and tiresome battle over claims for losses resulting from the fire. When a commission finally examined nearly seven thousand claims and announced its findings, it was discovered that there was no money to pay them with. Ultimately Congress passed a bill in 1903. The claims were settled about three and a half years after the property in question had gone up in smoke.

It is said in the Japanese community that many a well-to-do family owes its start to a settlement for goods it never owned. Yet the Japanese must have been more modest than any other group, for a higher proportion of their claims (52 per cent) was allowed than was the case with any other race.

In the same month which released the fire victims from quarantine, Congress passed the Organic Act establishing Hawaii as a territory. In June Sanford Dole, President of the republic, became the first Territorial Governor, and in the following year the first Territorial Legislature met.

If, as Thurston had written, the contest was between the East and the West, as to which should dominate the naval key to the Pacific, it looked as if the final decision had been rendered. It was not challenged for forty years.

If the Japanese residents of Hawaii felt that they had lost status by the annexation of the islands and the drastic—and as it appeared to them—high-handed reduction in the number of immigrants, the Russo-Japanese War provided the sort of antidote they could appreciate. Perhaps only one who had lived in a community which by habit considers him inferior can understand the enthusiasm with which they followed Japan's victories in 1904 and 1905.

The fall of Port Arthur, coming in the midst of New Year's, the greatest of all Japanese holidays, must have seemed especially propitious. The Japanese in Honolulu celebrated with a lantern parade. Crossed flags of Japan hung from their poles at every Japanese doorway. Five months later, on June second, Togo's victory over the Russian fleet was celebrated with speeches, a procession, wrestling and the dancing of

geisha. Togo, after all, was the man who had given the local authorities their come-uppance back in 1893.

While the Japanese in Hawaii shared the disappointment of their compatriots at home over the peace terms, and like them failed to understand how near the end of her rope Japan had actually come, this disappointment was more than compensated by the new-found sense of strength and confidence they felt as citizens of a newly arrived great power.

Proud of their race, they had until now lived among people who had no regard for their traditions, their accomplishments, their history. Sensitive beyond most people, they had submitted to indignities, and worst of all to being considered inferior. Their industriousness had been praised so long as it did not look for more than a laborer's reward. But once they had begun to better themselves, those who had praised their spirit condemned them for being combative and mulish. Traits which had once been seen as virtues now looked like threats to the dominant group. There is nothing novel or peculiarly Japanese in the situation. There is nothing racial. The same thing (but much worse) was happening to the Koreans in Japan as to the Japanese in Hawaii. Much later, men from Oklahoma, having the same racial, political and cultural background as the Californians, met the same situation on the West Coast.

The stage was set for strikes, stoppages and labor disputes. The corrupt regime in Russia had emancipated the Japanese in Hawaii.

VII

CRISIS, CUSTOM AND FESTIVAL

Because an immigrant has so many adjustments to make, he clings the more closely to the customs in which he was raised. Particularly where they relate to the crises of life—birth, marriage, death, the seasonal festivals—he holds onto them. Lack of the appropriate paraphernalia cannot submerge the desire to do what is considered right and proper on these occasions. Indeed the shift to a new material culture is made quite easily by the same person who holds tenaciously to birth or marriage rites. A Japanese quickly adopts trousers in place of kimono and even soda water in place of tea, but no marriage ceremony would be complete to him without the three-times-three exchange of wine—even when the traditional lacquer vessels are replaced with common cups. In the same way an American girl marrying in a wilderness would no doubt rig up a ring out of bailing wire before she would go without one. Men live more by symbols than they do by facts.

Birth

Of the three major events of life, the ceremonies surrounding birth are most susceptible to change, those involving death the least. Is this because marriage which creates a new social fact requires a symbol to visualize and anchor it and death requires a disposal which in turn demands ritual, while birth itself is a symbol of family unity requiring no further rite? In any case, few Hawaiian Nisei of twenty or even thirty years would be able to describe a proper Japanese christening; fewer still would have seen one. Yet in the early stages of the century, the more recently where the locality was isolated from acculturizing influences, a birth was the occasion for several formal acts and celebrations.

A year after Tatsuo and Ohana Hirai reached Maui, Ohana had to stop work to have her first baby. As soon as the child was delivered,

neighbors came to congratulate the family on the arrival of a boy, bringing a few eggs or a fish (obviously fertility symbols) for the mother and kimono cloth or a blanket for the child. On the third day (though some people made it the fifth or seventh) Tatsuo invited all the neighbors and Sentaro, the luna, to a naming ceremony and tea party. Each guest wrote a name on a slip of paper and the papers were mixed in a bowl. Sentaro as the honored guest was then invited to draw a paper from the bowl with a Buddhist rosary tassel.¹

There was no Shinto priest on the island, so the ceremony of dabbing *saké* on the child's forehead was forfeited. So too was the usual trip to the Shinto shrine when the baby is a month old and where the priest would write the child's name, then press the writing brush on the soft spot of his head.

But the month-old party was held anyway, with a feast and a great deal of drinking which cost Tatsuo most of his savings. It did not occur to him to regret it. This was what one did for a son; if it had been necessary to go into debt he would have done so.

Ohana, keeping careful count of the days, fed the baby a grain of rice on the hundred and tenth day—a ceremonial recognition of weaning which actually was not accomplished for several years.

All these practices were common into the first decade of the century. Not much is left of them now since American-born mothers have almost entirely replaced those born in Japan. As for name-giving, nowadays it is likely to be George or Tom or Henry. Sages no longer come forth with the old names which, with their meanings of "upright son" or "autumn strength" remind one of the old Puritan Truelove and Patience.

Marriage

This young one of Tatsuo's—Shigeyoshi, he was named—reached the marrying age in 1910. He knew of the American custom of approaching a girl directly, but he much preferred the safer use of a go-between (*nakodo*) where no one's feelings could be hurt. So a go-between was engaged. After an interval sufficient to indicate the difficulty of his task, he came back with an answer. The answer was Ichiko Yamamoto. Shige didn't know her. It was not necessary that he should. Accompanied by the go-between and his parents he called at her home for tea, eyed her furtively while she served it, and afterward told the go-between that she would do. Ichiko thought he would do well enough too.

The parents on both sides satisfied themselves that the other family

was reputable, free of tuberculosis, leprosy and insanity. Then to mark the formal engagement an exchange of gifts took place—for the bride fish, a formal kimono, and a hundred and fifty dollars, and from the bride's family to the groom's seventy-five dollars and the chests of drawers, bedding and other household goods Ichiko would carry with her to her husband's home. In Japan there would have been a much more elaborate exchange which the money gifts replaced.

On the wedding day there were great stirrings in the kitchens of both homes. Neighborhood housewives came in to help. The women chattered, hordes of children fought and cried underfoot, dogs barked, and the festive confusion spread like fire or rumor. Ichiko, meanwhile, was being prepared for the ceremony in traditional style, her hair decorated with a huge wig covered with a cloth known as the horn-hider (for in Japanese tradition all women are devils), her Japanese make-up giving her face a white pallor, the broad decorative sash wound so tight around her waist over the kimono that she could scarcely sit or breathe. The groom, as in most countries, was merely the groom. An ordinary dark suit took care of him.

Shigeyoshi, his parents and their go-between called at Ichiko's home late in the afternoon to attend a farewell party for the bride. Then they returned to their own home where the banquet was to be. More than thirty guests were already crowded into the narrow room, talking and eating. When Ichiko arrived with all her close relatives there was scarcely squatting room.

At the arrival of the bride the eating stopped and the language school teacher who had been chosen as master of ceremonies welcomed the guests. The shy bride and uncomfortable groom had to run a gamut of speeches, for the Japanese love speech-making. The go-between introduced each and every family member, no matter whether they were all known to one another or not. Someone got up and delivered a blow-by-blow account of the romance. A representative from each group the young people had any connection with—the Young Buddhist Association, the plantation workers, the language school—delivered congratulations. Finally speeches by representatives of each of the two families were rounded off with a *banzai*.

Now the banquet could begin in earnest. The men took their coats off. Serving girls began running with exchanges of saké as the guests began toasting one another. The saké began to raise heat which some let out in song. The bride disappeared and came back in a different kimono. Even the daughter of a plantation worker exhibits several

changes. A well-to-do girl might appear successively in half a dozen.

As the bottles were emptied and the piles of food consumed the party grew noisier. The talk grew ribald. There was laughter and a continuous welling up of talk. Heads began to roll out of control. The party would not be considered a success unless the guests stayed late and left drunk.

Shige and his bride, meanwhile, with their parents and go-betweens went to the shrine in a nearby town where the formal marriage was completed with the three-times-three exchange of sips from lacquer saké cups. To leave the guests at home in comfort is a Japanese courtesy many a wedding guest in America would no doubt appreciate. This trip to the shrine was in itself a result of American influence, for in rural Japan it did not occur. Merely to enter the bride's name with her husband's family on the village books was enough, and the exchange of drinks occurred in the groom's home.

A few years later, and especially among Christian families, American marriage customs had been so thoroughly adopted that an observer at a Nisei church wedding could have found nothing distinctive. Yet after the wedding, at the banquet held in a Japanese tea house, all the Japanese formalities would be preserved including the three-times-three sipping of wine, the many kimono, the lavish providence of food and drink. One Nisei girl who had been to such a wedding remarked that after two hours of sitting on a pillow dressed in a tightly wound *obi* (sash), listening to speeches and eating Japanese food, she escaped with her brother and on the way home stopped at a drug store for a hot fudge sundae. "We agreed that we liked the good old American style instead of the stuffy Japanese custom," she said.

War hastened the end of Japanese marriage customs. Even before the war they had given way to a culture which stresses the individual and the competitive spirit rather than the group and group spirit. The go-between has become a perfunctory business agent to complete details after a couple has fallen in love. Cash takes the place of traditional gifts. The wedding makes more of the bride and less of the family. The spirit of competition compels an excessive display and a sumptuous banquet. Even so, American custom has been found less expensive than the Japanese, which requires \$25 for the traditional headdress, and a banquet costing from \$500 to \$1,000. Debts of this sort hung over a newly married couple for years.

In Japan marriage was primarily a family obligation, and its effects on the continuance and prosperity of the family were far more important than the personal preferences of the couple involved. In Hawaii

it has become a matter of individual preference and happiness. The stern family control of mating, the prohibition against interracial and even interprefectural unions, has lost its hold.

But to alien Japanese who considered marriage outside one's prefectural group unfortunate, marriage to a member of the eta was catastrophic. A girl who attempted to flout these taboos had the full force of the family's ridicule turned on her. Ridicule was the psychic symbol of being cast out by the group, the greatest of catastrophes. If she persisted, her brothers and father might stay home from work, afraid to face the silent ridicule of their friends, feeling their faces "smeared."

The war, which changed so many things, largely emancipated the Nisei from their alien parents. Outmarriages have increased. Go-betweens are mere figureheads. Girls refuse to appear in traditional bride's costume but permit their pictures to be taken in it.

Families who object to intermarriage sooner or later meet it within their own ranks. One girl who was objected to by prospective parents-in-law because a sister and brother had outmarried became acceptable when her beau's sister married a man whose sister had outmarried!

Typical of the intermixtures common in island families, though unusual among the Japanese, is the family stemming from an immigrant Japanese grandfather who married a Spaniard. Of the fourteen children who have married to date, two brothers and three sisters took mates of Japanese ancestry, one brother married a Hawaiian-German-Chinese, one sister married a Czech, and another married an English-Russian.

In Hawai where the social climate is favorable to such matings they occur with rising frequency and with a success at least equal to that of mainland marriages.

Death and Burial

When Kimiko died, a spirit that had been nurtured in America was put to rest with rites not very different from those of her Japanese ancestors. Kimiko, eighteen, had lived with her parents in a town on the island of Kauai in a neighborhood chiefly Japanese. When she died the head of the neighborhood group (kumi) was informed, then all the relatives—a grandmother, two uncles, an aunt, and a married brother no longer living in the family home. Together they discussed the arrangements that must be made.

Because the girl had died early in the morning, the funeral could be

held the same day. A priest was sent for to read a prayer over the dead girl and to settle on an hour for the funeral. Women from the neighborhood took over the preparing of the household. A list of the people to be invited was drawn up—relatives and neighborhood people, same-region folk, Kimiko's friends and teachers and her father's business associates.

It was the family's duty to care for the dead girl. Together they went to her room with a pan of water and a few pieces of clean cheesecloth. Her father lifted her, her mother took off the nightgown and began to wash the naked body. Then she passed the cloth to the oldest brother who dabbed awkwardly and passed the rag to his younger brother and went and stood at the window. His embarrassment was an American product, an admission of unfamiliarity with this alien custom.

Women of the neighborhood had been sewing a muslin kimono, leggings, foot wrappings and a cloth for the head. When these were brought Kimiko, who all her life had worn American clothes, was covered first with these coverments, then with an ordinary underkimono and the party kimono she wore once or twice a year on festive occasions. The kimono were crossed the wrong way, right side on top, a thing reserved for the dead. The nightgown, an obi, an empty purse and several intimate belongings were placed in the coffin beside her. Into a small muslin bag at her neck some pennies were dropped. Then the hands were folded and the men helpers carried the coffin to the living room where it was placed with the head toward the *butsudan* or god-shelf.

Those who had washed the body now had to bathe in salt water and change their clothes. Meanwhile at a neighbor's house paper flowers and lanterns and a plain wooden tray for incense were being made.

The guests arrived, bringing flowers to be placed around the coffin, and a gift of money in an envelope which was carefully recorded by one of the neighbors. The women helpers brought in full platters of food—rice balls, seaweed, macaroni salad, potato salad, and tea. No fish or meat would be eaten by the family for forty-nine days.

Now the priest arrived. He wrote the posthumous name* of the girl on a small wooden tablet and handed it to her father who placed it on the *butsudan*, bowed, and backed away. Then he wrote on a piece of paper which he put in the coffin, and finally on a long slab of wood to be placed at the grave. He changed into his ceremonial robes and con-

* Buddhists receive new names at death.

ducted a brief service of chanting accompanied by the striking of a gong. Then the coffin, the paper flowers and lanterns, a trayful of food and the *ihai* (name tablet) were carried to a waiting truck. With the priest leading, the procession set out for the temple.

Now, with the relatives gathered about the coffin, came another service. Each member of the family, in the order of his age and relationship, placed incense in a bowl where a few bits of charcoal burned. Then the father thanked everyone for coming and the immediate family followed the truck to the grave. The coffin was lowered, each member of the family threw a handful of earth upon it, and the tablet was set up. When the family went home a few neighbors stayed to fill in the grave.

Some of the women helpers had meanwhile cleaned the house, purified it by scattering salt, and prepared supper. On the following day the family went to the temple, taking flowers and bits of food for the grave, a sack of rice and an envelope of money for the priest.

On the seventh day and again on the forty-ninth the family went to the temple for a memorial service. On this last day the period of mourning was ended and a return gift of tea or coffee was sent to everyone who had brought a gift. Every night candles and incense had been burned at the butsudan.

In cities like Hilo and Honolulu an undertaker performs all the necessities, the funeral takes place in a funeral parlor and may be followed by cremation. There is no need of helpers. But there is lacking the simple dignity and affection of the washing of the body by those to whom it intimately belonged. A material civilization makes things easy, but in doing so robs them of their significance. Death itself becomes less significant when those to whom it means most are isolated from the physical fact and made to rely upon commercial services which foster the sentimental horror we have built around the dead. By chemicals, cosmetics, and stage lighting the undertaking trade has tried to soften the fact of death. The tawdry gloss it has placed upon a natural fact, the climax of human experience, is a poor substitute for the simple dignity of Japanese custom.*

In Honolulu, indeed, Christian and Buddhist funeral practices will be combined if desired, with sermon, choir and sutra reading all rolled into one. Wartime prosperity has raised the *koden* (money gift) to five or ten dollars, and this is expected in addition to a bouquet of almost equal value.

* John Embree observes, however, that this custom was very hard on the young both in Japan and rural Hawaii.

New Year's

In rural Japan the calendar was full the year round with festivals expressing the rhythm of the seasons, relating man's toil and the sweet seasons of relief to the earth's turning and the earth's fruition. Many of these festivals because they had meaning only where men lived close to the soil were not known in the cities of Japan. Still more were lost between Japan and Hawaii. The seasons themselves were lacking in this sunswept land, as were the changes of toil and tempo. So great were the local variations of custom and festival in Japan, that even if the immigrants had been able to celebrate, they would have found it hard to agree upon many a date and practice.

But two festivals were too strong to die—New Year's and O-Bon. Boy's Day, Girl's Day, and the birthday of Lord Buddha had a quiet survival.

It is characteristic of the Japanese that while New Year's is a happy occasion, there run through its rites and its lore the ideas of ritual cleanliness and social obligation, of correct behavior and seemly relations with one's group. Japanese New Year's has this much in common with the average American celebration, that it wants to get off on the right foot. But beyond this, as with many things Japanese, there seems to be almost a nervous compulsion to have things just so, a driving urge to have the environment in perfect control, an attitude of always looking over the shoulder.

In Hawaii, of course, the American-born Japanese have little left of the Japanese nervousness toward their group and their environment, the fear of being in any way different, and because different, cast out. New Year's to them is what it is to us—the turning of a leaf. But though the war put a stop to the Japanese celebration, something of the old custom will remain a little longer until girls no longer know how to make *osushi* or men to pound rice into *mochi*.

Even a month before the year's end there began a round of parties, given by employers for their employees, by clubs for their members, by families for relatives and friends. The chief purpose of these parties, beyond ordinary conviviality, seems to have been to erase any hurt feelings however unintentionally aroused, to wipe the slate clean, to restore the social equilibrium.

Then several days before the end of the year came the pounding of *mochi*, most prominent of the New Year specialties. It is not an easy

task to make mochi, so neighbors usually join together, thus unconsciously perhaps returning to the kind of group labor which in Japan combined necessity with enjoyment—a thing New England knew in the barn raising.

When the women have thoroughly cooked the rice, the men begin to pound it with big wooden mallets in a mortar of stone or wood, pacing themselves with the cry of "*Yoisho*" at each stroke. From two to five men take turns with the mallets. After each pounding someone turns the rice and, as needed, pours water on it. Reduced to a thick paste, the rice is then thrown out on a board and molded by the women into flattened balls, some of which have a sweet bean paste buried in them. No woman having her menses may handle the mochi. The finished product is kept under water and may not be used up for months.

In addition to its use as food, mochi has a ritualistic purpose. As a thank offering it is placed before the butsudan, the household shrine, usually three piled up with an orange or a bundle of wheat noodles on top. In some homes mochi is placed on a sewing machine or a rice pot in gratitude for a year's faithful service—touching survival of the ancient Japanese tendency to find living spirit in all inanimate things.

In the last days of the month other delicacies must be cooked, and a housecleaning even more thorough than the American spring cleaning must be completed.

Youngsters go to the mountains for pine (ironwood is the Hawaiian substitute) and bamboo. These, after a New Year's Eve supper of noodles, the head of the house will place beside the entrance, symbols of marital faithfulness in the paired needles which do not separate even when they fall, and of endurance which like the bamboo under snow will bend but not break. While landlubbers decorate their homes, fishermen place the pine and bamboo on their boats and even arrange a Buddhist shrine under a canopy.

The children are allowed to stay up to welcome the New Year. Then at the stroke of midnight, following Chinese custom, a burst of fire-crackers celebrates the year's dawn. This custom every child of the islands has taken up with enthusiasm.

Despite the late settling down there is an early rising. On every other day of the year baths are taken at night, but at New Year's the whole family bathes early in the morning, puts on new clothes, and sits down to an early breakfast. Until war came, even thoroughly Americanized girls wore kimono on this day, the day when the vigor of Japanese custom still surpassed any substitute the West could offer.

Even in families long accustomed to eggs and coffee, breakfast had to be the traditional soup, *ozoni*, with its dumplings of pounded rice. Tradition says that one should eat as many dumplings as the number of his years, and that to eat the proper number assures success in life. Since in Japan (though not in Hawaii) everyone adds a year to his age at New Year's, the eating of a proper number of mochi has festive significance like the candles on a birthday cake.

After breakfast some families go to an early Buddhist or Christian service, or stop to bow and offer a few coins at a Shinto shrine. Between intimates gifts are sometimes exchanged. Then the women must get home to receive visitors while the men of the family go calling.

All day the eating and visiting go on; there are no regular meals. The familiar words of greeting, "*Omedeto gozaimasu*," are spoken over and again, warm and familiar and unvarying. Tables are crowded with delicacies both Japanese and American. There is far more food than can be eaten, each household having tried its best to outdo its neighbors.

One of the commonest beliefs is that what happens on New Year's will happen throughout the year to come. No quarrel, no unpleasantness is permitted. Nor may any sweeping be done, for fear good fortune may be swept out of the house. Nor should there be any buying or selling, nor any work.

In a few years, when the Issei are gone, little will survive but the cleaning, the suffeit of food and drink, the visits to friends. It would be an acceptable gift if the settling of all obligations, the cleansing (always a symbol of inward cleansing in Japanese life) and the recognition of one's dependence on the social group could be added to our rather pointless and sometimes wayward celebration of the day.

• *The Feast of Lanterns*

What made O-Bon, the festival of All Souls, survive with greater vigor than any other except New Year's? It was not only next in importance in Japan, but its picturesque customs would have kept it alive in memory. The fact that it does homage to the ancestors of an ancestor-worshipping people explains more, though American-born Japanese have little of that awed respect for those who have gone before. The commercializing of O-Bon by Buddhist and other groups explains something too: O-Bon survived because it could attract customers with its bright and breeze-blown lanterns, its group dancing.

Lying behind all these reasons is the fact that feasts having to do with

birth and death take the strongest grip upon our emotions. Summed up in the death and resurrection of Christ are millennia of ancient rituals expressing the mystic oneness of birth and death. So out of the various festivals presented by its varied cultural background, the Christian world honors above all Christmas and Easter, each of which combines pagan and Christian lore in its celebration. And so the Japanese, abandoning much of their folklore, kept New Year's and O-Bon, equivalent celebrations of the principal mysteries of birth and death.

In Japan the date of O-Bon varies because some communities hold to the lunar calendar. This variation encouraged in Hawaii a practice of staggering the celebrations in nearby communities so that each could enjoy the festivities of the others. Usually they come between the middle of July and the middle of August.

O-Bon, like New Year's, begins with cleaning. On a holiday afternoon the whole family goes to the cemetery where rests a grandparent or perhaps a child. There is not, as in Japan, a host of unremembered generations of the dead, and this alone has helped to weaken the religious aspect of the festival. While the head of the family scrubs the gravestone with a brush and water, the children sweep away fallen leaves or gather up dead flowers and refuse, and mother arranges the offerings of flowers and food. Sometimes an envelope of money—evidence of the recognition that in America money is the most prized possession—will be left too. And a bottle of soda with the cap removed. Ghosts acclimatized in Hawaii are expected to like fizzwater.

Their work finished, the children wander off through the cemetery, tasting the food on the graves, fruits and candies especially. In some communities such pilfering is looked upon as reprehensible, but elsewhere it is encouraged on the theory that it is good luck to eat of the offerings. Money is also taken, but nobody seems to approve of this. And there you have the full expression of the old way of life and the new. In the old cooperative group, the goodness of things was in their usefulness. One expected to share. In a competitive society the goodness of things is in withholding them, in keeping others from the use of them. He who withholds most is looked up to most. Therefore it is bad to take money, which exists in order to be withheld.

The grave cleaned, incense is offered and the family with bowed heads and hands in the posture of prayer say a "*Namu Amida Butsu*." In some places all the priests of the district come to the cemetery and each priest says a prayer at the graves of those who belonged to his sect.

In a Japanese household, sacred center of the family, the dead are

always near. So while the grave is honored as a resting place, the home rather than the grave or temple is the place to which the recent dead are invited at "First Bon." Every family which has suffered a loss during the year has a service attended by friends and relatives at which the priest reads a sutra and prays before the shrine specially decorated with lanterns, incense and offerings. Everyone who comes to the service, and some who do not, sends a lantern.

It is the presence of many lanterns that gives O-Bon its special tone. Lanterns are hung in the graveyards and along the long porches of the shrines and temples. They cluster before the god-shelves and on the porches of homes. They dip and sway in the soft evening breezes until it seems as if the spirits of the dead had really returned to their earthly orbits.

A few places in Hawaii kept up the charming custom of launching straw boats on the last evening of O-Bon to take the spirits of the dead back to paradise. Lighted lanterns, a few dolls, vegetables, sweets, and horses made of eggplants with toothpick legs were put into the boats. After a simple service they were launched where a strong current would carry them out to sea. Bobbing on the tide, their little lights in the great darkness moved out upon the waters while the watchers stood at the brink straining their eyes until there was no more to see, filled with a sweet sadness that would always belong to O-Bon, having almost achieved the ground-purpose of all ritual—to make clear before earthly eyes and through simple and appropriate symbol the mysteries of existence no tongue or testament can bare. Rarely has any ritual brought together in their full meaning so many of the root symbols of human life—the frail boat, the light brave but small, the rising and falling of the waters, the enfolding darkness and the watchers upon the shore.

Even before the grave cleaning began, the first sign of Bon came with the building, about a week ahead of time, of a stage or scaffold usually in the temple yard. Then every night the young people of the area rehearsed the dances until they knew them well.

On the night of the real celebration the platform was decorated with cloth of alternating vertical white and red stripes. Strings of paper cherry blossoms and paper lanterns of all shapes and sizes hung from ropes strung between poles. The girls came out in elaborate kimono, or sometimes in simple cotton summer kimono with flowered designs. Even the young men put on kimono, but with their regular clothes underneath and the kimono hanging loosely open.

A Japanese towel, thin almost as cheesecloth and printed with an appropriate design, was given to each dancer by the sponsoring organization. The girls tied them about their necks as kerchiefs, the men about their heads. In old Japan they were often used as masks, for disguise was then part of the fun. Now there is no disguise. Many of the dancers wore Hawaiian *lei* or flower necklaces. There were bingo, hot dogs and ice cream.

About all that remains of the religious background is a brief service by the Buddhist priest before the dancing starts. Until the early thirties the dances were of the ancient type (Niigata, Fukushima, Iwakuni, Okinawa), accompanied by a drum and a chanter who, as one young Nisei remarked, always sounded as if he had a pain in his stomach. Swords, umbrellas and fans figured in some of the dances, and in one the dancer lit a bulb on his forehead every time the drum beat! Even this was not enough to save them, once a set of more modern figures using Western instruments was introduced from Japan. So in the years before the war pianos, saxophones and guitars had driven the old chanter off into a corner. The dancing was done in a circle or sometimes in concentric circles, the number depending on the space and the number of dancers. Somehow the boys always managed to get on the inner circle where they wouldn't be seen, the girls on the outside where they would.

Until war put an end to them, the Bon dances had become large commercialized affairs—one in a Honolulu stadium attracted as many as twenty thousand spectators—and contributed the most colorful of all festivals to Hawaii's international culture. But by this time they were not much like the dances of Japan when, in the early Meiji era, they had to be suppressed because of their obscenity.

Only three other festivals survived in Hawaii—Hana Matsuri or the Birth of Buddha, Girl's Day and Boy's Day.

Hana Matsuri means the "feast of flowers." Because it is a kind of Buddhist Easter, a festival of the earth's rebirth celebrated in springtime, on April eighth, flowers dominate and make the tone of it. Children from the Japanese language schools went through the neighborhood gathering flowers from friends or sought them on the hills and by the roadsides. Then a bower was made for the image of Buddha riding on a white elephant, a bower heaped and covered with flowers.

The temple hall had to be cleaned, for fussy as a Dutch housewife are the Japanese where religious or ritual celebration is involved, and part of the festival service itself was the washing of Buddha with *amacha*, a

tea made of flower leaves.* After the service everyone drank this special flower tea, some of which was carried home to the sick who were supposed to be made well by it.

But the climax of the festival came on the nearest Sunday when the flower-covered shrine (*hana-mido*) containing the image of Buddha astride his elephant made progress through the streets on a cart pulled by young men and followed by the priests, a band, and girls dressed in flowered kimono with flags bearing the image of Buddha in their hands. Waving the flags and singing songs appropriate to the festival, the girls marched through the streets until they came to a park where they danced in honor of the Lord Buddha.

Not many communities, however, managed so elaborate a celebration.

Hina Matsuri, Girl's Day, came on the third of March and was quietly celebrated by the setting out of a kind of miniature bleachers covered with cloth, on which rows of Japanese dolls were set, their number and brilliance according with the family's means. Centered around figures representing the Emperor and Empress, the dolls represented courtiers, servants, and characters from Japanese fairy tales, all significant to one who knew the stories.

Then on May fifth came Boy's Day. Girl's Day was celebrated quietly in the house, but anyone within blocks of a Japanese home would know when Boy's Day came. For on a pole rising high above the roof and surmounted usually with a brass ball flew the red paper carp, symbol of strength and courage it is said though actually of fertility. Figures of medieval knights in armor and other symbols of manliness and courage were displayed within.

Perhaps because birthdays were not separately celebrated but universally greeted at the New Year, Boy's and Girl's Days developed as days specially dedicated to children. Yet it is significant of the Japanese group mindedness that everyone celebrates his birthday on the one day, and that instead of having a separate and special birthday celebration, every boy is honored on the same day, every girl on another. The quality of togetherness, of avoiding individual distinctions, of sharing and doing together is the core of Japanese civilization.

Superstition

A civilization which omits thirteenth floors in its skyscrapers and avoids black cats and walking under ladders need not be surprised to

* The Japanese dictionary names the hydrangea.

find similar superstitions in the mental lumber of the Japanese attic. As in America, the less education, the more superstition.

Numbers have power for good or evil. Thus four, pronounced like the word for death, is avoided. There are days of good and ill fortune. No act of ill omen such as going to a doctor should be done on one's birth date or other fortunate occasion. The thirty-third year is filled with good or evil portent for women, so it is well to send presents and encourage good fortune. Happy telephone numbers are sought, the best of all being 4970—*yo-ku-na-re*, to be or become well.

The primitive logic of other superstitions is obvious enough. A pregnant woman, for instance, should never open an oven door. One who throws rice away will one day go hungry.

Especially pathetic are the customs surrounding the soldier overseas. After a send-off which included such gifts as plum seed for health and the picture of a tiger because he is said always to come home, the alien mother sets up a picture of her son in some place of honor. On a tray before it are offered bits of food from the dinner table. A vaseful of fresh flowers stands by its side. To protect her son against injury, the mother goes around the neighborhood with a strip of cloth and a needle with red thread until she has collected a thousand stitches. With this belt around his waist, the son can never be wounded.

No one knows how often the mother stops to bow and murmur a few words before the picture when the family has gone off to work or to school, yet this much is certain, that to the Nisei the custom is chilling, as if the brother were already dead, while to the mother it is warming, as if the son had left at least a part of his living spirit at home. For to her he has become, in his departure, a *kami*, a spirit, just as the dead ancestors are spirits. And when he comes home, his return will be reported to the picture or mortuary tablet of the dead grandparent who also is close by, warming the household with the presence of his spirit, protecting and shielding it. The Japanese have no such formal doctrine of immortality as the Christians, nor such evidence as the New Testament, but they *feel* the continuing presence of the dead as very few Christians do. Perhaps it is because while we have consigned our dead to the mansions of heaven, they have kept theirs at home.

Most of these customs are gone from Hawaii now, killed by indifference or the war. While there is no sense in lamenting the death of customs no longer suited to the times or the people, the sudden stoppage of all festivals because they were Japanese does not make good sense

either. But when war came even the oldest Issei tried to conform, tried to show their sympathy for America by giving up the lanterns of Bon, the flowers of Hana Matsuri, even the traditional kimono and head-dress at a daughter's wedding.

O-Bon at least had become part of the island culture before the war. Japanese New Year customs had somewhat tempered and certainly added sense and significance to our own rather pointless way of welcoming the New Year. In these things the larger community had joined. Yet war seems to have put an end to them.

Even before war came, the Japanese had given up much that was Japanese—more than a wise appreciation of their culture would have recommended. For although the elders still ate with chop-sticks and took their shoes off at the door and slept on the floor, those who had children had already altered their diet, their speech, their outlook. As for the Nisei, you never saw one bow, except on some formal occasion to an alien. Children had already picked up the American casualness, the easy address to teachers, the lack of respect for age, the temerity to answer back to their parents. They showed their feelings in public, they admitted the equality of the female, they went for social dancing, kept their shoes on in the house, and were even known to kiss in public. All these things, shocking to Japanese standards of manners and morals, led to conflict between the alien and American-born generations.

When war came the elders tried to learn English, stopped bowing or speaking Japanese on the street, and even humbled themselves before the children who should have respected them, to learn American attitudes and ways.

It was too late. Their patterns of thought and behavior had been too long established to be so easily broken. They had been too long debarred from citizenship, too long uninvited into the community around them.

The festivals they had brought with them had, in the case of O-Bon or New Year's, much symbolic beauty; the customs associated with life's crises had a strong sense of the brotherhood of the group. In Hawaii where one in every three persons is of Japanese ancestry one might hope that the sense of working together could be carried over into the community at large—not in Japanese ways, but out of a moral conviction based on early training that the individual personality is not hampered but extended by a harmonious working and sharing with the neighborhood, the city and the nation.

VIII

RELIGION AND THE FOUR VIRTUES

The Rev. Takie Okumura, son of a samurai and a convert to Christianity, came to Honolulu in 1894 to preach to the island Japanese. Christian work among the immigrants had already begun under the encouragement of the Dr. C. M. Hyde made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson's devastating essay of castigation for his slander of Father Damien. A Japanese worker was employed shortly after 1885 by the Hawaiian Missions Board. But there were still very few Christians when Mr. Okumura arrived. And there were already a number of itinerant Buddhist priests. On one of these, named Matsuo, Mr. Okumura called soon after his arrival. In the course of the conversation Mr. Okumura said, "How many Japanese in the islands do you consider to be Buddhists?"

Instead of giving a direct answer the priest said, "How many are Christians?"

Mr. Okumura estimated about four hundred.

"Well," said the priest, "there are twenty-five thousand Japanese in the islands, so that will make 24,600 Buddhists."

"I am glad to know," the Rev. Mr. Okumura said, "that you include the prostitutes and gangsters among your number instead of mine."

The story illustrates several things about the state of religion in Hawaii. The Christians were by their numbers set apart from the rest. The weakest were always dropping out as a result of social pressure, so that only the strongest, those who took their religion seriously, remained. To be a Buddhist took no such strength and initiative; it was rather taken for granted. And Buddhists tended to look upon religion as a necessary ritual for death rather than as a daily guide and staff. The idea of regular weekly attendance at services, for instance, was something Buddhism picked up from Christianity.

That the travelling Buddhist priests had a hard time of it is indicated by the recollection of one of them. Shortly after his arrival in Hawaii he went to a plantation camp to see whether his services were needed and

called at the shack of a bachelor he knew. After supper, much to his satisfaction, men kept coming in until a very respectable crowd had gathered. After conducting a service for their benefit he left with the promise that he would come again. It was a long time before anyone told him how strong a motive and how firm a belief had brought that crowd together. Because his visit had happened to come just after payday, the men thought that the light in their friend's room signalled the monthly visit of the prostitute. Much offended that he had not called them, they went to complain and stayed to worship.

Are the Japanese a religious people? The American-born generation thinks so, remembering the daily rite of prayer and offering at the household shrine and knowing little of the motive, failing to understand that these acts have more to do with family solidarity than with formal religion. Probably the Japanese who came to Hawaii were more religious than the average, since they came from the Buddhist strongholds of Yamaguchi and Hiroshima. And no doubt the loneliness of the new land encouraged any institution which would make it seem more like home.

The number of religions and sects in Japan—and in Hawaii—would also lead to the conclusion that the Japanese have a lot of religion in them. Buddhism alone brought half a dozen sects and several more sub-sects. Shinto itself is a thing of at least three principal manifestations—state Shinto which formalizes worship of the Emperor and loyalty to the state, sect Shinto which includes some strange and interesting healing cults, and popular Shinto which is nothing more than a survival of primitive animism having as objects of worship a stone, a mountain, a waterfall, together with later forms of belief which created gods of kitchen, toilet and field.

A Japanese uses Buddhism for death and memorial services. He turns to Shinto for christening and purification, sometimes also for healing and protective charms. He looks to Confucianism for a code of behavior. He has Christianity too. He appears to have more religion than Job.

Yet the average Japanese has little idea of the meaning of Buddhism and a less coherent notion of any religious principles lying behind Shinto. The Japanese, who lacks the Hebraic idea of sin and punishment, or the Hellenic concepts of ideas and ideals (truth, beauty, virtue, the good), or the Christian teaching of love as the elixir of human relationships, is not religious in the Western sense of the word. For the Western idea of good and evil he substitutes the standard of correct and incorrect. This, incidentally, accounts for the fact that a Japanese

can be orderly and courteous in his own country and quite different abroad.* He is guided by a sense not of absolute values but of proper relationships. "All rules are off when one steps over the border," says a Japanese proverb. At home a Japanese is controlled by prescribed attitudes toward family, neighbors, policeman, teacher, employer and the state. Standards of conduct are precise and rigid. But general principles extending these relations to the rest of the world are lacking. The reason is no doubt found in Japan's long seclusion. Japanese ethics is a guide to correct behavior in defined relationships; ours, however honored in the breach rather than the observance, is one of absolute right and wrong.

Therefore the code which dictates unswerving loyalty to feudal lord, father or emperor, may in specified circumstances not only excuse but recommend murder, theft or deceit—not as good things, but as steps to achieving the ideal loyalty. The most famous story in Japanese lore, and one constantly held up as a model, is that of the men who to avenge the death of their master became drunkards frequenting houses of prostitution. Then when their enemy was fooled into complacency, they slew him. Murder, revenge, deceit, drunkenness and licentiousness were incidental and unimportant means to the end of loyalty.

Guiding stars of the Japanese ethical system are four virtues: duty, gratitude, integrity, and loyalty (*giri, ho-on, renketsu, chuko*).¹ These are the virtues of a man belonging in a stratified society and having to observe proper respect and allegiance toward those on the ladder above him and to receive the same from those beneath. They define *obligations*; they do not speak of the finer relationships which arise from what the King James's Bible calls loving kindness. Benevolence and philanthropy are poorly developed in Japan because a man's obligations stop at the border of his family, his neighbors, his employers.

Yet where a Japanese feels that he owes a duty he will carry it through with a persistence and devotion that would shame most of us.

This was the religious and ethical background the first Japanese brought with them. It contained some virtues we might well have taken as models and some gaps which nothing but Christianity could fill.

Buddhism attracted the Japanese in Hawaii because it reminded them of home. It helped to preserve the language, habit, dress, folklore of a people denied access to the haole world about them. To the Japanese, as Embree observes, "the native land has a mystic power, a mana. Those

* Yet it should be remembered that our own soldiers act differently overseas than in the home town, as do visiting firemen in New York City.

who are born there possess a spirit, a character which is lacking among those born abroad." ² Buddhism became a wire which carried this power from Japan to the exiled.

There is evidence that the plantations encouraged Buddhism. Certainly some of them contributed to Buddhist temples but not to a Christian church.* When in 1904 the Hongwanji temple intervened in the Oahu strike, plantation owners realized that religion could indeed serve as an opiate and Buddhism "grew steadily under their sympathetic protection." ³ The fatalistic acceptance it encouraged was far preferable to Christianity's militant attitude toward housing, working conditions and the rights of the individual. Any plantation manager with his wits about him would realize that Americanization was bound to "make trouble" by making men conscious of their human rights.

Of the six principal sects ** carried to Hawaii, Shin (following St. Shinran) and Jodo ("Pure Land") were strongest. The main temple of Nishi Hongwanji (the strongest of the Shin groups) in Honolulu, founded in 1897, claimed a thousand members before the war, serving as headquarters for the 73 other temples of its sect throughout the islands with a total membership of 22,000.

As long as it had only an immigrant population to deal with, Buddhism could achieve most by changing least. When children began to arrive, it was presented with a conflict. Should it stand as a bulwark against excessive Americanism in the children, a preserver of the dream of a homeland which never existed, a comfortable shell of timeless and familiar ritual, a carrier of the old culture to the young? Or should it present a liberal face, the face perhaps of the true Buddha himself, washed free of the guilt which covers his image?

It tried to do both. The temples began to have Sunday services, a thing unheard of in Japan. They installed pews. They brought in pianos, organs, choirs. They held services in Japanese and English instead of in the Sanskrit nobody could understand. They formed YMBAs and YWBAs. They had young people's meetings and old people's meetings. They opened Sunday schools where you could hear thin, reed-like voices singing of a Sunday:

"Buddha loves me, that I know,
For the sutras tell me so."

* This will be vigorously denied. Yet Christian ministers have told me of such cases and have held that Christianity which preaches a social message has been made to feel unwelcome.

** Shin, Nichiren, Shingon, Tendai, Jodo, Zen. The sects are briefly described in an appendix.

They began—though with some resistance from Japan-born priests—to emphasize Buddhist teachings which conformed to the Christian society about them—peace, love of man, equality. They found in Shinran, founder of the most powerful sect, the democratizer of Buddhism and stressed his emphasis on the individual—a doctrine which would not have been welcome in Japan.*

The Nishi Hongwanji temple began to conduct marriages—an unheard-of departure. Its English Vade Mecum, a sort of Common Prayer, showed even in its theology the influence of Christianity. Fatalism and superstition diminished or disappeared.

Forced to compete with Christianity, Buddhism sought an ethical basis largely lacking in Japan, where Confucianism provided a code of conduct. Thus it was forced back to the original teaching of its founder. The result was all to the good. Challenged, it showed like Christianity an ability to fit itself to new circumstances, to pick up enough from the new environment to make itself attractive while preserving enough of its own character to avoid being submerged. Just as Christianity out of pagan fertility rites built the festival of Easter, so Buddhism discovered within itself tones that responded to the chord of an essentially Christian culture.

When it became obvious that the Japanese were in Hawaii to stay, the Buddhists publicly and officially altered their policies to train the children as young Americans. For many years they had been conducting language schools. Parents, whose children were growing up in a culture alien to their own, hoped that school and temple would teach them to honor the values they lived by and that the gulf between them could be arched over through worship and learning. Now the temple must try to satisfy that need and yet offer nothing contrary to what was vaguely described in the word American.

The children had a harder task. They had to preserve an inner harmony while making a dual adjustment toward their Japan-oriented parents and the American community. Where both cultures approved, as in the case of honesty, courage, courtesy, there was no conflict. But where one culture taught an attitude of acceptance and submission while the other taught questioning and standing up for your rights, there was trouble.

There was also a difficulty in Buddhism itself. For the Buddhism of Japan is so far different from that of India as to constitute almost a different religion. The popular sects reduce theology to a formula and

* Andrew Lind says that an English-speaking priest, Hunt, was responsible for most of these Western innovations.

thus leave the way open for mere superstition. Nichiren and Zen are historically associated with nationalist and military movements or persons, and while it is nothing new in the Christian world to find God lined up with the battalions, such an alliance in an alien religion was bound to look suspicious. During the resurgent wave of nationalism in the thirties, Buddhism whether intentionally or not fostered an aggressive nationalism. It collected money and gifts for Japanese soldiers. It encouraged Nisei to visit Japan. Had we admitted the Japanese to citizenship the story might have been different. The psychic need in the Japanese for something to be loyal to was too strong to be cut adrift.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Most of the priests were interned, services disrupted, the comfort of religion absent when most needed.

Soon after the war most of the priests returned, their chief business being to hold memorial services for boys killed while fighting in Italy to preserve, among other things, the right of their parents to worship as they believed.

To visit such a service is to get a feeling for the strong family emphasis of things Japanese. The soldier's family are sitting in the front pews—his father and mother, his brothers, sisters, cousins, in-laws. A temple gong strikes—slowly at first, then faster and faster. A photograph of the dead is placed on a table before the heavily gilded altar and sanctuary. The priest kneels at a reading desk, begins a sing-song intoning no one can understand. Children, tiring of the service, run up and down the aisles. No one seems to mind. The father, looking stiff and formal in his unaccustomed black suit, white shirt and tie, steps forward to the incense burner, lights a stick of incense, bows, and with prayer beads pressed between his hands prays before the altar. Then all the family follow in turn.

There is a pause. The old man signals one of his sons to let his grandson go up, for honor to the family's dead is a thing to be borne from generation to generation and it is well to learn young. The boy steps up and with surprising grace does what he has seen done. The atmosphere is casual, intimate, as if the presence of the dead were felt not as a cold weight but as a living presence. Members of the family whisper and talk among themselves. There is no nationalism here; only the old search for consolation, the old search for a bridge between the living and the dead.

It would almost seem as if the Japanese got their religion the way a good housewife gets her supplies—by shopping around. For funerals they go to Buddhism. But for marriages they go to Shinto. Until they

came to Hawaii, no one ever heard of a Buddhist priest conducting a wedding or a Shinto priest a funeral.

By far the chief business of Shinto was faith healing. The Japanese seem to have been suckers for pseudo-religious cures and miracles. Possibly the prevailing factor was the ignorance of the immigrants. Some of the faith healers became men of substance, like the fellow who discovered he could cure all comers by warming his hands over a brazier, placing them on the afflicted spot, and muttering an unintelligible incantation. He is said to have cleaned up \$18,000 in four months, thus proving the power of faith. Then the Board of Health caught up with him.

This fellow was backed by no formal cult. But all the Shinto shrines have in varying degrees practiced healing. Thus the Buddhists have been forced into the same line of business until among them the Shin sects were about the only ones not offering health by faith. In Buddhist temples the path to health is usually through the repetition of a magic formula, though sometimes the use of holy water or the ashes of incense are involved.

Most notorious of healing cults is Seicho no Ie (House of Growth), a hybrid of Buddhist and Christian elements founded in Japan by a character who previously had created a religion (Omoto-kyo) the government banned on the theory that it was inciting internal strife. Seicho had only a modest following before the war, but the internment of Shinto and Buddhist priests made opportunities for the marginal religious practitioners which they did not neglect. Playing upon the natural confusion and disappointment of the aliens at a time when all things Japanese were disfavored, the Seicho leaders offered the sense of fellowship, the consolation which a bewildered and disappointed people required.

Perhaps the best way to understand Seicho is to see it through the eyes of our Issei maid, a cheerful, efficient, likeable person with a fetching limitation in her knowledge of English which proves no bar to self expression.

"Sure I go Seicho," she said. "We have meeting Hongwanji temple, two times month. *Pau* (Hawaiian for finished) now, priest come back, have meeting now in house. Lots of little meeting, no big ones. Before war I go Shinshu. No good; all time priest make big noise, no understand. Seicho, each time go, put my boy's picture on wall (perhaps she wanted to say altar), plenty people come, sometimes no room, people stand outside. Plenty pictures. Do like so (putting her hands together), bow, ask kami make safe for them. We pray for boy, he get little hurt no

big one. Boys come home now, say mother: 'I one time move, no know what for, bomb come where I was.' He no understand but mother she know because plenty prayer."

"How about the boys that died anyhow?"

"Maybe mother no plenty pray; maybe no Seicho, I think so."

"Is your husband a Seicho man?"

"No." She laughed. "He too quick man. Try for while, then say, 'Sick no pau wastetime.'" "Wastetime," it should be explained, is a word which in Hawaiian English has a richness and broadness of meaning one can scarcely convey, except by a few examples at the risk of digression.

A Nisei, greeting a friend who had just become a father, grasped his hand in congratulation and said, "I suppose it's a boy?" "No," said the other with apologetic grin, "girl." "Aw," said the other, throwing down his hand, "wastetime." A child, waiting for the tardy school bus which was to take the class to a ball game, looked up at his teacher and said in a voice deep with feeling, thinking of the fun they were missing, the delay, the inability to do anything about it, "Wastetime."

Another popular healing cult is Daishi. The little Daishi-do (temples) scattered throughout the islands are actually Buddhist, a popularized version of the Shingon sect having the famous Kobo-Daishi as patron saint or kami but ministered by layman rather than priests. Membership in a Daishi group does not prevent one from being a Zen or Shin Buddhist, and this in itself suggests that Daishi is somehow differently regarded from the regular sects.

The founder of Daishi in Hawaii is said to have been a laborer on a sugar plantation who saw a vision of Kobo-Daishi bidding him to be a follower. After fasting for a week sitting on a banana leaf—wonderful Hawaiian substitute for Buddha's lotus leaf and no doubt considerably more comfortable—he moved his family to Honolulu where he opened a barber shop and began the worship of O-Daishi-Sama. The word got around that this new vessel of the lord could cure aches and pains that had baffled doctors. Eight years later his home had been converted to a temple with an elaborate altar, a dignified and regular congregation supported him, and barbering had presumably been given up in favor of a trade where one could clip the customer without the trouble of using shears.

Among the first Japanese to be picked up on December 7, 1941 were the Shinto priests. Most of them wound up in mainland internment

camps and most returned to Hawaii shortly after war's end.

Were they spies? There is little or no evidence to prove that they were, and in any case the Japanese had all the information they needed without their aid. Were they agents of the Japanese government? Only to the extent that state Shinto is government-controlled in Japan and a few of the Shinto shrines were connected with the national shrine at Ise in Japan.

Were they indoctrinating the people to form a fifth column in the event of Japanese invasion? The evidence of every intelligence agency we had at work answers no. Japan didn't trust the island Japanese that much. It thought them far too American. It suspected them of Americanism as much as some Americans suspected them of being pro-Japanese.

The case against the Shinto, and to a lesser degree Buddhist, priests is more subtle, more intangible, and in a considerable degree unjustified. Some forms of Shinto were too closely identified with state Shinto; of that there is no question. When war broke out all Shinto shrines were taken over by government, vested in the Alien Property Custodian, and many of them liquidated.

Shinto and Buddhism were vessels of Japanese culture, and as the Japanese government came to control religion more and more during the nineteen-thirties the influence appeared in Hawaii through the priests arriving from Japan. Since the Japanese residents of Hawaii would be the first to suffer from war between the two nations, the brand of patriotism they found in their shrines and temples was not aggressive, but of the sort one finds in exiled congregations everywhere—in the American Episcopal church of prewar Munich, the Union Church of Tokyo. But there was added in Shinto the pernicious doctrine of Japan's destiny to rule the world—a welcome compensation to those in Hawaii who had suffered from being treated as inferiors.

Like all institutions, religious ones have as one of their strongest motives the desire to stay in business. Those catering to the Japanese therefore gave what was wanted—to the aliens a feeling of cultural solidarity, of continuing touch with the homeland which had now become more a symbol of lost youth than a reality, and to the Nisei the feeling that the gap between cultures could be bridged.

After December seventh Shinto shrines were ransacked for souvenirs by the agents sent to seize them, but Buddhist temples were, if searched, left in reasonably good order. This suggests that the FBI regarded Shinto as a threat to internal security better done away with, but Buddhism as a religion whose primary purposes were religious.

Since the war Shinto has made but a weak revival. Some of the shrines were sold; most of them remain closed. The priests, many of whom have returned from internment, conduct weddings or purification ceremonies, but they complain that the demand is not great enough to provide them a living. Some priests are earning a living as yardmen. Shinto, it appears, will wither away as the Issei disappear.

While the immigrant generation supported Shinto and Buddhism as a matter of course, the American-born did no such thing. Though they were often pressed to do so, many revolted. The experience of Ichiro Tanabe gives an insight into the double burden of the Nisei.

Ichiro, like most Nisei, was born to a Buddhist family. "Probably the most disillusioned and the most confused person is a young American of Japanese ancestry who wants to accept Christianity as his religion and way of life," is the way he puts it.

Ichiro first made formal contact with Christianity through weekly Bible classes held in his grade school when regular classes were over. To attend them he had to skip language school once a week, a consideration which distressed his parents as much as their fear that the new religious influence would make for conflict at home. After attending classes for a while, Ichiro decided to become a Christian. Thereafter taking part in the daily ritual before the god-shelf seemed like idolatry to him. His home, like many, had one shelf for the image of Buddha, another for the ancestors. To acknowledge either was repugnant to the religious feeling Christianity had awakened in him. When he began to go to Sunday school he felt that it was wrong to work on this day of the week. Thus the garden suffered.

An uncle died and Ichiro had to attend the funeral service. When it came his turn to offer incense and a prayer at the temple, he prayed to the Christian God, asking forgiveness for what he had to do. Thereafter when the priest came to the house for memorial services, Ichiro listened with growing distaste to chants which sounded to him "like the tobacco auctioneer on the Lucky Strike program."

The conflict of his new faith with family routine and custom made his home life unhappy. It set him apart. "I even realized that I was a peculiar member of the family and had to make myself as inconspicuous as possible."

But now the harping in church on the heathen idolatry of Buddhism began to grate on him. Was this the most important message of Christianity? He found himself wanting to defend the religion he had given up, at great personal cost, against such attacks from the outside. He

began to read widely. His first zeal wore off as he saw in Christianity one of many religions devised by man for his need, his comfort, his inspiration. Finally he separated himself from faith in any one religion. "This change was responsible for a better family life," he said. "I did not take any religion seriously. I took part in the family rituals with an attitude of their being just another household chore."

Not all experiences end this way. With some, faith is a stronger motive than family harmony or intellectual substitutes for religious belief. Ichiro, passing through a period of faith and out again, learned emotionally and intellectually and socially things of value to his American life, though at the cost of friction at home. There is no way to avoid such friction. The young American who breaks too abruptly with family custom and expectation has an unhappy home life and often feels that the wider community has not compensated by showing any quicker acceptance of him than of his more Japanified friends. Yet the young American who sticks too closely to alien habit is always feeling ill at ease outside his home.

Can one carry water on both shoulders? In the Orient it is done by suspending the buckets from a pole which gives gently with each forward step.

The story of Christianity since the Rev. Mr. Okumura's encounter with the Buddhist priest is unspectacular. While Honolulu has several churches whose congregations are entirely or chiefly Japanese and well over thirty are scattered through the islands, the number of converts is not great. Yet Christianity, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, has appealed to many of the most intelligent. The Protestant sects, with an island tradition going back to early New England missionaries, attracted more converts than Roman Catholicism.

In its early years Christianity suffered from being too orthodox, too evangelical, too "Japanese" to appeal to Nisei, too narrowly identified with no drinking, no dancing, no card playing, no smoking. It suffered from a preoccupation with the alien group, with services in Japanese. It fostered racial segregation—a necessary evil so far as the aliens were concerned. But it found no way to integrate the children with their other English-speaking comrades. Its need today, says one Nisei pastor, is for a militant interest in the problems of society.

"How come you so interested in social problems?" one young man asked him. That interest explained in terms of Christian doctrine was a revelation to the young man, who began to come to church.

According to a Honolulu high school teacher there is little religious influence today among young Americans of Japanese ancestry. Few understand Buddhism; most are emotionally opposed to it as something that emphasizes their difference from the other Americans they passionately want to be like. Said one Nisei: "When the ceremony began I could hardly keep myself from laughing, the priest's chanting sounded so funny." Perhaps one in ten really knows what Christianity means and is under some regular religious influence.

Of those turning to Christianity in the hope that it will improve their relations with haoles, some when they find themselves still discriminated against grow bitter and give up all religion.

The uneven age distribution, with the lack of leaders in the mature thirties and forties, has also made difficult the shift from a Japanese-speaking to an English-speaking congregation among the segregated churches. Better than separate congregations along racial lines, nearly everyone admits, would be interracial churches such as The Church of the Crossroads near the University of Hawaii. Churches which are strongholds of the old haole families do not encourage Orientals to attend. At least that is the impression the young people have, and the impression is as effective as fact in keeping them away.

So the second generation, bearing two worlds on their shoulders, try to reach a compromise. Many get married in a Christian church but are buried by a Buddhist priest. Even a regular Christian finds it necessary to observe the Buddhist memorial dates and services of his family, so strong is the pull of tradition and the childhood training in filial behavior.

The war, as wars always do, stimulated religious activity. A few Issei, coming for the first time under Christian influence through the efforts of Japanese-speaking Christian workers to help them, joined churches or at the least attended services. The number of converts may have been more than offset by those who, like the little old ladies at one Episcopal mission, stopped coming after twenty or thirty years of devoted attendance because the Christian God had sided with America. Many were mothers of American soldiers for whose safety they had prayed to the Christian God. Meanwhile many men at the front, meeting a Christian chaplain for the first time, wanted to become Christians after seeing him court death for their sake and go unharmed through danger, armored by faith. It became a superstition with them, an interesting survival of the old mana system still strong in Japan today, that where he was they would be safe.

Whether because Christianity attracts young people with qualities of

leadership in them, or because it puts something into young people to make them leaders, Christian Nisei are on the whole better adjusted to American life than non-Christians. Considering the pervasive influence of Christianity, not only in our religious life but in our arts, our language, our ethics, our patterns of thought, one could scarcely expect otherwise.

Membership in a Christian church helps build the bridge from Japanese upbringing to American culture. Looked at from a purely utilitarian point of view the church conveys modes of thinking, phrases, parables, history, ethical principles that inhabit most of our actions. The Prodigal Son, the Beatitudes, the story of Joseph and the Psalms are built into our lives. A person ignorant of them is never at ease, never confident of himself, in an American setting. The churches also foster a sense of social ease—badly needed by many Nisei—through dances, suppers, clubs, speech-making and all the rest. It is hard for a European American to appreciate how much Oriental Americans have had to learn. What they have learned in one short lifetime is remarkable. For their parents still live, and will always live, in the other world, the world of conformance, of fatalism, of individual submergence. The brilliant exceptions, the Issei who seem temperamentally American and embrace our ways, are the confirming exception. As for the Nisei, they have had to learn everything from how to hold a knife and fork to the significance of a religion based on love rather than duty, and revolt through the speaking of the individual conscience rather than conformity through obedience to a temporal master.

It is possible that some other institution might carry forward on a front even broader than that of the church the kind of education in living the Nisei need. But there is no such institution in existence, and the need is immediate, beginning in the earliest years. School provides only part of what is needed. Yet religion suffers the handicap of being regarded by many Japanese as a consolation for women, mostly old women. Nisei, for this reason and for others, have not turned to the church in any number, and continuance of the segregated churches will certainly not encourage them. A sincere invitation on the part of haole congregations might do the trick, if accompanied by the invitations to Nisei to fill assistant pastorates. Until the Nisei see Christian sermons issuing in Christian deeds, they are not likely to find a Christian remedy for their needs.

For the present they stand on firm moral ground, held up by the four virtues of duty, gratitude, integrity and loyalty that formed their child-

hood training. The wider community could well make use of these traits and the training that formed them. But unless it shows approval and commendation, the oncoming generation may be cut adrift both from this heritage and from any other.

ACT THREE: CONFLICT

IX

A LITTLE LEARNING

Henry Suzuki, like most of his AJA friends when high school classes were over, spent the rest of the afternoon in Japanese language school. After a full round of classes in public school he was often tired. By the time he reached the language school the warm class room, the languorous Hawaiian air, and the enforced routine of sitting with closed eyes for a few minutes before beginning classes made it almost impossible for him to keep awake.

One afternoon he had just reached the pleasant floating state of near sleep when the teacher, in the midst of a disquisition on the glories of the Japanese imperial line, noticed what was happening. Picking up the bamboo stick which was standard equipment in the language schools, he stepped quietly to Henry's side and brought it down with all his strength on the desk. Henry leapt up in half-conscious terror. "Stupid," the teacher shouted in his face, "what do you think you come to school for?"

Henry rubbed his eyes. "That's what puzzles me," he said.

The Japanese language school problem has been a puzzle to many of the students and to the larger community. The schools have been suspected of subversive teaching and at the same time have been praised for the moral training they give. To some they are—or were until their demise in 1941—citadels of Japanese imperialism, to others a good way of keeping a lot of kids out of mischief.

The first language school was opened at Kula on the island of Maui by Seiji Fukuda. It took in not only Japanese but Chinese and Portuguese children in the neighborhood. Shortly after, in 1896, the Rev. Takie Okumura opened a small school in Honolulu with Hideo Kuwabara as teacher. Kuwabara, trained as a teacher in Japan, accepted the job with the prospect of nothing more than a half-share in Mr. Okumura's \$25 a month salary.

The need for such a school had been in Mr. Okumura's mind ever

since he had met a Japanese child shortly after his arrival who, in response to a question about her mother, said: "*Me mama hanahana yokonai.*" Mr. Okumura had no idea what she was talking about, but an old resident explained that her jumble of pidgin English, Hawaiian and Japanese meant, "My mother is working and can't come." Few children could speak correct Japanese, fewer still knew how to read and write it, and the resulting lack of understanding between parents and children had become a serious problem. Above the level of basic physical facts they could not really communicate.

After opening his school in a borrowed room, Mr. Okumura raised enough money to buy land and put up a building. At this point, in order to make the school representative of the whole community, Christian control was relinquished. Mr. Okumura frankly told the Buddhist Bishop Imamura that he was doing this to make competing schools unnecessary. But within a few years the Buddhists opened their own school, attendance at the Central Institute immediately dropped from 200 to 70, and throughout the islands competitive schools appeared under Buddhist sponsorship. Parents were encouraged to put their children in Buddhist schools on the plea that only there would they get a proper indoctrination in loyalty to the Emperor and the Empire. The independent or Christian schools were said to be catering to the haole bosses. In a short time there were more schools than the people could afford to support—sometimes nearly as many as the number of public schools—and communities split wide apart through allegiance to one school or the other.

Even the Rev. Mr. Okumura's school undertook in the beginning "to give a national education in accordance with the prescribed rules of the Imperial Department of Education." The Foreign Minister made a gift of reference books and the Imperial Rescript on Education. Text books were those used in Japan, inculcating loyalty to the Emperor, belief in Japan's divine origin, allegiance to the fatherland.

In 1896 there was good reason for all this. The immigrants expected to go home within a few years. They could not take their children back knowing no Japanese. But in 1898 the islands were annexed, contract laborers became free men and their Hawaiian-born children American citizens. Obviously, the old style education would not fit the new situation.

Still nothing much was done to change it. Not until 1910 did the trend toward staying in Hawaii really take root in the minds of the people, and even then many who had been there for years still spoke of

returning. But now it was more likely to be for a visit. As the children grew up, parents who had always planned to go back began to settle down, to make investments and buy property instead of saving cash for the return.

Even so it was 1914, when the Hawaii Japanese Education Association met for the first time, before any broad effort was made to bring teaching in line with the new facts. Professor Yaichi Haga was brought from Imperial University the following year to revise the text books. But he did not really revise them; he only brought out a Hawaiian edition. For although he substituted a few lessons on English or American subjects for some that were purely Japanese, the Emperor, the myths of Japan's origin remained. Even so, patriots raised a great cry over omission of the Imperial Rescript and the words "loyalty and patriotism." Cultural attitudes die hard.

It was 1917 before the books could be brought into use, and by that time America had become very much interested in foreign language schools, especially in the case of the Germans. In 1919 Hawaii's schools were attacked in the Legislature. A bill to abolish them was defeated, but a survey by the Federal Bureau of Education was authorized.

The survey report, when it came out in 1920, was a shock to the Japanese and Chinese communities, none of whose leaders had been interviewed or consulted. It recommended outright abolition of the schools, language classes in the public schools, a fund to purchase the language schools and another to explain the new plan throughout the plantations. In order to take care of children whose parents were at work, the public school day was to be lengthened by including gardening and play activities. Only alien children were to be free to go to foreign language schools if they desired.

The Territorial Legislature ignored these recommendations, passing instead a bill to put the schools under the control of the Department of Education. The provisions of the act had been suggested by a group of leading Japanese whose bill had been endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce in preference to its own. It was unanimously passed by the Senate and by a five to one vote in the Legislature. This, since the bill rode on a high tide of post-war nationalism, indicates how cooperative the Japanese were in Americanizing the schools.

The bill specified the length of school sessions, teacher qualifications, control of the curriculum. Teachers were to pass tests in English and in American government and history. Some teachers, in the course of qualifying themselves, were converted from advocates of imperialism to enthusiastic supporters of democracy! ¹

There was smooth sailing until 1921 when a joint committee of Japanese and Americans was appointed to consider revision of the text books. The American members, instead of contenting themselves with the business at hand, proposed that kindergartens and first and second grades be abolished. By threatening abolition of the schools at the next Legislature they forced the Japanese members to go along with them. A regulation to this effect was issued by the Department of Public Instruction. At this all hell broke loose. The Japanese community, which until now had gone out of its way to be accommodating, held mass meetings, accused the Japanese members of having proposed the idea and forced their resignation. Counsel was engaged to prevent the regulations from taking effect when schools opened in 1922. Various restraining orders were invoked.

Then in 1923 the Supreme Court asserted the right of parents to send their children to foreign language schools. Eighty-seven of the territory's 144 Japanese schools had meanwhile become litigants in a case to test the Hawaii law and finally in 1927 the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the very law which the Japanese themselves had suggested to the Territorial Legislature for the regulation of their schools! A clearer demonstration of the rights of minorities under the Constitution could scarcely have been given.

The reaction in Honolulu was typically Japanese. A mass meeting was held and a resolution adopted which said in effect that while the issue as decided by the Supreme Court was gratifying, and the surest evidence of the justice of American institutions, the Hawaiian Japanese wished to reaffirm their faith in democracy and to assure the people of the islands that they bore no ill-will toward officials whom they credited with having acted from sincere motives. In their desire to rear loyal American children they would gladly be guided by the Department of Public Instruction even though they were not obliged to do so.

This, of course, is the role of the magnanimous victor, the spirit of *bushido*.* It is also the mediatory quality of a people who believe in saving the opponent's face in order that their own may some day be saved—an Oriental application of the Golden Rule which Confucius had long ago stated in its negative proposition.

The Hawaii Japanese Education Association was revived—it had fallen apart when the schools divided into litigating and non-litigating, thorough revision of the text books was undertaken, and the language

* I am aware that there has often been a wide gap between philosophical *bushido* and the behavior of Japanese warriors. The subject, while a fascinating one, cannot be entered here except to point to a similar disparity between the code of chivalry and the practice of feudal Europe.

schools moved out of the foreground for a while until the Congressional statehood inquiries of 1935 and 1937 brought them forward again. Then they were exhibited as an argument against admitting Hawaii as a state.

Arguments against the language schools are always the same: that they put too much of a strain on the children, hinder Americanization and perpetuate a feeling of loyalty toward Japan, interfere with the learning of English and are responsible for the use of pidgin in the islands, and are not even doing a good job of teaching Japanese.

Advocates of the schools answer that Japanese Americans, because they are discriminated against in business, need Japanese in order to qualify for jobs open to them, that family stability is destroyed without a common language, that the revised texts do not preach loyalty to Japan, that the schools keep the children out of mischief, teach them the culture of their parents, inculcate moral principles and stabilize the difficult process of shifting from one culture to another.

The charges and countercharges come close to balancing, for there is truth on both sides. More important would be some evidence from the victims—the children who have been the voiceless standard about whom the battle raged. In the course of collecting a great deal of other valuable material from the students of the University of Hawaii I received some fifty papers on personal experiences in the language schools. What the sample lacks in scientific control it gains by being spontaneous, reminiscent narrative. The students were writing as they pleased, and much of what follows is based on their memories, their often keen observations, their emotions.

Was Japanism taught in the schools? One young man answered the question by translating some samples from a published collection of compositions written by students at the school he attended.² Since the school sponsored the publication in 1940, the contents must have accorded with its policy at that date. Many of the compositions were letters to Japanese soldiers in China, some of which were actually sent. A sixth grade girl wrote:

I am astonished at the speed with which the Rising Sun is being planted in that wide, wide China. Dear soldier, please soundly punish and reform that bad Chiang Kai Shek and his allies. And please save the pitiful good people of China. The reason why fortunate people like me can live in heavenlike Hawaii without any worry is because the Japanese soldier is strong, because the country of Japan is great. . . . I pray every day for the enduring fortune of war of the Japanese soldier.

A girl in the eighth grade wrote:

We live in a foreign country far from the fatherland, but our sympathies return to Japan. . . . We pray for the enduring good fortune of the Emperor's forces.

A sophomore in high school, a boy, wrote:

In order to build this Asia of eternal peace and continue the fight for justice, our fatherland, Japan, has completely disregarded its resources. The youth of Japan . . . cannot help but build Japan into a first class world power.

What will we Nisei in Hawaii be doing in the meantime? Will we be fumbling about at the feet of westerners? . . . We need the will that makes us shameless to Japan as dual citizens of Japan and America.

"We students had a special name for people who seemed excessively attached to Japan," says our translator. "We called them boboras. There weren't very many, though the majority of language school teachers belonged in that category. There are practically no boboras left today."

The explanation of the sensational compositions quoted above—for they were penned after all by American citizens—robs them of much of their sensation and gives them a rather universal quality.

The average student of Japanese ancestry in Hawaii is a very reasonable fellow. One of the reasons why he wrote like a bobora was because he was trying to work for a good grade; scholarship is a fetish at Japanese language schools. . . . Teachers themselves also wrote in their ideas when correcting the students' papers. . . . Most of the Japan sympathizers either changed their attitude as they grew older, or shuffled off to Japan to continue their education.

Before 1920 the language schools followed the school calendar of Japan, taking their long holiday in March and beginning their year in April. In the early years they kept sessions as long as two hours in the morning before public school began and two hours in the afternoon when it was over, teaching not only language but a full curriculum. They celebrated Japanese holidays and ignored American ones. Most of this was dropped during the twenties when the schools were attempting, outwardly in some cases, sincerely in others, to accommodate themselves to the American scene. In 1932 when Japan left the League of Nations there came another wave of nationalism which reached its height with the renewed invasion of China in 1937. References to Japan's power and culture worked their way into the texts, while some schools

returned to the use of Japanese text books. Clippings describing Japan's victories in China were boldly posted on bulletin boards. *Tenchosetsu*, the Emperor's birthday, was celebrated with formal bows before his picture and three banzai for imperial Japan.

Indoctrination was sometimes more subtle. One student remembers a story in his reader which described a tug of war held on shipboard to pass away the time. One team was all Japanese, the other all Caucasian. "We Japanese," goes the story, "had a certain downcast feeling that we could not possibly win. Our opponents were greater in size and outweighed us. But the Englishmen were already sure they were going to win and had a very confident look." Both teams lose once and win once but somehow (it isn't very clear) the Japanese team wins the decision, whereupon the English declare for better understanding and cooperation.

The excess of nationalism evaporated with the change of events in the Far East, and in 1941 when relations between America and Japan grew critical, American flags and pictures of Washington and Lincoln appeared in the school rooms. Part of the daily exercise was saluting the flag in the school yard, a rite in which the teachers participated with that grave and formal stiffness Japanese habit requires.

While the inculcating of Japanese nationalism was inexcusable, the reason is found in the indifference or hostility of the surrounding community which, by failing to make the Japanese at home turned them in defense to a glorification of their native land. But the attempt to arouse love for Japan had just the opposite effect on many young Americans.

There is no doubt that positive results came out of the ethics class. Most first-generation Americans have a hard time when blown by the contrary winds of home and play group to keep an even keel. The course is confused by conflicting viewpoints, and throwing overboard the ballast of old custom often makes the ship unmanageable. The Japanese language schools have to be given some of the credit for keeping the Hawaiian Japanese delinquency rate so low.

The books used have a tone strongly reminiscent of the McGuffey readers. Perhaps the influence is direct. For the Hawaiian Japanese readers were closely patterned on those of Japan. And since Japan's educational system modelled itself very closely after American methods current in the seventies, McGuffey may have returned to Hawaii by way of Japan. In any case the stories with their strong moral bent are

of the same sort. Aesop, as might be expected, comes frequently into these pages.

Akiyoshi Hayashida,⁸ who studied six of the books of moral instruction, concluded that although filial piety heads the list of virtues, the emphasis is otherwise no different from what one might expect to find in a Christian Sunday school or a Boy Scout pledge—honesty and industry and courtesy coming next in emphasis, then cooperation, kindness, self-confidence, and thereafter a whole host of familiar virtues. These traits were taught through stories which, if they seemed “rigged,” were at least better than sermons. Many a Japanese American still remembers these stories with pleasure.

The weapon with which these traits were driven home was shame (*haji*). A child who misbehaved found himself exposed before the whole class or even the whole school. To flout the code, he was taught, meant “smearing the faces of his family” before the world.

The curriculum, an hour a day six days a week, went like this: penmanship on Monday, reading and memorizing ideographs Tuesday, ethics and conduct on Wednesday, reading again on Thursday, composition on Friday, and English translation Saturday. The order of events might vary from school to school, but the schedule was always fixed, the subjects the same.

To study meant to study aloud. Anyone who failed to make his share of the noise was in for a lecturing from the teacher.

The reading books intermingled American and European heroes with Japanese. Raleigh, Columbus, Franklin, Jesus and Darwin rubbed shoulders with Togo, Kiyomasa Kato, Nogi and Manjiro. Many a Japanese American child learned his Greek mythology by way of the language school. It may even have taken him a little while to discover, when they got around to the Greeks in public school, that Pi-shi-ah-su, Yu-ri-shi-su and Ah-sen-zu were indeed the same as Pythias, Ulysses and Athens.

In addition to the academic curriculum some schools offered sewing and Japanese etiquette for the girls, *kendo* and *judo* (Japanese fencing and wrestling) for the boys. It is typical of the cultural survival the schools stood for that sewing meant the sewing of kimono long after the girls gave up wearing them. The teaching of useless accomplishments to women is not, however, peculiar to the Japanese.

Born on the wave of resurgent Japanism were a number of courses in the minor arts—flower arrangement, tea ceremony and etiquette.

Almost as much as language instruction, the parents wanted their children to get discipline. From the moment the bell rang the children were subject to the formal behavior which distinguishes Japanese culture. Before entering the school they lined up in front of the principal, dressed off in military fashion and bowed at the spoken command. Then they marched to their rooms, the boys shaking the flimsy wooden building with their exaggerated and defiant military step. In the classroom the teacher, standing stiffly on his platform, commanded, "Stand!" then "Bow!" then "Repeat precept!"

Some schools required uniform clothing as a means of standardizing their product. To a boy who had spent the day at public school in slacks and an aloha shirt, the necessity of putting on a tie and a black suit coat in the warm Hawaiian climate was a further injury. The school was only trying to transplant an alien culture without modification, for uniforms are required even of public school children in Japan. The mind which desires to catch and preserve culture in a bottle is apparently unable to alter the specimen. Thus all formal efforts to maintain cultural islands are doomed to failure by the very attitude which desires the perpetuation, for in their lack of willingness or even ability to change, they engage in a battle with the dominant culture whose only outcome for them is defeat.

Stories of beatings and severe punishments are too frequent to have been merely occasional aberrations of some teachers. The children and the teachers were on the surface fighting the old battle of discipline versus the desire for freedom. Actually their behavior was part of the larger struggle—that of the alien culture coming into conflict with American ways. To the teachers, the children represented the informality and license of free American ways—without discipline or seriousness of purpose, needing to be curbed. To the children the school and its teachers were sensed as the symbol of what kept them from being "one hundred per cent Americans," and their struggle was a necessary part of their cultural coming of age.

In this respect the schools served a useful purpose which has generally been overlooked. For especially to a group of children whose training in filial piety made any break with the family indefensible, the school served as an outlet, a means of expressing hostility to the alien culture which somehow had to be cast out. To flout the teacher was to flout the parental insistence on Japanese ways; to flout the school was to flout Japan as against America.

All of this was mixed up with the adolescent revolt and cannot be

separated from it. Every man has at least two births—the physical one, then the psychological one when he cuts loose from his parents. The children of alien parents have to suffer yet a third birth, a cultural one. It is part of the second, yet more than that, for its birthright includes the whole complex of attitudes, knowledge and behavior which characterize a man swimming in his cultural stream. The sons and daughters of aliens, like flying fish, are always jumping out of the stream.

There were besides this revolt other reasons why the schools failed to enforce order despite the rigid discipline. They depended on the attendance of the children if they were to exist. Loss of children meant loss of salary. Children who flunked usually dropped out; therefore they were not flunked. Cheating was encouraged by the value set upon grades in themselves. The whole state of affairs discouraged initiative.

"My friends and I often wished that something would happen to the school so that we might not have to attend forever," one student said. "Our wish was fulfilled when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor."

What kind of people were the teachers who had to put up with all this resistance and insubordination?

Many were Buddhist priests. In 1937 nearly two-thirds were aliens, though American citizens who had studied in Japan were replacing the foreign-born. Some were university graduates, others had only a high school education. Salaries ran anywhere from thirty to seventy-five dollars a month. The priests had income from their religious functions, and some teachers had wives who also taught. The low pay, the indifference or hostility of the children were in some measure balanced by the short hours and the high respect in which teachers were held by the alien community. In any case the lot of a language school teacher was better than that of a teacher in Japan, so that some good men were attracted, particularly to the larger schools or as principals.

The best represented the best of Japan. Educated during Japan's liberal period, they lacked the emotional nationalism of some newer arrivals. Their ideas of education were "old-fashioned"—that is, they included discipline, respect from the pupil, correct behavior, belief in the value of memorizing. The pupil was a rough board in need of planing rather than a rare spirit which should be left to soar. The tradition these men possessed was not only in the Japanese language, but in the Chinese culture which lay behind it together with its highly cultivated arts, of which the beautiful brush work of the written language was part. The

tragedy is that the conflict of cultures allowed so little of this valuable tradition to be transmitted.

The teachers would have had more respect from their pupils, and would have succeeded in greater measure, if they had been able to speak English. Most of them could not. So their pupils took advantage of the situation and gave their teachers that much more trouble.

As one student remarked, internment must have been a blessing for these poor souls who could never, given even the best of abilities, have satisfied parents, students and the American community within which they were functioning as cultural outposts and, as many thought, also as spies.

The Pearl Harbor attack brought an abrupt end to the schools. While Japanese should be taught in public high schools as it is now in the University, the language schools are not likely ever to revive. Most of them have liquidated their assets, one of the larger schools having turned over \$25,000 to the YMCA, another having given its property to the City of Honolulu. Many donated their assets to the Hawaii Veterans Memorial Fund, a body incorporated to administer such assets for the benefit of veterans and their families. The 1943 session of the Territorial Legislature passed an act (104) intended to discourage the revival of the schools. But it is doubtful whether this was necessary. The Service Committees of Japanese Americans established just after the war publicly opposed their reopening, a sentiment apparently shared by most Nisei. At present it is the Chinese who are fighting to retain their language schools.

Were the language schools, on balance, an asset or a detriment to the island community?

A study of a number of Japanese school children proved that the language schools had no measurable effect on the child's mastery of English,⁴ and many mature Nisei now wish they had taken full advantage of them. They probably did more good than harm. If the war had not killed them, they would have died out as second generation Americans replaced children of alien parents. There is no easy way to shift cultures. If the language schools put the brakes on rapid Americanization, they also prevented a sudden rift between parents and children.

Most of the children disliked the schools as a dog dislikes his leash. Its methods were wrong for them, yet some means of handing down the best traits of their parental culture were necessary, and no one was wise enough to devise a better.

Certain it is that no one got more than a little learning from his warm, drowsy afternoons in language school. Any young Japanese American on a Honolulu street could probably sum up the whole matter of the language schools, if you asked his opinion, in a single, eloquent island word:

"Wastetime."

Whatever may be said of the language schools, the manner in which poor immigrant parents supported them, often at great sacrifice, gives evidence of the value the Japanese attached to education. Many plantation parents similarly sacrificed to put their children through high school or college.

Education to the Japanese as to the American is a symbol of achievement, the stronger to a Japanese because it was harder for him to get. The case of Masajiro Watanabe is not at all unusual. He came, many years ago, to work on a plantation. Then he became a carpenter, operating his own business in Honolulu. All his six children went to college. One is now a dentist, one a surveyor, three are teachers and the oldest daughter is married and raising a family. Watanabe is an alien; he cannot be anything else. But he says: "What's all this talk about loyal? How can I not be loyal to a country that gave my children this opportunity?"

The desire to escape from the plantation and from the status of ordinary laborer was a strong motive.

"My parents always told me to study hard and become a great man and not a cane field laborer, who has to go to work early in the morning, rain or sun, and work to late in the evening," one young man recalled. "They even said they would buy anything for me if it was related to school." ⁵

As a result of this intensive drive for education, over thirty per cent of the public school teachers in Hawaii are now of Japanese ancestry though their parents were mostly laborers, and the number of dentists, doctors and other professional men is at least proportionate to the number of Japanese in the islands. Those of Japanese ancestry in the school for the retarded in Honolulu are only ten per cent of expectancy.

Yet while the Japanese have taken to education, the first American generation carries with it a number of handicaps from the culture of its parents. Teachers find the children shame-faced, retiring, afraid of putting themselves forward. It is like pulling teeth, they say, to get them to express themselves or initiate anything. They prefer rote memory to

individual thinking. They are amiable and polite, quiet and well-behaved, but slow to react, lacking in spontaneity.

But there is evidence that the situation is improving. Dr. Stevenson Smith found that between 1924 and 1938 island children had advanced one year in mental age. Another study showed that Japanese children tend to lead others in their mastery of subject matter up to the age of fourteen, but when thinking becomes more important than memory, their lack of social background leaves them behind.

A root difficulty is language. Many of the immigrants who entered Hawaii, both from Asia and Europe, were illiterate. They learned only enough of the boss' language to know what he wanted of them. Pidgin, imported from the China port cities with Chinese laborers, had already become established. The Japanese picked this up, adding a few words of their own to a brew which already had Chinese, Hawaiian and Portuguese words sprinkled in the English solvent. As the American-born of all origins were exposed to English in the public schools they developed a play-yard dialect a cut above pidgin but still far from standard.

Social pressure, especially among adolescents, was hard on standard English. Some teachers have noted that students speak worse in high school than they did in the grades. Those who do speak correctly are called "black haole," for good English is associated with the dominant economic and social caste. Even those who want to raise their standards hesitate for fear of being separated from their social group. Thus an ambivalent attitude toward language grows up.

While islanders of all ancestries (except the well educated) speak a more or less uniform dialect, those of Japanese background are likely to have difficulty with *th*, *l* and *r* sounds. Also the Japanese habit of speaking without lip movements makes for thickness of speech. The Nisei really use four languages—standard English in school, Hawaiian dialect at play, Japanese of their parents' ken at home, and (until the war) standard Japanese at language school.*

* There is a horrible fascination about Hawaiian English. Here are a few samples:

In a discussion of baseball: "I betcha Nippons take champ this year." "You told me that last year but look what happened. They took cellar." "Yeah but they get better team this year."

A picture bride saddled with a husband who had made her work like a slave: "When my husband die plenty people speak how sorry, so me in one eye cry, but in other eye too much laugh."

A conversation between two bus drivers: "Hey, you get any change?" "I get plenty. You like some?" "Yeh—the buggah no leave nutting for me. He jam me up." "Oke, I give you some. How much you like?" "Gimme four bucks' worth." "Eh—how much more you gotta go?" "I no pau yet. Get two more run to make. Wastetime today, I suppose to go off two o'clock but the damn buggah no like show up as why I go fix him when he go come."

The public schools have tackled the problem by doubling the language classes, stressing American history and citizenship, and encouraging students to show initiative. The wartime "Speak English" campaign, according to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, by giving community approval to the use of English pushed the students in the direction the schools had been leading them.

At McKinley High in Honolulu seventy per cent of the students have Japanese parents. I watched one sophomore class hold an extemporaneous discussion on compulsory military training. A student served as chairman, calling on one student or another, bringing out opposing viewpoints, summarizing. The ideas advanced were not original or striking, but they showed as much honest thought as one would hear in an adult group and more than lies behind many a word spoken in Congress.

McKinley has used progressive methods to encourage initiative—a trait lacking in many young Nisei. It also emphasizes citizenship. Students not only have the usual student government, but sit on faculty committees and learn the hows and whys of school management. A specialist analyzes and corrects speech defects. Discussions and forums replace formal recitation.

In Hawaii as on the mainland twenty-six per cent of grammar school graduates go to high school. The Japanese respect for learning and the desire of the Nisei to get ahead are sending more and more young men and women higher up the educational stairway. Fewer are willing to go back to the plantations, a situation unsettling to the planters. Some years ago John Hind, speaking to the Hawaii Sugar Planters' Association, said: "Why blindly continue a ruinous system that keeps a boy and girl in school at the taxpayer's expense long after they have mastered more than sufficient learning for all the ordinary purposes, simply to enlighten them on subjects of questionable value." The speaker, obviously, had not been sufficiently enlightened himself to understand the importance of education in a democracy. But his fear over the loss of the labor supply is easily understood.

During the thirties the accent was on vocational training. This, together with a return to the plantation as a result of the depression, offered a temporary solution. But the planters know that Americans do not like stoop labor. They know that young men will accept jobs as mechanics and machine operators. And they are making every effort to complete the mechanization of the plantations, not only to solve the labor problem but to increase per capita production as wages rise.

Schooling for the first American-born generation was in many ways rough going. If they applied in Japanese school what they had learned at public school of initiative and questioning, they drew a lecture if not a lashing. They could not do their Japanese homework without neglecting the other. They feared to open their mouths in public school because they would be badgered about their poor speech. They dared not use correct English outside of school for fear of ridicule, nor could they speak at home the standard Japanese they learned in language school. Many who were pressed by their parents to continue their education saw little opportunity in the island economy for a job suited to such higher training.

Yet the remarkable thing is that so much has been accomplished in so short a time. In spite of language schools and the influence of alien parents, the Nisei are essentially American. To be this they have had to fight a triple battle—against their parents, against discrimination, and within themselves as traits of Japan and America came into conflict. For much of their success they have to thank the American public school system and the teachers who often provided their only contact with the haole world they were taught to emulate but never quite permitted to enter.

X

A MAN'S A MAN

*Our toil's obscure, and a' that . . .
A man's a man for a' that.*—Burns

When Sentaro Ishii came to Hawaii in 1868 his wage was four dollars and board for a month's labor twelve hours a day. If any of Sentaro's descendants were plantation workers in 1946 they were getting more money for a day's work than he got for a month's. Between those two dates is the story of labor's struggle to get a fair share of the rewards the sugar industry—and a fat government subsidy—had made possible. Three major strikes provide the crises, two of them involving bloodshed and death.

For many years the Japanese proved to be the only successful solution to Hawaii's labor problem, and from 1892 to 1919 they provided well over half—for a time almost three-quarters—of the labor on the plantations. The great wealth of Hawaii grew from their toil. For every pleasant home in Nuuanu or Manoa many men wore the marks in their faces bronzed under the tropical sun, their brown wrinkled necks and gnarled hands.

Managerial skill and capital were needed, of course, yet without labor they would have been useless. Even so, they managed to keep wages down, thanks to the contract system which committed the laborers to low wages and gave them no way out except a possible escape to the cities.

But annexation, greatly desired by the planters because of the political stability and economic prosperity it would bring, gave some unavoidable advantages to labor. Chinese labor had been excluded from the United States since 1888, so after annexation there would be no prospect of importing Chinese. And since 1885 the importation of labor under contract into the United States had been prohibited. With commendable foresight the plantations brought in more than 26,000 Japanese under contract in 1899.

The Organic Act, establishing Hawaii as a territory, was a rude shock to them. It said that no penal suits could be maintained for the breaking of labor contracts and that any made since August 12, 1898 (the date of annexation) were void.

The workers, puzzled by this strange democratic business of protecting rights they did not even know they had, stopped work for a few days to see what would happen. The planters had predicted chaos, and this work stoppage, they said with gloomy satisfaction, was proof of their accurate predictions. But the stoppage did not develop into a strike. No demands were made. Maybe they celebrated with a few bottles of saké. In any case they soon went back to work.

Free to move about now, they began to go from one plantation to another and wages rose in the attempt to hold them. Instead of earning more, however, they simply worked less. Plantations claimed they were not paying out any more and were still in need of labor. A bonus system was tried. Monthly wages rose from \$12.50 to \$20 and even to \$26—a dollar for each working day, unheard of affluence. Still incentive was lacking. Then piecework was tried, and long-term contracts by which a group of workers would cultivate and harvest a given field. By this means the more energetic workers raised their income.

But as soon as the men gained belief in their new freedom, the itch of grievances long unexpressed broke out in a rash of strikes. There were twenty-two in 1900, twenty of them initiated by Japanese. Yet they were small, spontaneous, local, unorganized—more like the peasant revolts common in pre-Restoration Japan than a modern strike. Usually they arose from dissatisfaction with overseers or the demand for higher wages, sometimes to win damages for injuries or to get back the part of their wages withheld under the original contract.

In 1904 a four-day strike at Waipahu on Oahu kept sixteen hundred men from work over the issue of an unfair overseer. In 1905 fourteen hundred men walked out at Lahaina, Maui because a luna had assaulted a worker.

In 1902 the Hawaiian magazine, *Paradise of the Pacific*, discussed the virtues of Mongolian versus Caucasian labor, reporting that the trouble with Caucasians was their inclination to strike. Strikes among Asiatics had been short and resulted in little harm, it concluded. The son of the Orient, it purred, is docile and subservient.

The *Paradise of the Pacific* was due for a rude awakening.

In January of 1909 the Higher Wage Association of Honolulu, a group formed as the result of public meetings and newspaper articles in the Japanese press, sent a demand for higher wages to the Hawaii Sugar

Planters' Association. The main point was equal pay for equal work, for at this time Portuguese and Porto Rican labor was better paid and better housed, the only reason being that their primitive ancestors had moved west from the cradle of races while those of the Japanese had gone east.

The demand was ignored. The HSPA claimed that the Higher Wage Association was a gang of agitators (Reds would be the word today) who were not workers and had no legal claim to represent them.

It is true that the men who started the move for equal wages were not plantation workers, though the logic which finds this an impediment is not very convincing, except in its expediency. It was Motoyuki Negoro, returning from the mainland where he had studied at the University of California and seen unionism at work, who wrote the series of articles in the *Nippu Jiji* that started the ball rolling. This, and the fact that Congress had passed a law preventing Japanese from moving to the mainland while the Gentlemen's Agreement prohibited the arrival of any more from Japan.

The English press jumped on the "agitators" with all four feet. But the Japanese press was divided. Some papers backed up the *Jiji* while others led by the *Hawaii Shinpo* bitterly attacked the Higher Wage Association and all its works. A good old-fashioned journalistic battle raged through the pages of the dozen Japanese papers. The conservatives valued more highly the reputation for orderly behavior and submission the Japanese had got in the community, the "radicals" thought more of justice cutting across racial lines. The conservatives were the better-established business men whose interests depended upon friendly contact with the haoles, the "radicals" were younger men "on the make."

That they "agitated" the workers is true enough. Both Yasutaro Soga, editor of the *Jiji*, and Fred Makino, editor of the *Hochi*, told me how they went around to the plantations for several months, making talks to the men and building up sentiment for a united demand.

When the demand presented to HSPA was ignored, fifteen hundred workers at Aiea plantation near Pearl Harbor stopped work. Other plantations followed. Ordered to leave their plantation homes, workers and their families walked all the way to Honolulu, led by a band which made more noise than music and was strongly addicted to "Marching through Georgia." By the end of June seven thousand men were on strike. Five thousand strikers and their families were being fed and housed in Honolulu by the Higher Wage Association at a cost of \$600 a day.

Laborers on the other islands stayed at work in order to help support

the strike. Funds of \$42,000 were available. But against this the plantations spent two million dollars paying an unheard of \$1.50 a day to strikebreakers, to prove that labor organization would not be tolerated. They refused to bargain or even to recognize representatives. And in the end their overwhelming strength broke the strike. When strike funds ran out in August the workers had to return to their old jobs with no promises of any kind from the planters.

The plantation interests had meanwhile, after trying intimidation, caused illegal arrest and imprisonment of the leaders on trumped-up charges of "conspiracy." Yasutaro Soga remembers how, while he was in jail awaiting trial, he was taken to his office and ordered to open the safe. Soga refused, was threatened, opened the safe and watched while it was ransacked. Papers found in it were used against him at his trial. The court refused to sustain the claim that the evidence was inadmissible because illegally obtained.

An unfortunate aspect of the strike, and one which played into the hands of the planters, was the attempt on the life of Sometaro Sheba, editor of the conservative *Shinpo*. Naturally the authorities were anxious to pin it on the men who had led the move for higher wages. It was on this charge of conspiracy in a murderous assault that Soga and three others were arrested a third time, tried and found guilty. They were pardoned and released after serving three of the ten months to which they were sentenced. No less a person than Joseph Cooke, one of the big men of the sugar industry, signed the petition for their pardon. "We have suffered immense losses in this strike," he told the Rev. Takie Okumura, "but Soga and others fought for their principles, and for that reason I respect them."

The HSPA had declared that a rise in wages would be impossible. Yet before the year was out a bonus system was introduced, wages were raised to twenty dollars a month, the contract method of payment was improved, sanitary conditions were bettered, housing, schools and hospitals began to receive more attention. Was all this due to the unfettered magnanimity of the employer? Or was it overdue?

The report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration for 1911 observes:

The sugar planters are either insincere in their declared desire to Americanize the islands or else their efforts are at cross purposes with their ambition. If the people of Hawaii, and the sugar planters in particular, wish to bring the islands up to the actual standard of an American Territory, some substantial inducement must be offered to labor, for both field

and mill work in the way of increased wages and better working conditions. . . . A considerable increase can be made and the planter still receive a good return on his investment.¹

That the strike, engineered along racial lines, aroused racial feelings there is scarcely any doubt. An investigator from the Department of Commerce and Labor told Mr. Soga that the mistake of the leaders was in not making the strike interracial. The plantations now renewed their efforts to import Caucasian and Filipino labor, hoping to build racial barriers to labor solidarity. For a time they were successful. After 1910 the number of Japanese plantation workers declined steadily while the Filipinos increased. But European labor could not be induced to stay. It left the plantations almost as fast as replacements were brought in. The "docile Oriental" was still corollary to the prosperous planter.*

The next major strike in 1920 succeeded at first in overcoming racial barriers. It was begun by Filipinos joined by a small number of Chinese, Portuguese and Spaniards. The Japanese, no longer a clear majority of plantation labor, now provided only 44 per cent of the working force. But they still made the biggest splash in the labor pool; they made the most interesting copy.

As early as 1917 they had begun to ask for increases to meet the rapidly rising cost of living. But because it was considered unpatriotic to raise such questions in wartime, their demand was abandoned until 1919. When the request was then ignored a Federation of Japanese Labor was formed. Simultaneous demands were presented by the Japanese and the Filipinos—and were as usual ignored. The Filipinos on Oahu struck—prematurely, the Japanese thought. But four days later they followed. On the first of February, 1920, the strike was extended to all the islands.

The workers wanted their daily wages raised from 77 cents to \$1.25. They wanted the bonus system liberalized. They wanted an eight hour day, overtime pay for extra work, and higher returns under the contract system.

The planters would make no concessions.

On February 18 the strikers, nearly twelve thousand in all, were put out of their plantation homes, utensils and furniture thrown out in heaps before the houses, doors nailed shut. There was no band playing this time. The influenza epidemic was at its height in Honolulu, yet

* Portuguese remained better than other imported groups and were often advanced to overseers or lunas. Porto Ricans tended to remain too, but neither group satisfied the demand.

the strikers had nowhere else to go. Temples, churches, and thanks to Mr. Volstead empty saké breweries were opened to the strikers and their families. Lack of sanitation and crowding together made easy victims for influenza. Language schools were converted into hospitals. Of the six thousand who came to Honolulu, twelve hundred got the disease and many died.

Although the Filipinos had struck first, the haole community felt sure that a Japanese plot was afoot. For the first time racism threatened Hawaii. The Rev. Albert W. Palmer, together with some other prominent citizens, recommended that the Japanese Labor Federation dissolve in order to leave the field clear for an organization of interracial scope, that employee committees be elected on the plantations to hear grievances and propose remedies that would forestall strikes. While the Japanese agreed immediately, the Planters' Association even refused to discuss the proposal with those who had made it.

The strike was suddenly called off at the end of June. Charges of corruption were made but not proved. And as in 1909, reforms soon followed.

The planters had spent twelve million dollars to break the strike. But once it was broken a new wage scale was announced which increased the minimum by 50 per cent—apparently with the idea of showing how unnecessary any labor organization would be. Housing, sanitation and water supply were again improved. Visiting nurses made the rounds of plantation homes, hospitals were added to plantations which had not had them before, and supervised playgrounds, night school classes in English, a film exchange and garden contests were added to the services and perquisites.

So similar was this stern and benevolent paternalism to the feudalism of Japan and to the Japanese factory system which had followed feudalism that the Japanese might have accepted it in preference to the independence of American labor if the plantations had been smart enough to let Japanese administer it. For in Japan an employer, taking over the obligations of the one-time feudal master, is expected to act like a father to his help. The relation is definitely pseudo-familial. A Japanese prefers it to be so, for placing such obligations on the employer gives security to the employee. The paternalism of the planters was not a bad idea. Its failure was a failure to know and understand the Japanese, to bridge the gap between management and labor by appointing a few Japanese to administrative posts in the welfare program. The planters' program, having only self-interest as motivation, lacked the

heartbeat without which no management of masses of people is possible.

Along with improved wages and working conditions went, as usual, a cry for more labor in order to create a surplus which would discourage future strikes and create racial cells in the structure. The old plan of admitting Chinese was dragged out again, but the Congressional Committee on Immigration and Naturalization stood pat. Reinstating a system of peonage, it said, was no way to solve Hawaii's problems.

The notorious foreign language press control bill must also be reckoned as a fruit of the strike. Pushed through the Legislature by plantation interests, aimed at the Japanese press yet so worded as to punish anyone who tried to keep men from breaking a strike, it permits the employer to go right on threatening and intimidating his workers. It clearly implied that haoles would remain the dominant group. The spirit of aloha, it seemed, had strings attached.

The strikes of 1909 and 1920 were by and for immigrants. By 1938, when the next strike of importance involving Japanese took place, the strikers were predominantly American citizens. They were Americans acting no longer as a racial bloc but as members of a real labor union. Unions, because of the language barriers and the hostility of the dominant group, had been slow to develop in Hawaii. Until 1935 there were only 500 trade union members in the islands. By 1946 the number came to something like 30,000. In that decade the unions more than any other activity brought the AJAs actively into the wider community. In 1938 their blood mingled with that of fellow members of all races in the notorious firing against the waterfront strikers in Hilo.

What the schools had begun, the unions carried on. Not even the influence of some planters who publicly decried "useless" education could prevent the normal Americanizing processes of the schools from taking effect. Boy Scouts and YMCAs had helped. And as the labor force became more and more one of American citizens, the lessons of democracy came to dominate its thinking. One civic leader in Honolulu says that the unions in five years advanced the situation a generation.

Hawaii began to unionize in 1935 when revived activity also began on the mainland. The dock workers were organized by the International Longshoreman's Association (later the International Longshoreman's and Warehouseman's Union, CIO). In 1938 organizing the plantations was begun on a non-racial basis. Defense construction beginning in 1941 stimulated the growth of craft unions. One carpenter's local grew, for

example, from 75 to 1,400. In 1944 the Longshoremen began a real drive to unionize the plantations where the bulk of Hawaiian labor is employed, and in 1945 most plantations had signed a contract.

For a time the war caused a sharp drop in the number of union members. Some anti-union army officers during the period of military government prevented meetings, prohibited collection of dues and expelled organizers. One Japanese American, president of a local, was interned by a panel of three plantation managers. But as the workers regained confidence membership rose again. The ILWU, most aggressive of island unions, elected two members to the Territorial Legislature, fostered a bill protecting the right of agricultural workers to organize, got Nisei workers readmitted to the Hilo waterfront from which they had been excluded for three years, and urged Americans of Japanese ancestry to take their part in the island political and civic life.

About half of the ILWU members are of Japanese stock. Jack Kawano, president of the Honolulu dock workers, is one of the leading labor men in the islands. Born and raised on a plantation, he left school after the sixth grade but continued to teach himself by reading. His first trip to the mainland in 1935 as a labor representative showed him that he still had a lot to learn. He worked hard on his English and now, but for a touch of island accent, speaks like an educated man.

AFL unions, concentrated in the Honolulu area and strongest in the trades, public utilities and trucking, used to exclude AJAs. Now they welcome them.

Japanese members, according to labor leaders, are sturdy unionists. This, of course, is a result of that training in the four virtues which taught that an obligation is not undertaken lightly, but once assumed must be carried to the end. Loyalty to the group one belongs to—loyalty at the cost of personal sacrifice—is the bedrock of the Japanese ethical system.

Japanese Americans hesitated to join unions at first because they remembered as children the suffering and the failure of the 1909 and 1920 strikes. They also hesitated because of a condition thus described in 1937 by a National Labor Relations Board examiner:

No impartial person . . . could fail to be impressed with the fact that the longshoremen . . . are afraid, and they have reason to be. . . . The police department works with the respondent to check any untoward activity and this is well understood. Moreover, the army intelligence cooperates with the Industrial Association of Hawaii, and the latter, in turn, is managed by the attorney for respondent, Castle & Cooke Ltd.

On the plantations, where even tighter control could be exerted over the lives of the workers, the situation was even more acute. In the war years, moreover, AJAs were held by public opinion and debarment from Pearl Harbor to the less remunerative jobs. Even so, any effort to protect their rights was used by one segment of opinion (often led by the *Honolulu Advertiser*) as evidence of disloyalty. Thus when the transportation union, in protest over modification of operational rules, snarled traffic for two days by literally obeying every rule in the book, alarmists cried "Japanese sabotage." Not a single AJA member was on the executive board issuing the order although many bus drivers were Japanese because other races had forsaken these jobs for better paying work at Pearl Harbor.

In the union movement Japanese Americans have found something they did not find elsewhere in the life of the islands—the opportunity to be members as equals with men of other racial background in an organization which seeks their welfare, a chance to become leaders if their talents lie that way, a feeling that they have a voice in the economic life to which their labor contributes. In play groups they had learned the American idea of sportsmanship. In school they had learned of the theoretical liberties to which their citizenship gave them birthright. But too often, when they went to work, they found themselves hampered by the unacknowledged favoritism toward haoles, the overruling strength of the big companies throughout the island economic life. The unions gave them power, but better still a sense of belonging, an equality they had been taught to expect and insist upon as good Americans. And because of the strong group cohesiveness and group loyalty acquired through their parents, the union was especially fitted to make a bridge between the best of their Japanese background and the best of the American.²

Like any immigrant group, the Japanese had to hook on at the bottom and pull themselves up the economic rope, hand over hand, relying on their own efforts. There has been enough racial discrimination to act as a spur, but not enough to prevent their rise. Some employers, capitalizing on this ambition, have paid high in promises and low in cash.

Yet even if there is racial discrimination in employment, everyone agrees that haoles make the best employers. The old island saying that there are three wage scales—what a haole pays a haole, what a haole pays an Oriental and what an Oriental pays an Oriental—is borne out

by the experience of a young technician who during the depression worked his way to the top in a Japanese firm at ninety dollars a month. As business grew worse he was cut to \$81, then to \$72, and then let out. He then went to a haole firm where he found a job starting at \$120. Working beside him were haoles getting \$180 for the same work.

The Japanese came as plantation workers. Most of them wanted to leave the plantations or thought they wanted to. When the dream of returning to Japan faded it was replaced by the dream of opening a small shop or becoming a carpenter or in some other way being independent. Even when wartime wages went to five dollars a day and, with perquisites, represented a higher real income than anything the average worker would have found elsewhere, the urge to get away remained.

If land had been available in the islands, many plantation workers would have become small farmers. But because much of the best land is held by large estates or plantations, only a little was available for truck farming. Some Japanese found their way to this. Two or three acres of flowers or vegetables near a city was enough to provide a living, though before the war it was a meager one.

Not farming, but a small store was the first step toward independence for most of the ambitious plantation workers. In 1940 Japanese citizens and aliens were 40 per cent of the island tradesmen.

Japanese (mostly Okinawans) raised 90 per cent of the hogs, a commodity important in the islands because of the Chinese fondness for pork and the Hawaiian *luau*—an outdoor banquet in which pig steamed in a pit is the main dish.

Since their first arrival in the islands Japanese have served as domestics, and from domestic to waiter, bell-hop and cook was an easy step.

Another activity which was early available to the Japanese because of its low return was dressmaking. Around 1912 some enterprising Japanese began to operate sewing "schools" and before long the trade had attracted 867 establishments.

In every trade they entered in numbers, the alien Japanese showed a strong cohesiveness. Until the war there were trade associations for fishermen, florists, merchants, dressmakers, contractors, cleaners. Perhaps they were needed in an economy where the dominant interests always worked by agreement. The war which swept them aside has opened the way for trade associations of interracial character.

Unique among trades is that of barbering. The Japanese have a virtual monopoly of the barber shops. The barbers are usually girls in their early

twenties or even in the teens, managed by an older woman. Thirty years ago when Japanese began to open barber shops their wives helped them as wives do in Japan. The American custom which dictated that barbers must always be men did not touch them, nor did their presence harm the trade.⁸

To farming, domestic work and shopkeeping, fishing would have to be added as one of the major activities of the Japanese. Fishermen from Wakayama and Yamaguchi prefectures back in the nineties broke the Chinese monopoly in fish. Until their native country put them out of business by attacking Pearl Harbor they had built up deep-sea fishing to a considerable industry. Sampans ranging as far as Guam and Midway were often gone for several weeks. The tuna packers relied chiefly on Japanese fishermen.

The rewards, though not great, were better than many a white collar job. One young man had to return to fishing in order to support the family when his father died. He left a job at \$60 a month to enter a speculative industry where the return varied from \$700 to \$1,200 a year. But the American-born don't like fishing. They feel that they always "stink fish" and are afraid to ask the girls to go out with them.

It is characteristic of Americans to want better jobs, better pay. This is not, as many Americans seem to think, a world-wide phenomenon. In rural Japan, for instance, a small landowner would neither seek nor expect to be anything but a small farmer. His rewards are in the security of his position, the fixed place he occupies in the community, the satisfaction of being no better and no worse off than his neighbors.

The Japanese who came to Hawaii had already discarded this attitude of acceptance and were ambitious for their children. In Japan eldest sons followed the trade of their fathers, but no plantation worker wanted his son to be a field laborer. Where the immigrant generation succeeded in establishing itself in some such independent enterprise as a shop or trade the son was usually expected to carry on. But parents seeing the opportunities of American life urged their children to better themselves, sacrificed to give them education and training.

As the Japanese climbed the economic stairs, later immigrants took the less desirable jobs. Nisei looked more and more toward office work, professions, skilled trades.

Half of the island's builders and carpenters are of Japanese stock, and a majority of the garage and auto mechanics. Fifty-five per cent of the

liquor licenses are issued to them. The wealthiest Japanese American in the islands is a liquor distributor who also dabbles in real estate and any other field where he can exercise his flair for making a profit.

More than a third of the island's teachers are of Japanese ancestry, partly because of the high honor attached to the profession by the Japanese, partly because no discrimination barred their way. At one time the number of doctors threatened to grow far beyond the need. There are plenty of dentists, lawyers, architects.

Men and women of Japanese ancestry, since they make up a third of the island population, are found as one might expect in nearly every industry and profession, with one exception—the offices of the Big Five companies.

I asked a number of the top men about this. Their answers were polite, not consciously evasive, and very revealing.

One vice-president said that his firm does not employ any Japanese to speak of though it has no policy against them. Where a racial group makes up a third of the population the lack of a formal policy makes no difference to the impression created. The same official—a liberal-minded person who has had Japanese students living in his own home—was unable to name a single Japanese American holding a high position on any one of the five plantations his company manages, though he named some on others.

The president of another company declared quite frankly that the only Japanese employee in his office was the janitor. He didn't think there was any racial discrimination involved either. Another company president had a better story. Because his company adds merchandising to its plantation activities, 28 per cent of its employees were of Japanese stock, the highest paid a salesman making as much as five thousand. Obviously his racial origin is bringing business to the company from the Japanese customers he serves. But less than one per cent of these employees were on the administrative level. The "Japs," this president said—by which he meant citizens or aliens indiscriminately—lack loyalty to the company. After learning a job they will quit and open their own business. In his mind this fact had no connection with the less than one per cent in the administrative bracket or with the one salesman who made five thousand dollars.

The island attitude toward the Japanese has run an interesting and quite logical course. When Japanese labor solved an embarrassing need, as in 1868, 1885 or during the years of the first World War, it was honest, industrious, energetic. When it tried to cut a larger piece of the pie, as in

1909, 1920 or 1944, it was tricky, disloyal, demanding, cocky, untrustworthy and on down to more earthy and specific characterizations.

Today the returned veterans, the union men who kept the lower paying jobs while those of other ancestry cleaned up at Pearl Harbor, the newly organized plantation workers are not going to satisfy anyone's demand for a submissive and tractable Oriental. They are going to demand their rights as essential workmen and as Americans. In the shake-down process a much more honest relationship between employers and workers may emerge.

For their part, the plantations have been trying to solve the labor problem by developing machinery which will reduce to the vanishing point the need for direct physical labor. Citizens are willing to take machine jobs, and such jobs require the better-educated men who are now the staple of the labor market. Some such solution must be found, for Hawaii's economy can be sustained only by the sugar and pineapple industries which make all other activities possible. Other crops, other industries have been tried, but it always comes back to these.

That is the core of the economic problem for the Nisei. Most of them are trying to get away from the plantations, but the majority of them are going to have to stay there. The ambitious soon bump their heads on a ceiling which to them is pure racial prejudice. They see haoles from the mainland with half their experience taking jobs which, but for their ancestors, would go to them. They forget that in education and in qualities of leadership they still have a way to go. The island life—its warmth, its friendly, easy-going spirit, the warm waters and bright skies—surrounds them with an attractiveness which will not let them go. The thoughts of many a young Nisei are expressed in these words of a young plantation worker:

"I sure envy you people on the outside. I am twenty-three years old and have lived around here practically my whole life. I've been brought up with 'pines' and cane, and I guess I'll die with them. Ten years from now I'll be just the same—just going along. . . . You can't go very high up and get big money unless your skin is white. You can work here all your life and yet a haole who doesn't know a thing about the work can be ahead of you in no time. . . . Going to work we get into a truck that takes us to the field where we work. After work the truck comes for us. We're just like prisoners. You know what I mean." ⁴

Can the men who control Hawaii's economic life find a solution for such young men? Or will they, as they enter political life, be forced to find their own?

XI

"IN AGIN OUT AGIN"

*In agin, out agin,
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin,
Finnegan*

In the landing of the Dutch at Nagasaki in the seventeenth century, seeking trade with the land Marco Polo had long ago brought word of, in the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth the kernel of Japanese migration was already formed. The restlessness which carried men across oceans was inseparable from the spirit of Western culture. Actually it had once been a part of Japan's character too, until Tokugawa rulers put an end to voyages which had taken the Japanese as far as Siam and the Philippines and Singapore.

Though Japanese emigration was slow to start, it reached flood tide around the turn of the century. Then as the response grew warm the invitation grew cool, until in 1897 Hawaii sent back some of the immigrants she had been so long enticing into her web. From this time on the motions of the Japanese to Hawaii and the mainland and home again are best described in the words of Finnegan who operated the trolley with the open sides.

The planters may have felt, in 1897, that they had had enough of the Japanese. But the Japanese had felt that sentiment toward the planters for quite a long time. Unlike the planters, they had been unable to translate sentiment into action. As soon as annexation cut the bonds which held them, they left the island paradise for California in numbers which caused alarm in the offices of Castle & Cooke, Alexander & Baldwin, and the other factors. It was one thing to reject immigrants; quite another for immigrants to reject them. But not all Hawaii's charms could cancel out sixty-nine cents a day.

The movement did not begin immediately on Hawaii's becoming a territory. No doubt only the few adventurers went at first, and their ex-

periences had to filter back through the community before others dared make the break. Money had to be saved, the psychological inertia of the contract laborer overcome. But by 1904 over 6,000 and in 1905 nearly 10,000 left the islands. By 1907 the total had reached something like 40,000.¹

There was a feeling in Hawaii that the Japanese had proved unreliable—whether because of their desire to earn higher wages or because they were forsaking Hawaii for California is not clear. Meanwhile those left behind began to feel the value of their labor as their numbers decreased. Strikes for higher wages were frequent after 1903 and the planters began to look about for other sources. Their hope of reintroducing Oriental labor was dashed by Teddy Roosevelt's message to Congress in December 1905. "The status of servility can never again be tolerated on American soil," he said. "No merely half-hearted effort to meet its problems as other American communities have met theirs can be accepted as final. Hawaii shall never become a territory in which a governing class of rich planters exists by means of coolie labor."

This was pointed enough, and in only one direction. Roosevelt was no hero in the homes of Nuuanu Valley or in the offices around Fort Street.

Cut off from their source of labor, the factors also had to watch labor agents from the mainland enticing their workers away. Japanese newspapers carried advertisements promising \$1.35 a day, and even up to \$4.00 for contract work.

This was too much. The Legislature enacted a law requiring a five hundred dollar license fee of all agents.

The law had no effect at all. Meanwhile the Japanese Merchants' Association was quite as alarmed as the planters, for every laborer who left for the mainland was one customer the less. The Japanese Consul General was alarmed. He issued circulars advising the Japanese to stay put. The exodus continued.

But the Japanese in Hawaii, isolated as they may have felt on the plantations, were subject to stronger currents than their own desires, stronger even than the will of the planters. Though the majority of them had never seen Honolulu since their first arrival, though the plantation with its few hundred people marked the boundaries of their lives, the march of world events affected them.

Until the end of the Russo-Japanese War American sentiment toward Japan had been on the whole favorable. We felt a parental responsibility for the nation we had teased or forced out of its seclusion. As mother love is in some part narcissistic, a worship of the labor that has gone into the

product, our liking for Japan was for what we had done to and for it, and for the image of ourselves we now saw there. So Americans, who also like to cheer the underdog, were rooting for Japan against Russia though most of them were astonished to see their candidate win the fight.

Once she had won, the tide of feeling turned. Not Madame Butterfly but Admiral Togo turned out to be the archetype of Japanese civilization. At the same time the flood of Japanese labor began to bother the West Coast. Following on the heels of the Chinese influx it was looked at in much the same way. The Japanese inherited all the passions which, once directed against the Chinese, were looking for a new outlet. When there were no more than four hundred Japanese in all California the first cry of "the Japs must go" was heard from a political hack who had raised himself on the bodies of the Chinese. By 1905, when Japan's victory over Russia announced a new world power, California had already made up its mind that "the Japs must go."

But Hawaii didn't want the Japanese to go. It wanted them to stay, so long as they would stay quietly, take what wages were given them, and not organize. Organization was the right of owners, as illustrated in that super-organization, the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association. It did not become a poor workman.

Hawaii's desire to keep the Japanese fitted in very nicely with California's desire to get rid of them. Both were satisfied with the resulting legislation which, enacted by Congress in 1907 and signed by the President on February 20, prevented Japanese and Koreans from coming to the mainland on passports issued originally for Hawaii, Mexico or Canada. By the Gentlemen's Agreement which Japan scrupulously observed, no further passports were issued to laborers wanting to go to the mainland, this in exchange for America's promise not to segregate Japanese children in the public schools. A year later (in 1908) the Japanese government voluntarily applied the same restrictions to Hawaii, so that only former residents and their families could enter the islands. This was more than the planters had bargained for. While they had succeeded in stopping the leakage to the mainland, they could do nothing about the seepage into the cities from the plantations, and without immigration to balance this the labor problem was as bad as ever.

A change in atmosphere had now begun to come over the islands. Its roots, like all roots, could be traced below the soil to earlier years, but 1905 and Japan's victory over Russia was the point of its appearance above ground. Hawaii's tradition of racial good will was happily strong enough to prevent any such intolerance as California displayed. It re-

mained strong enough even to endure the test of World War II. But the change was as certain as it was subtle. Hawaii, a territory now of the United States, vibrated to the tone of American thinking. Connected by cable with the mainland since 1902, the islands felt themselves in the current of affairs. Their response to world events had an immediacy lacking when all news was several weeks old. In the same year Pearl Harbor was surveyed for a naval base, and though construction was not begun until 1908, the old naval station at Honolulu gave islanders a sense of the bond with an America most of them had never seen.

Hawaii, as America's outpost in the Pacific, felt the meeting of the tides. With the stoppage of its labor supply from the Orient and the rising status of that which had established itself, the spirit of aloha was put to a severe testing. It speaks well for the vitality of the original Hawaiian quality and for the foundation built by the missionaries that the tradition was stronger than all the forces thrown against it. Anyone who feels inclined to dismiss it with ridicule has only to look at the alternative—California and organized anti-Orientalism.

The Gentlemen's Agreement had specified that Japan would permit no more laborers to enter the United States, but only certain professional groups and former residents or the families of those already in residence. Thereupon an unconscionable number of wives began appearing at American ports including, of course, Honolulu. A few were wives left behind until the wage earner had scouted the land, decided whether to stay, and saved enough for passage. But most of them were "picture brides"—girls chosen through a man's request to his family in Japan.

A great hullabaloo arose over this "sneakish deception" of the Japanese. Yet Japanese, though in smaller numbers, had been sending back for wives long before the Gentlemen's Agreement was more than a lad. There was nothing particularly new about made marriages, even in the Western world. Many a French girl had come to New Orleans to marry a man she had never seen, and America had thought it romantic enough to enjoy the situation embalmed in operetta. During World War II marriage by proxy was not uncommon. The real reason for the outcry against picture brides was not, as many pretended, a fear of the immorality of the arrangement. Nothing could have encouraged immoral conduct more than the absence of marriageable women from the Japanese community. The anti-Orientalists were not concerned about that. They feared the generation that would be born of these marriages. Through ignorance or intent they argued that a fantastic Oriental birthrate would

soon overrun the country. To their way of thinking even a hundred American-born Japanese would have been too many, because they would be "unassimilable." This charge we shall look at in its place.

As for the picture brides, their number was not as great as some would have us believe. Between 1911 and 1919, 9,481 of them entered the islands,² a drop in the bucket when compared with other immigration.

To a picture bride the news of her approaching marriage sometimes came like this. Kimi, daughter of a family in a little village of Hiroshima, went into the garden of her home one day to pick a few peaches. Her younger brother, teasing, said: "You have to ask me now before you can pick any of our fruit. You aren't a member of our family any more."

"How is that?" Kimi asked.

"Don't you know? You're going to be married to a man from the next village. Father went and took your name off the family register last week." Kimi went trembling into the house to stand before her father and ask if this thing was true. On his assurance that it was so, she begged to know why she had not been told.

"The families had reached a decision," he said. "There was nothing for you to do. Everything is taken care of. Here is a picture of the young man if you care to see it."

Kimi looked but did not see. Later she would study it for hours. "He lives in the next village?" she said.

"Oh no. His home is there, but he lives in Hawaii. You are going to see the world, Kimi."

That night Kimi lay awake, biting the sleeve of her kimono so that the family lying under the quilts close beside her would not hear her cry. To marry whom the family chose was a woman's duty, but to go so far away. . . .

After two seasick weeks her fear as she entered Honolulu Harbor was not that she would not like her husband but that he might fail to come for her and she would be left alone, penniless and helpless in an alien land. But he came, and took her home with him, and they were happy together.

Before they could leave the dock, however, they were lined up with other couples and left waiting until a priest in Shinto robes appeared.

How good of America, Kimi thought, to send a priest to purify us of any evil influences we may have picked up in our travels. This shows a generous spirit.

But then the priest explained that because of the large numbers he would marry everyone in a single ceremony. Kimi looked at her hus-

band. "But we were married," she whispered. "In your father's home. There were many guests. The marriage was registered in your village."

"That makes no difference to the Americans," he said. "They want to see it done before their eyes." Startled, Kimi wondered how much these strange people had to see, before believing that a man and woman were joined.

The ceremony turned out to be so perfunctory that she wondered how it could satisfy even the officials. Americans, it seemed to her, must rely more on words than on facts.

Following Saburo, her husband, she left the dock for an inn, and the next day on another steamer for the island of Hawaii. The trip was rough and she was seasick again, but now she no longer had to fear being alone in the strange land. Saburo was strong and manly, a good mate. He must be very wealthy to wear an American suit with a stiff collar, a tie, a gay-looking cap.*

That the wealth was illusory she learned, or thought she learned, soon after their arrival on the plantation. Each day as she cooked for him the supply of rice grew smaller until finally it was gone. Saburo found her in tears when he came home. "I couldn't make the rice last," she told him. "I never knew a family could be so poor as not to have enough rice to last until the harvest. And I came all this way, and was sick, only to starve to death in the end."

But Saburo laughed and said, "We don't grow our own rice here. When we want more we buy it. I'll go get some now."

This seemed like luxury indeed. But life as the wife of a plantation laborer was far from luxurious. Worse than the hard work in the fields, for she too was a laborer, was the lack of tradition and ceremony to flavor life and of friends to season it. Even her husband was a stranger.

Naturally in her loneliness she idealized the land and ways of her youth. Her plantation home was only a workshop; it had no culture of its own that was accessible to her, for the American culture lived only in the homes of the bosses. In little ways she began to recreate the culture she had left, until with the arrival of other women and the coming of children, the Japanese camp was a piece of Hiroshima set down in Hawaii.

During the period of the emigration companies, from 1894 to 1900, a different and truly commercialized form of marriage flourished. These unions were not arranged by families and consummated in regular mar-

* The Japanese workers did not take to collars until about 1900, and it was 1910 before they added the final dignity of a coat—sure emblem of prosperity in a climate where it was never needed.

riages in Japan. They were arranged by the emigration companies, who in a country where everyone came under family rule, had to find the few women with enough strength of character or burdensome misfortune to want to escape.

But many who accepted commercial marriages were social deviates of a less desirable kind—women who had been divorced or deserted by their husbands (in Japan where one does not desert or marry for love these wives would be eccentrics of some kind), barmaids and servant girls, prostitutes—all seeking an escape from the gossip and ill repute which hounded them. Some came as temporary wives in order to get passage. There were many divorces within a year of arrival. Many women then found their way as prostitutes into the larger cities or even went from one plantation to another on regular rounds. Others tried to rehabilitate themselves. These, more than any others, were responsible for the reestablishment of the old village culture, since stern adherence to it guaranteed their respectability and gave them, among strangers and newcomers, respect and leadership.

After 1917 the wharf marriages were no longer required, and after 1924 (1920 on the mainland) there were no more picture brides at all.

The picture brides were responsible for a rise in the birthrate which need not have surprised anyone who gave them credit for average healthiness, the impulses of human nature, and a lack of contact with American standards which would have led to control of the number of offspring. In 1923 over half of the births in Hawaii were Japanese. Thereafter they decreased rapidly as the picture brides left their childbearing years behind them. To believe that Japanese do not practice birth control when it is available to them is nonsense. On one of the islands a plantation doctor has performed a large number of operations, at request, on Japanese American fathers who have sired two children. Nisei mothers nowadays produce as many offspring as the average American mother, or a shade less—statistical indication of their Americanization from one aspect, at least.

Though picture brides continued to arrive throughout the years of World War I, the island now had other things to worry about. There were the strong German sugar interests, for instance. And the German ships. Japan, jumping into the war with more enthusiasm than was pleasing to her British ally, methodically picked up the marbles Germany claimed but could not hold throughout the Orient. Japanese warships stalked German boats to Honolulu and stood offshore waiting

to seize or destroy them if they stuck their noses out. Local Japanese, pleased with this appearance of the homeland as a world power stretching to the very shadow of Diamond Head, kept their eyes on the German boats, argued that the local authorities were giving them more time than the law allowed, and cheered when they were interned.

As America swung more certainly toward war with Germany, the Japanese had the satisfied feeling that through their country's prompt belligerence they had been ahead of the rest of the community all along. Yet when they had tried to enlist in the National Guard during 1915 and 1916 it had been clearly indicated that they were not wanted. Under the Selective Service, 11,000 aliens and 596 Hawaiian-born were included in the 27,000 registering in the first age group—clear indication, incidentally, of the predominance of the Issei at that time. Out of these about 600 volunteers were combed over to form an all-Japanese company of the First Regiment. This unit was the first to be called to active duty, to guard the water supply where typhoid germs had been found. When all registrations had been completed, 29,000 out of 71,000 were of Japanese stock. Eight hundred and thirty-eight were drafted.

The Japanese community bought bonds, made bandages, saved food and did all those things which they ought to do in wartime. But these activities, as one looks back on them, emphasized the separateness of the Japanese within the larger community. They had their own Red Cross and sent funds through Japan to Europe. They had their own food and bond committees. While part of this separateness was owing to their earlier participation in the war, the rest was clear proof that Hawaii with all its aloha had not assimilated the Japanese. The same is true of the Chinese and other groups. Might there have been a way to draw the Japanese into the community, the war serving as a catalyst of assimilation? The answer was not given until the second World War.

It is an irony frequently noticed that war provides the best opportunity for the display of heroic qualities. The story of Shigefusa Kanda of Maui is a little epic, an epicycle within the larger orbit of world conflict. Kanda, an alien and a Christian, wanted to show his four American children that his love for America, despite his ineligibility to citizenship, was as strong as theirs. He asked to be sent to France as a Red Cross worker. The Honolulu chapter refused him. So he made provisions for his family, conducted his own funeral after the manner traditional with Japanese embarking on a dangerous undertaking, and went to Washington. The State Department could or would do nothing for him. He went to New York. The British Consul six times refused to give

him a visa, but finally relented. He went to London. Seven times the French Consul refused to let him go to France unless he could gain Red Cross status. Finally the story of his persistence came to the Red Cross Commissioner, who sent him to Paris. Assigned to the canteen in the Gare du Nord, he scrubbed floors, washed dishes, opened cans, and as the canteen director testified, was "the most earnest, conscientious and faithful worker" ever seen. After a year's service he returned to Hawaii by way of Japan in 1919.

Part of the afterbirth of war was a nationalism which looked upon all "foreigners" with suspicion. The legislation against the language schools, the strike of 1920 were outcroppings of extensive developments beneath the surface.

On the haole side was a growing fear of the Japanese as their numbers increased. In 1920 people of Japanese ancestry made up 42.7 per cent of the island population, the highest point they were to reach. Their feeling of strength, supported by the higher cost of living, showed in the demand for higher wages. Meanwhile Japan by her naval operations in Pacific waters, her prompt seizure of German territory and her rather too enthusiastic activity in the Siberian Expedition had raised a local fear to an international plane.

The international aspect was seized upon for public utterance, and under its cover more private fears had their day. Thus a business man's fear that he might have to deal with a union expressed itself in a belief that the local Japanese would have to be watched. Avoidance and truculence, the usual reactions of fear, were visible in many ways—in the fact that Japanese had to operate their own community since they were not invited (with few exceptions) into the haole-dominated one, in the legislation against the language schools, in the federal and territorial laws (of 1921 and 1925) excluding aliens from government construction work, in the refusal to recognize the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively.

On the Japanese side was a growing pride in Japan as a world power, a feeling of having been too long humiliated and exploited by the haole, a desire to get ahead, a belief that plantation labor and labor generally was entitled to more of the rewards than it was getting, a sturdy determination on the part of the American-born not to accept "second-class citizenship."

Most of the elements of friction which on the West Coast led to an all-out anti-Oriental campaign existed in Hawaii too. There was the

additional spur of island isolation. Events in the twenties, repeating the situation which followed the Russo-Japanese War, were running in that direction. Yet no open break occurred. Why?

The planters, however they grumbled about ingratitude and excessive demands, depended very heavily on Japanese labor which was as good as any they had found. The workers, however they grumbled about conditions and wages, knew that sugar was the backbone of island prosperity and that without the close-knit organization of the planters and the capital at their command, the islands could support only a fraction of their present population. Each group needed the other. Neither could afford to go too far in its demands.

Less tangible was the attitude many times referred to, the spirit of aloha, bequest of Hawaiian hospitality and missionary precept, a real solvent, a fact present in the conscious minds of the islanders, fostered in the schools, praised in public though it might be breached in private, but held before the island people, valuable not so much as a thing achieved but as a star to steer by. Formal history is too often insensible to attitudes so intangible, yet so tangibly effective in the actions of men. You cannot cite a statute for it, yet the spirit of aloha was as strong a positive conductor of public attitudes and emotions as was in a negative way the West Coast anti-Orientalism. Each had, you might say, an economic motive. Yet in neither case was the economics of the matter really predominant. In California the legislators, after paying for an inquiry which they expected would prove the economic liability of Japanese labor, were enraged to get a sober and honest proof that the Japanese were an asset. The report was suppressed. Anti-Orientalism filled an *emotional* need far more than it responded to economic necessity.

California, to be sure, lacked in its early history such accepted institutions as govern and establish social and moral tone, while Hawaii had been developed in a manner almost opposite to California. Accepted institutions—the church, the school, government by a recognized ruler—got there before the economic development began. The authority of the institutions was recognized by those who came to trade because they helped business, and the institutions bore the stamp of the missionaries who built them.* It is easy enough, and much more fun, to expose the missionaries and their descendants the merchant princes of Honolulu. But exposure often hides more than it reveals.

* It is also true that the missionaries when they came found an equalitarian spirit already at work in the relations between Hawaiians and the traders from Europe or America. Aloha was an indigenous spirit which the missionaries encouraged.

Anti-Japanese feeling on the West Coast finally produced the section in the Immigration Act of 1924 which barred all Japanese immigration. Up until that time 200,000 Japanese had entered the islands, 113,000 had left. With births and deaths accounted for, the population stood at 58,721 aliens, 66,647 citizens.

Those who write of the Japanese invasion of Hawaii and the mainland often forget to list the number who returned to Japan. Even as late as 1928 the Japanese press in Hawaii was complaining that the return of Japanese to Japan threatened local business based on their patronage. In 1930 there were in addition more than 20,000 Japanese Americans in Japan, some as students, some returned permanently with their parents, some whose presence is accounted for by the young man who said: "I'm American-born and American-educated, but I can't get a job in America because my goddamn face is Japanese." The "out agins" come closer to balancing the "in agins" than is generally recognized.

Those of Japanese ancestry now make up about a third of the island population. Between 1920 and 1925 the number of American-born overtook the alien population and today outnumbers it four to one. In a few years there will be only American-born.

But an interesting change is ahead as the Japanese blend with other racial stocks. Many an island resident of today has four or five ethnic strains in his background. Inter-marriage of Japanese girls was greatly accelerated during the war years. Surely after several generations racial distinctions will have become too complicated to maintain. Instead of Hawaiian-Portuguese-German-Chinese and Japanese-Filipino and Korean-English-Hawaiian there will be a race of Hawaiian Americans.

By that time, the people of the islands will have had to discover some basis other than racial for their social and economic conflicts. Being men, they will be sure to do so.

During the decade beginning 1920 there was a heavy movement of Japanese (and Chinese) from rural to urban areas. Many of those who left plantations during the strike did not return. Others, having saved enough of a stake to branch out for themselves, opened shops. American-born young men found jobs in the cities.

These departures did nothing to help the popularity of the Japanese with the dominant group. The schools were accused of educating Nisei away from the plantations, a charge which had a grain of correct observation in it. For through education the AJAs could hope to rise to better jobs, and did. To satisfy their critics, however, the schools began to give

more attention to the story of sugar. Text books were prepared. Agricultural courses were emphasized—courses which the parents suspected were designed to force their children back onto the plantations.

The Rev. Takie Okumura, Christian leader since the early days, came forth with the New Americans Conference as a means of correcting the misconceptions the laboring and employer groups had of each other. Once a year (beginning in 1927) the Conference convened in Honolulu with representatives from all the islands. Here young workers met the men they read about in the papers—the factors, bankers, industrialists. They lunched with them, discussed their social and economic problems, sometimes asked embarrassing questions and listened to a lot of good advice.

It was Mr. Okumura's idea that the Japanese had brought a good deal of the ill feeling upon themselves through the language schools, dual citizenship, the persistence of Japanese habits in public and the large number of bootleggers and gamblers. It was characteristically Japanese that Mr. Okumura (an alien) should specify all the shortcomings of the Japanese without imputing any blame to the other side. In Japanese custom it then becomes the duty of the other side to make a polite disclaimer and to state its own unworthiness.

The haoles did nothing of the sort. They spoke smoothly of the comfort and security of plantation work and implied that the Nisei ought to be content with it.

The conferences were no doubt helpful to those who attended. They helped to publicize the move for renunciation of Japanese citizenship by Americans who were also Japanese under the laws of Japan. But it was the depression which started the movement back to the plantations.

During most of the decade after 1931 Japan was fighting an undeclared war in China. The alien Japanese believed in the righteousness of their country's cause and sent aid in many forms.

The Nisei resented the partisanship of their parents. They resented anything which set them apart from other young Americans. They resented the contributions to Japanese militarism. Family arguments grew bitter, family relations more strained.

The Nisei were still predominantly minors, and their economic dependence on the Issei was fortified by a sense of filial duty which made their revolt difficult. In 1940 there were only 792 Nisei in the forty-five to sixty-four age group against 21,717 Issei. Ninety-five thousand of them were under twenty-five. That is why the story of the Japanese community was, until the attack on Pearl Harbor, a story of alien control.

In 1850 Hikozo, a shipwrecked fisherman, was brought to San Francisco and soon after became an American citizen. He was the first Japanese admitted to citizenship, and he was followed by others, for no one in those days had figured out that Japanese were barred by law and the color of their skin from becoming Americans. The 1910 census showed 420 Japanese-born American citizens.

Several veterans of the Spanish-American War became citizens under the 1894 law, and those who had fought in 1917-1918 claimed the benefits of the 1918 law admitting "any alien" who had served. Under this act Judge Vaughan of Honolulu naturalized several hundred Japanese, against the complaints of the local press which feared to see the Japanese gain a share in government, and against cries of bloody murder from Senator Phelan of California.

But in the case of one Toyota who had served ten years in the Coast Guard, the Supreme Court, overruling Judge Vaughan, decided that even with a service record a Japanese was ineligible.

The most famous of the eligibility test cases is that of Ozawa. Takao Ozawa came to Hawaii in 1906 after graduating from Berkeley High School and studying law at the University of California. He had come to America not as a laborer but as a student, because he wanted to learn about democracy. His study of our system convinced him that Japanese were eligible to citizenship. So he prepared his own brief, in which he argued that the naturalization laws when restricting citizenship to free white persons and those of African nativity or descent did not exclude all others from citizenship. The word "free," he argued, was more important than the word "white." He also drew attention to the thoroughly American manner of his life and to that fact that his children went to an American church and school, were not registered with the Japanese Consul, and spoke no Japanese.

In 1922 the Supreme Court ruled against Ozawa. The decision was delayed until the Washington Naval Treaty had been signed—a device which the Japanese, if they think as we do, must have labelled a typical case of Occidental trickery.

Tokie Slocum (Tokutaro Nishimura), who had served in France and gained his citizenship under the act of 1918, thought the Supreme Court decision against Toyota unfair. He was a member of the American Legion, a father, a man who had always thought like an American and brought up his children to be Americans. He prized his citizenship above everything else. He had fought for it. He did not think even the Supreme Court had a right to take it away from him. So for seven years he devoted

himself to getting that decision nullified. Finally in 1935 Congress passed a law permitting alien veterans of World War I otherwise ineligible to citizenship to become naturalized. Tokie Slocum had won his point.

Still, the "Not Wanted" sign was clearly posted for all Orientals except ex-service men. During World War II the Japanese made good use of it by appealing to colonial peoples as their champions against Anglo-Saxon arrogance.

As a result of this morbid sensitivity to color instead of intelligence, shoe size, physical hardihood or some even slightly more sensible test of eligibility, we refuse citizenship to people who have lived their whole lives, but for a few months of infancy, in America. And we grant it to Japanese born here who immediately returned to Japan and have not the faintest notion of our beliefs or customs, who cannot speak our language.

"I celebrated my fiftieth birthday last week," said a Hawaiian American of Japanese ancestry. "I have lived in Hawaii forty-nine years but I am still an alien."

After making it very clear that we would not admit Japanese to citizenship, we next made it equally clear that we would not tolerate anything that looked like Japanese citizenship in the children. The law of the United States stepped into the home of every Japanese to say that parent and child should be forever separated in nationality and allegiance.

The Supreme Court in 1898 had, in the Wong Kim Ark case, finally settled the fact that children born on American soil, whatever the nationality of their parents, were Americans. The United States held to what jurists call *jus soli*, "right of the soil," the determination of citizenship by place of birth. Most nations go by *jus sanguinis*, "right of blood," which gives a child the nationality of its parents. In fact America, which likes to cut its cake both ways, when considering its citizens living abroad goes by *jus sanguinis*.

For many years parents of European origin had begotten children on American soil, and though the country of their parents claimed them too we saw nothing sinister in it. But the West Coast anti-Orientalists in their search for a cause began yapping at dual citizenship like a dog who has treed a coon. Dual citizenship became the proof of Japanese double dealing, the evidence of unassimilability, the capstone in the case against the Nisei. While hundreds of thousands of children of French, German, Italian and Swiss extraction went right on being dual citizens, the Nisei

were made to feel that they were a peculiar breed who could never achieve the state of grace possessed by their tormentors.

Perhaps it was a good thing. For as a result the Nisei won a complete legal and political separation from the land of their parents such as no other children of alien parents possessed. After December 1, 1924 no child of Japanese parentage born in the United States could have Japanese citizenship unless his parents registered him with the Consul within fourteen days of birth. Anyone born before that date could renounce his Japanese citizenship through any consular office.

When war came about ten to fifteen per cent of the mainland Nisei and twenty per cent of those in Hawaii were still dual citizens.³ Even this did not satisfy the Nisei. In 1938 the Hawaiian Japanese Civic Association sponsored a drive to eliminate dual citizenship. Some AJAs found that they could not expatriate because their parents were dead and their marriage not having been registered in Japan, the children were not registered either. Therefore they could not be released from an obligation they neither wanted nor possessed. Others did not know whether they were "duals" or not. Some, because of the expense and red tape involved, considered it "wastetime." Others held that to expatriate would be to acknowledge an allegiance they had never held. A few wanted dual citizenship in order to inherit property in Japan. Some bowed to the parental belief that to erase the name from the family register was a disgrace to the ancestors.

In 1941, 30,000 Hawaiian AJAs signed a petition to Secretary of State Hull requesting a procedure by which they could renounce their Japanese citizenship by declaration before an American court instead of through the cumbersome process leading back to the ancestral village in Japan.*

Americans of Japanese ancestry have gone to more trouble than any other citizens to erase dual citizenship inherited through no desire of their own. Yet this did not prevent General DeWitt from using dual citizenship as a chief reason for the evacuation from the West Coast.

* The expatriation process required: 1, getting a birth certificate from the Secretary of Hawaii or the Board of Health (requiring inter-island trips for child and parents if unregistered at birth); 2, writing to the ancestral village for a copy of the *koseki*, family record; 3, preparing application blanks; 4, taking birth certificate, *koseki* and application to the Consul who forwarded them to Japan; 5, receiving information from the Consul that the name had been published in the official gazette; 6, writing to the head of the family in Japan and asking to have the name removed from the *koseki*. Anyone born before 1924 whose name was not registered on the *koseki* at birth had to get it entered first before requesting to have it removed.

Any citizen of Oriental stock who wants to leave Hawaii finds that his citizenship is subject to discount because of his features.

A young Nisei who had won an inter-island Americanism contest (Nisei always seem to be winning such prizes) was given a trip to the mainland. Yet this young man could not travel from one part of his native land to another without proving that he had been born an American. His ship was sailing from Honolulu, his parents were on Kauai. They had to come to Honolulu and prove to the territorial government that he had been born in Hawaii before he could get the birth certificate the immigration officials require of Orientals only.

Another young man, about to embark for college on the mainland, was refused clearance because he had no proof of birth. It was impossible to get witnesses and have papers made out before the ship sailed, and if he took a later ship he would be late for college. The authorities offered to let him go as an alien Japanese student. Although he wisely refused any such solution with its implication of allegiance to Japan, it is interesting evidence of our attitudes that we would admit to his own country an American of Oriental parentage if only he would profess himself a Japanese!

Many Nisei, hearing of these difficulties and of the magic "certificate of citizenship" issued by the immigration authorities to those travelling to the mainland, wisely decided that they had better get one while their parents or other necessary witnesses were still living. But when they applied they learned that the authorities could not possibly issue certificates unless they were actually leaving for the mainland—reassuring evidence of that wondrous logic and good sense which so distinguishes an Occidental from a topsy-turvy Oriental mind.

They too, observing the peculiar interplay of attitudes which at one time assumed them to be American, and at other times Japanese, might have said:

In agin, out agin,
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin,
Finnegan.

XII

"THOSE DAMN JAPS"

"Those damn Japs, what do they mean, trying to act like haoles?"—Heard on a Honolulu bus.

Until Ennosuke was eighteen he had never seen a town bigger than Lihue on Kauai, and Lihue had a population of less than four thousand. Born in a Japanese plantation camp, Ennosuke spoke no English until he went to school. Then the teacher, a new one, couldn't understand his pidgin. It was weeks before he knew what she was saying or she what he was trying to say.

To most of those who lived in the camp there was not much difference from living in Kumamoto, except for the foreign overlords, the lack of thick straw floor mats, the look and feel of the soil. The words they spoke, the things they ate, the sense of a tightly knit group within which every individual felt his prescribed obligations toward every other—all were Japanese.

Ennosuke was eighteen and had been working on the plantation for two years when his older brother and sister sent for him, sent for the whole family to come to Honolulu.

Honolulu, to a plantation boy, was the world. There were buildings of three stories and more in Honolulu. There were movie theaters just like Hollywood and a store big enough to swallow up all the stores of Lihue and ships coming in and out of the harbor from Japan and the mainland. Older brother and sister had got them a place in Palama, a house in a row of houses like a plantation camp, all the neighbors Japanese. Ennosuke found a job at the pineapple cannery, not much of a job but better than the plantation.

At the cannery there were more Japanese than anything else. He felt at home. He could talk to the men he worked with in Japanese or pidgin. One of the girls who sorted pineapple where it came out on the belt lived near him. He noticed her but never spoke to her. But it happened that her brother became his friend, and calling for the brother he would

sometimes speak a few words with her. He never asked to go out with her. The camp frowned on such corrupting American customs.

When it was time for him to marry, older brother spoke to him, told him his parents were about to look for a girl. If Ennosuke had any preferences, older brother would see that the go-betweens inquired about her first. No, Ennosuke said, nobody special.

But a few days later, worrying all the time that they would get someone else but not willing to expose any eagerness over a woman, he said: "There's a girl over in the next row, sister of Jiro. She might be all right if they haven't got somebody else already. Just if they haven't got anybody. It doesn't matter."

So the go-betweens got to work and the girl's family after refusing once as was proper, replied the second time that they would consider it.

Only then the war came, and with it internment of one of the go-betweens, and everything was disorganized. A year later came the call for Japanese American volunteers. Ennosuke had never lived in America, really. But he heard talk in the camp, old people saying they hoped Japan would win and put these haoles in their places, and the talk made him mad. He didn't know why. He couldn't tell what made the feeling inside him. The memory of the flag in the schoolroom, maybe, and the way he had felt tall and big in the chest when he saluted it and pledged allegiance. The teacher who was always telling them: "It isn't your race that makes you Americans. It's the way you feel, whether you believe in freedom and democracy." The gray ships he had seen sliding into Pearl Harbor.

Anyway, he volunteered, was chosen, fought through Italy, was wounded, returned to combat, wounded again and finally sent home. Back to the camp in Palama where people tried hard to speak English now but had to lapse into Japanese if they wanted to get anything really said. Neighbors came crowding to the door, bowing, bowing, speaking a Japanese welcome. He hadn't spoken Japanese much over there, had learned a lot of English, but somehow because this was home and this was the way home was, it sounded good and made him feel good. Back at the cannery they gave him a job, a little better one. She was still there too, waiting all this time. Through her letters he had come to know her better than he ever had by seeing her, better than he ever would have known her if he hadn't gone away. They had talked it all over in letters, how they wouldn't live in Palama when they were married but move to Kaimuki, maybe, or somewhere that wasn't all Japanese; anyway not a camp.

Yet all their friends would be Japanese, and they would never be quite at ease speaking polite English, and they would talk about haoles as if some strong barrier lay between them. A man is forever anchored to his childhood, but never so clearly as when the ways of his parents have deviated from the way of the many.

With Teruko it was different. Teruko's parents had come to Honolulu before she was born, had bought a little shop in Moiliili (Mo-ili-ili) where they scraped a narrow but sufficient living, mostly from Japanese customers as poor as themselves. Teruko grew up with the stimulus of American custom all about her, the retention of Japanese custom at home. She played as much with Hawaiian, Chinese and haole children as with Japanese. She spoke the English of the islands with her playmates and an equally imperfect Japanese at home. As she grew older, she brought her American traits home with her. Subservient respect for parents disappeared. To their Japanese way of looking at things she responded with an American criticism. Worst of all, she put her mother on an equal plane with her father. This attitude began to permeate the household, was pleasing to the mother and though irritating to the father, persisted. From her experience at the school cafeteria came foods the household had never known before and forks to eat them with.

Teruko, hating her Japanese name, told her friends to call her Terry. The name stuck. And with it came the gaiety, the slightly tomboyish quality, the breeziness the name suggested. Her parents watched the change from a quiet, well-behaved and obedient child. But nothing their complaints could do made any difference. Teruko had discovered Terry, was beginning to feel less at home in her home but more at home in the world outside, which was now what mattered most.

In the movies—her doorway to a knowledge of American family and social life—she found the standards she had been looking for. She longed with the pathetic longing of adolescence for blond hair and a pert nose and figure, a father who put his arm around her shoulder and indulged her whims, a room of her own with a big soft bed and a dressing table with three mirrors and silk-shaded lights. She wanted a spacious, clean comfortable home instead of the narrow rooms above the shop. She wanted boys to drop in and invite her to parties and rides in a car, competing in a friendly way with each other for the attention of Terry, leader of the gang. She wanted pretty dresses and the figure that would make them look well. And after a college education she wanted to fall in love and marry a boy with a good job who would make enough

money to give her the home she saw in the movies and in the magazines.

All this is pathetic or amusing, depending on the point of view. Or alarming. The Japanese culture demanded strong family solidarity, obedience to the patriarchal head, submergence of individual desires in family or community needs. Freedom from these restraints is one of the first effects of Americanization. But freedom for what? To enjoy the material comforts, the indulgence in physical pleasures, the self-pampering that America above every nation permits by reason of its doctrine of individualism and its possession of great material wealth?

If they could get away with it, yes. But remnants of the disintegrating Japanese culture remained strongly enough entrenched to prevent an entirely successful revolt. Terry could not altogether disentangle herself from the trammels of her heritage. A sense of obligation toward the family kept her from "dating" American style, because the neighborhood would gossip and her mother be ashamed before the other women. She could go only so far before the bands which tied her to the family stopped stretching and began to pull her back.

When war came Terry was a senior in Teacher's College. Everyone respected the profession of teaching for girls. The family approved her choice and she herself was filled with the ideal of transplanting real Americanism into the youngsters of Hawaii.

She had a better conception of it herself, now, than in her giddy schoolgirl days. Time, war and learning had changed things.

First, two of her brothers had volunteered. She began to think seriously about what they fought for, searched for it in her studies and felt herself a part of the history which had been remote before.

Then she had gone to live in a haole home, getting board and a few dollars and a room all to herself in exchange for a few hours of work. It was not for money that she had taken the job, but because a teacher had told her she would never learn American customs until she had lived in a haole home. Her own embarrassment at college teas, her feeling of being caught between two worlds and a member of neither, had driven her to it and she was grateful.

The home she lived in was moderately well-to-do; to one who had always lived in two rooms above a narrow shop, sumptuous. Serving at meals, caring for the children, she saw American family life with the glamor removed. She liked the way man and wife treated each other as equals with even a shade of extra deference for the woman, the humor and affection they showed toward one another, the way they spoke to their children as to adults, treating them as individuals with rights

and preferences of their own. She learned how meals ought to be served and eaten, how to make a bed properly, what a growing child ought to eat and what books to read to him. Important but harder to pin down was the feeling she got for things—what made a room look attractive, how to acknowledge a courtesy, how to carry a conversation, how to overcome the embarrassed giggle with which so many AJAs revealed their lack of social ease. Reading and listening to music were part of the life of the household; they became part of hers. The concept of Terry changed from the teen-age happy-go-lucky playgirl to a quality that ran smooth and deep—the quality of a good companion, thoughtful, responsive, understanding, capable of gaiety but encompassing seriousness.

Living away from home, she was free of her parents. The battles that had once preceded her going to a dance were over. Up until the outbreak of the war Japanese parents had thought American dancing immoral, almost as indecent as kissing in public. Terry, like every Nisei girl, had been made miserable by such arguments, had given up dancing rather than provoke a family crisis.

Now she could go when she pleased. It was at a tea dance that she met the soldier from the mainland. He asked to walk home with her, came often after dinner to the place where she worked, helped dry the dishes and took her to a movie. It was the first time she had gone out with a haole, but many Nisei girls were doing it now. Before the war it would have been impossible. Before the war they had been vaguely dissatisfied with their boys, but now they knew what it was. The mainland boys were courteous while the island boys still had a taint of the Japanese notion that women were inferior. The mainland boys talked easily, flattered, treated them as equals.

There was the secret. All their lives they had been brought up in an atmosphere where the haole was of the upper class only. Everything they admired and copied came from the haole world, a world that moved above theirs. Now came this invasion of young men from the mainland who were not aloof at all, who without effort lifted them right into the world they had looked in upon as through glass before.

The remnants of her Japanese upbringing dropped off except for some hidden corners known chiefly to herself. She rarely went home now because they were always criticizing her for being too "haolified." The young man wanted to marry her. Friends of hers had married men from the mainland, and often the men were transferred before the baby came and whether they would ever come back was a question. Some caution of instinct, or maybe it was prejudice, made her refuse.

In the fall she started teaching on the island of Kauai where she met a young officer, a man who loved music and reading. The companionship grew close. Somehow her parents may have heard of it. In any case they wrote that they had found a husband for her, that the *miai*, the looking-over, could wait until Christmas.

They could never quite understand that their daughter was an American girl with a mind of her own, earning her own way. When she rejected their plan they called her ungrateful, shameless, forgetful of her heritage. If she had been in Honolulu they would have talked her into tears and perhaps into submission. She was saved by the separating waters and by the strength of her awakened will. Even so, the strings pulled taut and many evenings she fell asleep after tears of regret at her filial ingratitude.

Teruko is older than most Nisei girls when they marry. By the Japanese she has been branded too "haolified," yet the island haoles regard her as Japanese. The level of her taste and understanding has been so raised that it will be hard for her to find the man of her choice. She does not feel safe about interracial marriage. She wonders sometimes whether her full adoption of the culture she was born into has provided the proper formula for happiness. Congenial work and intelligent leisure keep her busy. But what about the little increment that makes contentment? Her cultural equals are in the homes of Nuuanu and Manoa. But to them she is still a Japanese.

James Yokoyama has a different background. A Sansei, child of Nisei parents, he knows practically nothing of Japan. Though he can dimly remember a grandmother who told him stories in Japanese, he could not tell you who the forty-seven *ronin* were or even what a ronin is. He has never seen Japan, nor have his parents. He never expects to go there, certainly not until he has been to the mainland and seen Europe. His father a lawyer educated on the mainland, his mother a teacher, James has a distinctly better than average American background. He has grown up at ease in an American climate of culture. Now, at sixteen, he is president of the young people's group of the interracial church his family goes to. Yet when grandmother died the funeral was Buddhist, and on her memorial day his parents still visit a Buddhist temple. He kids them about it and they are a little uneasy, but they go.

James goes to Punahou, the private school where all the well-to-do haole children go. He lives in the well-to-do section of Manoa Valley and all his life he has played more with haole kids than Japanese, scarcely aware of the difference. When war broke out he was eleven.

Coming home in the bus some Pearl Harbor worker from the mainland, half-drunk maybe, had shouted at him, "Hey, you Jap, get out of my way." And he had gone home to ask his mother, "Am I a Jap?" "You're an American like your Dad and me," she had said.

When he graduated from primary school James, as president of his class, made the principal speech. And when he referred to "our ancestors" who had settled at Plymouth and fought to make a republic, none of his contemporaries thought it funny.

James eats hot dogs and ice cream cones, goes body surfing at Waikiki with friends whose ancestors came out of China, England, Russia and the Atlantic islands, listens to the radio, goes to the movies, brings boys and girls home with him and raids the icebox, is all fun on the surface and very serious beneath and expects to become a doctor.

While James and Ennosuke and Teruko were learning to be Americans, the immigrant generation changed in spite of itself. The change from *geta* to shoes, the handshake—though still apt to be followed by a bow—the use of the fork instead of chop-sticks were small matters compared with freeing the women from male dominance. It was the attitude of the children, learned in all their contacts with American life, that made emancipation possible. Yet the mother who had gained independence through her children was the first to accuse her children of being too independent of her. But the attempt to reap benefits without conferring them never succeeded. The children had been pricked deeper with the same needle.

So much so that they were sometimes ashamed to acknowledge as parents the weather-darkened, toil-worn woman trudging in from the fields, the bowlegged father with his broad uncultured Kumamoto dialect or his few miserable words of pidgin English.

Even so, the old ones, though they may have looked very Japanese in Hawaii, looked very American in Japan. Hundreds of them after saving for years in order to return to Japan were dissatisfied with what they found there. Hawaii had meant economic freedom; democracy itself had meant that and little more. But inescapably they had breathed a freer air which made a Japanese village stifling by contrast. Oldsters who had returned to Japan to spend their remaining years soon came back to Hawaii for good. Japan had changed, they had changed. Democracy had touched them more than they had realized.

It had succeeded too well with the children to suit the taste of many

parents. To the average American child the adolescent revolt is an individual matter, the achievement of an individuality sanctioned by society and approved even by the parents who may block or delay it. To the average American-born child of European immigrants there is the additional struggle against the concept of family solidarity as a fact outlasting the period of youthful dependency. But the Oriental child, when he flouts parental authority, is destroying the root of morality itself.

When a Nisei child flouted family authority, therefore, it seemed to his parents that he was committing an immoral act. If he could deny his obligation to his parents, the keystone of morality, what would prevent him from stealing or murdering? They could not know that he had acquired another code of conduct which, though, different, was equally strict and better adapted to the life he would live.

It was the necessity of separating himself from this moral system that made acculturation difficult. Few even of those who know the Nisei have appreciated the moral conflict which their seemingly quick and easy adaptation has had to survive.

The public school gave them the means to revolt by offering a substitute for the pattern they had been raised in. The church, if they were fortunate enough to come under Christian influence, proved another effective means of acculturation. Especially if the parents accepted Christianity the break with other customs was easier. Boys were then not obliged to follow their fathers' trade, daughters could marry men of their own choice. But even if the Nisei had to make the jump to Christianity alone, the benefits were considerable. Christianity provided them, as it had the Western world, with an acceptable substitute for tribal morality. Itself the historic focus of the arts and a center of social activity, it introduced them to the culture they had been born to but not of.

But because of this dual heritage, the Nisei have had to learn how to get along in a situation like that of the circus rider with each foot on a separate horse. Some become conformists either to the old culture or the new, rejecting the other entirely. Some try to accommodate themselves to the pattern of each as the occasion requires. Some get their drive from rebelling openly against the old, or occasionally against the new. Some act as go-betweens, carrying the new culture to the older generation and the old to the younger. Some show a defeatist attitude, believing that they can never enter American life because of their alien parentage, and others get from the conflict of cultures a sense of emancipation from

the old which provides drive and enthusiasm. Some accommodate themselves easily to both cultures, are at home in both and can move in both with little inner conflict.¹

The unintelligent and uncritical islander, the person who believes in stereotypes and helps perpetuate them—and this includes some people who ought to know better—thinks the following things about the Japanese, and thinks them indiscriminately about alien and citizen alike:

They are inferior. They are also likely to dominate us.

They are too clannish, too Japanese. They are too eager to be like us.

They send too much money out of the country. They are buying up too much local property.

They lower our economic standards. They want too much wages.

They are neat, clean, quiet, well-behaved. They must be hiding something, because Orientals are always sinister.

They are slow to mix and intermarry. They all want to marry haoles.

They are too ambitious, too cocky. They are too slow, too Oriental.

They are sober, industrious, thrifty, conscientious, law-abiding. But they have yellow skins. Well, some of them do. Anyway they're different.

The reasons for this curious bifurcated attitude, this remarkable ability to run in opposite directions at once, is found not in the Japanese but in those who fear them, and who try at one moment to dominate by ridicule the thing they fear, though in the next they expose the fear itself. It is all summed up in a remark overheard on a Honolulu bus:

"Those damn Japs, what do they mean, trying to act like haoles?"

AJAs can only be American to the point where they meet prejudice and are thrown back upon their own group because other doors are slammed in their faces.

Discrimination appears in social life as well as in business, and here it cuts even closer to the tender nerve of ego. The principal of a Honolulu school told me that in sixteen years as a teacher—a profession most likely to practice the Americanism it preaches—he had come to know only three or four haoles well enough to enter their homes, and all of them were from the mainland. Even in the faculty lunch rooms racial lines hold in the table groups.

Social considerations also affect advancement in jobs. A plantation manager wanted to appoint a Nisei chief electrician. If he did, the Nisei and his family would move into a house in the supervisor's area and his wife would have to be invited to social affairs with the other supervisors'

wives. The ladies refused to do this. So the man was not appointed. This incident is recorded for the benefit of those who claim that the world could be run right if only we let the ladies manage it.

The sense of mutual mistrust is there, despite the accepted attitude of aloha. A prominent (haole) business man said:

"There's all this talk about social equality. What's it mean? There are a good many relatives of mine who've never been inside my house. Why should I invite Japanese? A man doesn't want to be on his guard when he's supposed to be enjoying himself."

Why "on guard"? The phrase is unintentional revelation. Haoles have to watch out lest they be unseated.

When an enlightened leadership in the Chamber of Commerce tried to rig things so that several directors of Oriental extraction would not fail of election, only one Chinese squeaked in. There are about 29,000 of Chinese ancestry in the islands as compared with 160,000 Japanese. So there is less to be "on guard" against.

If AJAs put themselves forward in politics or business, it is assumed that they are trying to run Hawaii. Meanwhile Hawaii is being run by a small group which does not even include all the haole minority. It is no use trying to point out how largely the question is one of atmosphere—how the Nisei want chiefly to be accepted, trusted, applauded when applause is due. If the haole minority were truly clever, it would encourage much wider participation of Nisei in politics and in business and social life. It would provide the atmosphere of acceptance which would satisfy the human need to belong. It would thus forestall demands for political and economic influence equal to the voting power and purchasing power of the Japanese. It would perpetuate the well-known cleavages within the group which prevent the Japanese from acting as a political unit.

But the time for this has gone. AJAs are jumping into political life with both feet. The controlling group is going to have to concede as rights what it might once have gotten away with granting as privileges.

Yet prejudice is small when compared with California. AJAs from Hawaii are startled to be driven out of mainland barber shops. Nothing like that would happen in the islands. Hotels, theaters, bars, beaches make no racial discrimination. Nor do the schools.* It could not happen in Hawaii as it did in California that a huge cry was raised against the election of a Nisei as president of the student body, and the demand

* Except insofar as the English standard schools tend to keep out Orientals with an inferior language background.

for a recall based "on those principles of freedom for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes," winding up with an appeal based on the very principle of "government of the people, by the people, for the people" by which the Nisei had been elected.

Whatever one may think of discrimination against the Japanese, it is no more severe than the discrimination the Japanese have practiced against groups within their own race. While feeling resentment against the haoles for unequal treatment, they showed no sympathy or understanding where the tables were reversed.

Okinawans, coming from the string of islands south of Japan and speaking a language as different from Japanese as middle from modern English or Dutch from German, are thought to be filthy, unintelligent and uncultured. *Naichi* (main island) Japanese have forced Okinawans to live to themselves, in the same way that the haole community has forced the Japanese to create their own segregated communities. Japanese clubs and organizations exclude Okinawans. Japanese Christians refuse to be ministered to by them. Okinawans are referred to as pig eaters, hairy apes, big ropes (mistranslation of the word Okinawa), and insult is expressed by rubbing the back of one hand with the fingers of the other as a sign of tatooing which could still be seen a few years ago on the old women. Whenever the question of prefectural origin comes into a conversation, Okinawans grow tense. It is considered bad form to mention Okinawa where any natives of those islands are present. Okinawan neighbors are rarely invited to weddings or funerals. If an Okinawan boy surmounts all these barriers, meets a Naichi girl and overcomes the aversions she has been trained to, both families are likely to ostracize them if they marry.

The feeling against the Okinawans displays some of the fears and all of the inconsistencies of American prejudice against the Nisei. It is, however, disappearing as the Issei die out. But the Japanese prejudice against the eta is even deeper and more violent.

The eta class was formally abolished in 1868, about the time slavery was abolished in the United States. In neither case did legislation much affect emotional attitudes.

Eta were people who killed animals and tanned hides. When Japan adopted Buddhism many centuries ago the taint of these professions created a caste. Eta are not ethnically different from the Japanese and are no longer necessarily in forbidden trades. But eta are still outcasts.

In Hawaii the prejudice against Okinawans and eta is disappearing

and will be forgotten within a few years. But they illustrate again that penchant for ambivalent behavior, that essential irrationality which with the ego as engineer drives the human mechanism. The Japanese deeply resented the discrimination they met at the hands of the haoles. But they hadn't the slightest hesitation in imposing a stricter and severer ban on men of their own blood.

"Whenever I meet a haole," says one AJA, "I am always conscious of the difference between us. A few of my past experiences with them make me reserve (*sic*) and careful and makes me think twice before I undertake such an adventure. . . . I know now that an ordinary haole, there may be few exceptions, does not care for a Japanese."²

But toward other races, who in Hawaii are socially and economically in the same boat with them, a warmer feeling exists—especially among the younger people.

Island people, even of the older generation, are often not sure whether they are dealing with their own race or not. A Japanese went into a drug store where the salesman appeared to be Chinese. So using the lingua franca of the islands he said, "You get vaseline?"

"What kind you like? Big one or small one?"

"Big one all right."

But the salesman couldn't find either big or small. "Me get that kind though," he told the customer. "No can find."

As the customer walked out, he heard the salesman speak to another clerk in Japanese, and then for the first time realized that each had mistaken the other for Chinese.

Physical types are varied enough among both Chinese and Japanese (for both are like ourselves mixtures of many strains) to cause frequent mistakes in identification, a fact which helped prevent friction in Hawaii during the Japanese invasion of China in the thirties. Though the Chinese and Japanese papers in the islands were strongly partisan, and though each group contributed money and goods to the homeland, tempers were remarkably well contained. Friendships between the races generally remained unbroken and the number of Chinese-Japanese marriages continued its gradual rise.

Strong proof of acculturation was this ability to distinguish between neighbors living in Hawaii and what was happening in China, a distinction which those closely tied to the homeland—and even some alleged Americans—were unable to make. The American-born Chinese and Japanese in general took an American attitude toward the

situation, while the general atmosphere of undisturbed friendliness proved that culture can change radically in one generation and that learned behavior is stronger than race.³

Hawaii, of course, is no more free of frictions than a community of homogeneous complexion. So long as parental custom and culture carry over from the homeland there will be differences in conduct, attitude and outlook. But wherever intermixture takes place, these barriers break down. In comfortable middle class homes as well as in poorer districts where the races live side by side, the children play together, go to the same school. Wives exchange foodstuffs, and the men talk fishing or gardening or politics. Each generation drops some of its old country heritage and picks up what is common to all.

Each group has its racial favorite. Those of Japanese origin generally prefer Chinese and haoles to all other races. During the war some AJA girls wore jade earrings and necklaces in the hope of being taken for Chinese or Korean. The Chinese put haoles first, Japanese next.

Hawaii has its faults and frictions, but it has gone further than any place on earth to realize that magnificent phrase of the Book of Common Prayer: "Oh God, who hast made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth . . ."

The final test of interracial adaptability is marriage. In Hawaii marriage between races had gained social sanction almost from the beginning of outside contact. Missionary families married into the Hawaiian aristocracy. The results of intermarriage were often of such startling beauty as that of the Princess Kaiulani whom Robert Louis Stevenson praised in verse. And since the Hawaiians were a "colored" race, the bogey of color never scared anyone of island origin.

In 1913 eleven per cent of the marriages in the territory were interracial, but only one out of a hundred Japanese married outside his race. In 1932 twenty-two per cent of territorial marriages crossed racial lines and eight per cent of the Japanese who married chose non-Japanese partners. But in the same year about a quarter of the Chinese and Koreans intermarried. The war accelerated outmarriages tremendously, especially among Nisei girls. In 1943-44 about twenty per cent of the grooms of Nisei brides were non-Japanese, and more than half of these haoles.

Even before the war the Nisei were being amalgamated through intermarriage faster than the French Canadians of New England.⁴ In

the twenties alien parents sent to Japan for their sons' brides, but the clash of cultures soon convinced them that this was folly. Moreover, parents with daughters to market found that it did not pay to run down Nisei girls as wives. The prompt abandonment of importing brides is a tribute, says Romanzo Adams,⁵ to Japanese intelligence and adaptability.

Still, because the ratio of men to women was more normal for Japanese than for other racial groups, outmarriage was delayed. Parents were slow to accept non-Japanese into the family. A Nisei girl married a Chinese American against her family's wishes. From the day she left home she was treated as dead by her mother, who would not speak to her or even look at the grandchild if they met by accident.

Whether the acceptance of interracial marriage brought on by the war will remain as a dominant attitude depends on the success of the war marriages. But in any case intermarriage is bound to increase, even if not at the rate of the war years.

What is assimilation anyway? To the West Coast anti-Orientalist it means something an Oriental can't do in America no matter how hard he tries, because we won't permit it. To a sociologist it means the modification of alien institutions, attitudes, folkways to fit prevailing custom. One becomes acculturated to the surrounding society as he becomes acclimated to the surrounding weather.

What are the signs of assimilation? Language, clothing, diet, occupation, the use of leisure time. But also things less easily measured—beliefs, attitudes, convictions, ethics. We measure it by the question, "Is he like us?" But in the end the answer will be based on impressions rather than measurement, and in some cases on prejudice (which means prejudging, without facts) rather than observation.

Even a prejudiced observer would have to admit that Takaichi Miyamoto follows an American pattern of success. His father came to Hawaii as a contract laborer. Takaichi went to work before he had finished high school. Soon he was secretary for a group of independent pineapple growers on the island of Maui. Then he moved to a job on Oahu where his function was to sign up the independent growers for one of the big canneries. Many of the growers were Okinawans. He learned to speak a few words of their language, ate with them and stayed overnight in their homes. This lack of prejudice on his part paid dividends. He was soon earning four hundred a month in salary with

a ten cent bonus for every ton of pineapple he contracted for. The bonus proved so high that the company cancelled it, but it was five thousand in his last year.

When the election of Roosevelt promised the end of prohibition, he left pineapples to form a liquor distributing company. The company has prospered.

As a young man he was deeply impressed by someone who told him that there must be an opposition party in a democracy. Although Hawaii is about as Republican as Vermont and all the interests on which he depends are Republican, Miyamoto contributes heavily to the Democratic party. Still in his forties, he speaks of retiring after fifty-five, maybe to enter politics.

If Miyamoto's parents had stayed in Japan, he would now be a poor peasant.

Ever since the number of Nisei became conspicuous there has been a fear—supported like most fears by inaccurate calculation and pure guesswork—that the Japanese would come to control the islands politically. People who have such fears have always assumed that for some reason the Japanese unlike any race of people in the world would vote as a racial bloc.

Yet in 1926 when candidates of Japanese ancestry appeared, they received fewer Japanese votes than their non-Japanese opponents. It was not until 1930 that a number of Japanese American candidates appeared in the primaries. Although Nisei were now 15 per cent of the potential voters, this was the first year an AJA was elected to office. In the turnout that year 72 per cent of the eligible Japanese Americans registered, as against 99 per cent of the Hawaiians and an 82 per cent average. Areas where the Japanese predominated defeated candidates of Japanese ancestry and elected others. In 1935 those of Japanese ancestry were second only to the Hawaiians in the number of voters, and in 1936 they made up a quarter of the electorate, yet they have never elected to office anything like their proportion of representatives. In the thirties Honolulu papers were in the habit of emphasizing the race of a candidate when he was Japanese, which led many islanders to feel that they were far more politically active than was the case.

During the war Japanese Americans dropped out of politics entirely. The fall of 1946 saw a vigorous political activity on the part of returned veterans who appeared as candidates of both parties.

The fear of political domination by men of Japanese stock has figured

as one of the chief bogeys against statehood for Hawaii, the Big Five being the other. One Congressional committee after another has arrived in Hawaii, often at a time when Washington weather was at its worst, has been sumptuously entertained and has held hearings where the same questions are raised and answered. Each time the local papers report that statehood looks likely, and each time the delegation goes back to Washington where any legislation they propose gets buried. Then after a while another committee feels the need of investigating the island paradise.

The latest committee visited Hawaii in January of 1946. No witness this time could very well sustain the proposition that the "Japanese" had not been loyal. There were too many veterans of Italy, Germany, France and the Pacific islands around. The lack of sabotage was a fact. The language school and dual citizenship—that pair of never-failing witnesses for those who opposed statehood—had been knocked on the head, the one entirely disbanded, the other reduced to unimportance by declarations of intent on the part of those who had not been able to complete the process before war came.

Still the Japanese and the Big Five (corporations which control much of Hawaii's economy) were the star exhibits at the hearings. But this time the AJAs had a lot of incontrovertible evidence to offer. Robert Shivers, former head of the FBI, told how Americans of Japanese ancestry had before and after the Pearl Harbor attack secretly aided his organization in knowing what went on in the Japanese community. There were the magnificent combat records of the 100th and the 442nd, the blood donors, the civilian volunteers and all the rest.

But Hawaii is not yet a state.

Assimilability, finally, depends on the willingness of the settled group to accept the new one. In Hawaii, wrote Romanzo Adams in 1937, there is "a confident expectation that the descendants of all the present peoples . . . will be fully assimilated in one cultural pattern."⁶

It is this confident expectation that had been so lacking on the West Coast until war and injustice and the record of the Japanese veterans urged a few leading citizens to make public announcement of such a stand. The injustices and inequalities which remain in Hawaii will be taken care of by men who fought for their country and know their stake in it, and by the sense of justice which exists there. A ruling class does not give up its privileges without a struggle. But there is evidence, as in the recent unionizing of plantation labor, that the present leaders

will give way as circumstances require and without any more pushing than is regarded as necessary by the rules of the game.

Are the Japanese assimilated?

If I took you to the home of my friend Kawabe you might wonder. Kawabe had two sons in the army; one was killed in the Vosges Mountains rescuing the famous Texan Lost Battalion. Kawabe lives in a Honolulu camp. His home has three rooms—a living room, a dining room, a kitchen. The first two rooms also serve as bedrooms. There is matting on the floor, very little furniture, stacks of bedding in the corners, a god-shelf holding a few pathetic ornaments and the picture of his dead son. The rooms are very small, the walls of rough board. The place is really little more than a shack. Kawabe doesn't speak English; he only knows a few words of pidgin. He doesn't know much about America, except that it never seemed to want anything of him but his labor. He is not bitter, though, because look what it has done for his children. In Japan they would have been condemned to a life of toil like his own. Here they have a chance.

But if we called instead at the home of the Mizunos, you would see a solid American house sitting in a wide expanse of green lawn, and inside you would find Jack Mizuno and his wife Helen and their two children—all four Americans, Jack a lawyer, Helen a college graduate, their home clean and spacious and tastefully furnished. Nothing in their way of life, their behavior, their thoughts and their speech varies from the American norm—except that Jack will probably have his shoes off, comfortable hangover from Japanese (or Hawaiian) custom, and Helen will be shy and speak little until she knows you well. Between them and their children is no such conflict as cut them off from their parents, nor will the children feel as cut off from the larger community or be at war within themselves. Even their features look more relaxed, more animated than those of their alien grandparents.

Are the Japanese assimilated? The words of my Chinese American friend come to mind. "We used to have a Chinese problem. Then a Japanese problem. Now we've got a haole problem."

ACT FOUR: CRISIS

XIII

WHERE WERE THE SABOTEURS?

The Congressional investigations of the Pearl Harbor disaster, for all their thousands of pages of testimony, either missed or buried the one essential fact: the work of a Nisei intelligence officer, if intelligently used by his superiors, could have forestalled or prevented the tragedy. It happened this way.

On the fourth of December 1941, there came a cablegram from Tokyo to a Mrs. Mori, representative in Honolulu for the Japanese newspaper *Yomiuri Shimbun*. Ineligible to citizenship, the only way she could remain in Hawaii with her husband was as representative of some Japanese concern. It was said that the money she received from the paper was actually provided by her family.

The cable requested her to be available for a telephone conversation with Tokyo on December 6.

For some reason or other Mrs. Mori, who had been openly pro-Nazi and anti-American, was very unwilling to accept the phone call. She tried to get the Japanese Consul to accept it. He would have nothing to do with it. Finally her husband agreed to take the call.

The call, when it came, was held in Japanese. Tokyo was very much interested in the defenses of the islands. It wanted to know whether there was a dawn patrol, whether there was a night patrol. It asked a number of very pointed and very obvious questions, intermixed with others not so pointed.* The very audacity of the inquiry may have been counted on to carry it, for what nation would be so stupid as to expose its most secret military plans in a telephone conversation?

If the Japanese government felt certain that conversations in Japanese were not monitored at this end, they were very wrong. As soon as the call was finished Robert L. Shivers, FBI head in Honolulu, had a report of it from a Nisei monitor. Shivers hurried with it to Colonel Bicknell who

* See *Hearings* before the Joint Committee on Investigation of the Pearl Harbor Attack, part 15, p. 1,867.

in turn took it to Colonel Fielder, Chief of Staff for Military Intelligence, and they in turn took it to General Short. The General, who was on his way to a Saturday evening dinner party at Fort Schofield, laughed at it, said the information was of no significance, and went on to Schofield.

Meanwhile the Japanese task force had either intercepted the telephone call (transmitted by radio from Honolulu to Tokyo) or was informed from Tokyo of the result. It knew that the islands were wide open.

A few minutes after the attack on the following peaceful Sunday morning the Moris were the first to be arrested. They were picked up by Captain Iwai, a Nisei intelligence officer. Interned on the mainland during the war, they have returned to their island home where they live, as before, under the protection of the American flag.

The FBI had 750 AJAs acting as listeners in the islands, mostly unknown to each other, reporting to a man who reported to another man who reported to the office. Naval intelligence cooperated with the FBI, and of course the army had intelligence officers who were keeping their eyes on the local Japanese. In addition the Honolulu Police Department had a group of 135 AJAs. The active cooperation of Japanese Americans in all these units formed the backbone of information about the Japanese community. The men in Hawaii who were responsible for the security of the islands did not have to guess about the loyalty of the Japanese; they knew. For they had the good sense to invite the cooperation of the Nisei.

The aliens too, at a mass meeting in June 1941, were told by the authorities that they would be given the same fair treatment as any citizen in the event of crisis, but that any acts against the United States would be promptly and sternly punished. Many aliens materially assisted the FBI, both through solicited and unsolicited information.

When the attack came and the planes swept in over Wheeler Field, over Hickam and Pearl Harbor, the AJAs were among the first to offer their services.

Some of them were listening to a lecture on war surgery. They went directly to Tripler Military Hospital to aid the stricken.

Members of the Oahu Citizens' Defense Committee, most of them of Japanese ancestry, hurried to their posts as volunteer truck drivers. Others stood for hours in front of Queen's Hospital, waiting to give their blood to save the lives of the wounded. Of all the people in Hawaii, the Japanese suffered most from fire, falling shrapnel and other injuries. More Japanese were killed by the Japanese attack than any other group.

Those who helped had immediate and useful outlets for their anger. But thousands had only their fear, their anger, and worst of all their shame—that emotion which child training made to pierce so deeply. Through no act or fault of their own they were identified with the enemy. The image of Japan, warmed in the memories of their parents who had not seen it for years and served up to the children as something good and honorable, was a broken platter. This Japan of their heritage was an evil and treacherous enemy. It flowed through their blood yet was no part of them. The land of their parents had betrayed them with the worst kind of betrayal.

Many stayed indoors, ashamed to be seen by their neighbors, for little as they felt themselves to be a part of Japan their strong sense of group responsibility made them feel a share of the guilt. They talked little, and then almost in whispers, ashamed to look at each other, avoiding all glances, experiencing that which they had been trained to dread and avoid, the feeling of having their faces "smeared."

Nothing had taught them that it would come this way. They had been taught to study hard, to be quiet and diligent, to keep clean, to be honest and to avoid evil company and thus to avoid shame. That the deepest shame could come from an action for which they were in no manner responsible, yet in which they were implicated, they had not been prepared for at all.

To no one in the world was the attack on Pearl Harbor a deeper psychic blow than to the American-born Japanese.

Where were the Japanese spies and saboteurs who at the signal of attack were supposed to rise up and aid their racial brothers from within?

There weren't any. Not one of the flamboyant stories of road-blocking, disguised machine gun nests and other penny-thriller paraphernalia was true. Robert L. Shivers, then head of the FBI in Hawaii, says:

In spite of what Admiral Kimmel or anyone else may have said about the fifth column activity in Hawaii, I want to emphasize that there was no such activity in Hawaii before, during or after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Consequently there was no confusion in Hawaii as a result of fifth column activities.

I was in a position to know this fact, and I speak with authority when I say that the confusion in Hawaii was in the minds of the confused, and not because of fifth column activities.

It was not the civilian population who was confused. Nowhere under the sun could there have been a more intelligent response to the needs of

the hour than was given by the entire population of these islands.

As a matter of fact, had it not been for the lack of hysteria in the civilian community and the orderly manner in which they responded as a result of the preparation the civilian community had made for war, especially the doctors, the law enforcement agencies and the Office of Civilian Defense, there would have been confusion with which the community would not have been able to cope.

Mr. Shivers' statement is backed up by similar ones from the Honolulu Chief of Police and General Emmons who replaced General Short. Yet many Americans still believe there was sabotage at Pearl Harbor, and as late as February 1943 such a reputable magazine as *Collier's* was printing as fact the story about a milk wagon dropping its sides and machine-gunning personnel at Hickam Field.

Several days after the attack the first troop ship reached Honolulu from the mainland. It had come blacked out, through waters that might be filled with enemy submarines. Through every minute of the voyage the men had lived in an atmosphere of danger, in the possibility of being cast suddenly into the wide dark sea.

When they made their landfall, Diamond Head rose like a battlement before them in tropical sunlight. Aloha Tower thrust its point into the deep blue sky. The contrast was so great as to be ominous.

And when they stepped onto the gangplank they saw a row of uniformed Japanese stretching from the dock to the street.

"My God," said one, "we're too late."

The men they saw were, of course, Japanese American members of the Territorial Guard which had been activated on December seventh, largely from University and high school ROTC units. Long before the attack Nisei had been inducted into the army along with other islanders and had come to number nearly two thousand men. They too served with distinction under attack.

On that dark first night after the air attack, when every civilian of Oahu expected the Japanese to attempt a landing, youngsters of Japanese stock peered grimly across their gunsights toward the sea, guarded power houses and reservoirs and public buildings.

Yet AJAs in the regular army, despite their excellent record, had their guns taken away by the officers arriving from the mainland and were given picks and shovels. After two months of service, 317 AJAs in the Territorial Guard were inactivated in order to forestall public criticism and confusion in the minds of soldiers arriving from the mainland. Some of them cried when they said farewell to the chaplain.

Instead of looking for jobs with good pay that were now plentiful in the islands, they asked the Commanding General, Delos Emmons, to give them something to do. On February 23, 1942 the Varsity Victory Volunteers were formed as a labor battalion attached to the 34th Combat Engineers.

Though technically civilians, they lived like soldiers. They erected buildings, strung barbed wire, quarried rock, built roads, and of course ran their own kitchen. Also they worked a Victory garden, bought bonds and went regularly to the blood bank.

Several islands had Keawe Corps, groups of citizens including a heavy proportion of Nisei, who removed the keawe or mesquite trees from places where they would assist an invader to land unobserved, and did other jobs the army wanted done.

Meanwhile Japanese armies were sweeping victoriously through the Philippines, Malaya, the Dutch Indies, New Britain, Burma, the Solomons. Nothing seemed too audacious for them to attempt. Residents of Hawaii wondered when their turn was coming, and many believed that Issei and Nisei alike would gladly welcome the Japanese army and help turn Hawaii into another Japanese outpost. Were they not all biding their time, awaiting the signal to coordinate with the invaders?

The curfew, the absolute blackout in force heightened the tension.

Haole mothers who had never lifted their hands about the house took to feeding and bathing the children. Carving knives were locked up at night. One housewife, requested by her Japanese cook to get some ant poison, came home relieved to be able to tell her there was none available. The next day the cook brought home poison. Her mistress tasted very little supper.

Many household servants were discharged. Others, to avoid such a disgrace, invented poor excuses for leaving.

The makings of explosive race war were present. Here on these narrow islands were thousands of Filipinos who day by day listened to accounts of their homeland being invaded, Manila bombed though declared an open city, women and children mistreated who might be their own flesh. Yet there was no major flareup. Despite incidents, the island tradition of interracial solidarity held fast.

The Japanese community, for so many years a world within itself, crumbled and dissolved overnight. Many of its leaders were picked up; the rest expected to be. No one wanted to fill their shoes. Nor was there any way to replace organizations which for over fifty years had pro-

vided the cohesive element necessary to the community.

As long ago as 1898 the Japanese Benevolent Society had been formed to look after the unfortunate and indigent and to provide medical care for those who could not afford it.¹ During the next year the Hawaii Japanese Association was founded and in 1932 was reorganized as the United Japanese Society of Honolulu, serving as a central office for sixty member groups including the powerful Japanese Chamber of Commerce.

While many organizations lived but a few years, there were more than enough to go around when the planes came in to drop their bombs. There were associations for geisha, contractors, veterans, hotel keepers, laborers, cooks, jewellers, photographers, druggists, dentists, automobile mechanics, doctors, barbers, tuna fishers, and even a 42-year-old club. For many years there was both a Chamber of Commerce and a Merchants' Association.

The Issei formed and dominated these groups. When a few Nisei formed an association to promote American citizenship in 1915, they were criticized by their elders who found it hard to think of their children as American. The group supported the Boy Scouts and other Americanizing influences and opposed things Japanese. While the Hawaiian Japanese Civic Association, another Nisei group formed in 1926, was in the thirties sponsoring Japanese culture though its membership drives, its social evenings were all in the pattern of small-town America. As war came closer this organization showed its basic Americanism by fostering drives to renounce Japanese citizenship and might in time have taken community control from the Issei. But with the Japanese attack all these organizations, Issei and Nisei, dissolved or were abolished. There was nothing to fill up the vacuum they left.

The language schools were closed abruptly, most of their principals and many of their teachers interned. All alien funds were frozen, Japanese films impounded. Defense workers of Japanese ancestry were discharged, maids fired, Japanese programs taken off the radio, newspapers suspended, gatherings of more than ten aliens prohibited. Among the job casualties were 700 fishermen and thirty photographers.

Aliens could not possess, naturally, firearms, weapons or ammunition of any sort. Neither could they have radios or signalling devices, cameras, papers or books showing military installations, or binoculars. They could carry on no business transaction without a license. This meant that they could not run their little shops or sell their produce. Restriction of inter-island shipping cut into the business of vegetable growers and hog raisers.

Prohibited areas drove several hundred farmers and charcoal makers out of their homes.

At first the morale committees made up of Nisei leaders recommended the destruction of Japanese art, clothing, household shrines, flags, books—practically everything made in Japan. This misguided patriotism deprived the American government of documents that would later have been valuable to research and propaganda units. When we began broadcasting to Japan from Honolulu and Saipan we wanted as many Japanese musical records as we could get. We found an armful, but truckloads had been smashed.

Innocent Nisei were victimized by petty racketeers who sold them, at fancy prices, "I am an American" emblems they dared not refuse. Some men of Japanese ancestry milked timorous aliens with rackets like this. One member of a team would ask an alien to write down his name and home prefecture. A few days later the other member appeared with the same paper, over the signature of which was a statement of loyalty to Japan. Impersonating a military intelligence officer, the man threatened arrest but allowed himself to be bought off with a thousand dollars.

Such experiences, and the general distrust of the community, caused most Issei and many Nisei to withdraw within themselves, to avoid strangers, to keep out of the way.

The internment of Buddhist, Shinto and some Christian priests left the older Japanese without religious guidance at the very time when they needed it most. Of the many marginal religious opportunists who jumped to fill in the gap, those connected with Seicho no Ie* were most successful. The determined optimism of their position—that all is good and evil only an illusion—was perhaps the only doctrine that could have caught the enthusiasm of a people who saw their loved homeland suddenly become an enemy accused of the vilest brutalities, who could no longer control their children, who overnight tried to cast aside their customs and who on top of all this saw their husbands interned, their sons enter an army sworn to defeat their homeland, and their daughters going out with haole soldiers.

To the sudden disappearance of their community and religious leaders was added the loss of their news sources, the Japanese press and radio.

When war came, twelve papers and three magazines were being published in Japanese. Since the first mimeographed weekly had appeared in

* See Chap. VIII.

1892 the Japanese press had grown to play an important part in community life. It had argued pro and con during the strikes, supported Japan's cause in China, remitted about a million yen to Japan for "war relief." The two Honolulu dailies, *Nippu Jiji* and *Hawaii Hochi*, each had a daily circulation of about 15,000, subscribed to American wire services and had their own receiving stations for Japan-made news. They were pro-labor, urged thorough Americanization of the Nisei, believed in the language schools to bridge the two cultures, sponsored sporting events, printed colored comics on Sunday, and ran an English section which was gradually increasing in size and importance with an eye to the day when there would be no Japanese readers.²

The only other daily of importance was the *Mainichi* published on Hawaii. Of the periodicals, *Jitsugyo-no-Hawaii* (*Industrial Hawaii*), a bilingual begun in 1911, often served as a forum on current topics, borrowing its materials from American and Japanese publications.

A few days after the attack all publications were ordered stopped. On January eighth the two Honolulu dailies were allowed to resume under the close supervision of army officers. English and Japanese sections were required to be identical, even to the placing of stories, and Japanese readers were treated to editorials, and some cartoons of the Emperor, that must have made their hair stand on end.

Families which had remained comfortably blanketed in alien custom changed overnight.

In an attempt to be inconspicuous gardeners stopped wearing their split-toe shoes, the women put on shapeless dark dresses in place of kimono. Elaborate wedding receptions with their feasting and drinking at Japanese restaurants were abandoned. Women with grown children appeared for the first time with wedding rings (a result perhaps of increased income as much as conformance). No longer on Boy's Day were bright paper carp seen to fly high above the roofs. Alien parents tried to write to their distant sons in an approximation of English—sometimes in Roman characters, sometimes in the Japanese *kana* syllabary.

The Nakayama family, before the Pearl Harbor attack, slept, ate, spoke and in many ways behaved after the Japanese custom. They took off their shoes at the entrance. They used a Japanese bath. The children (seven of them) were made to study their Japanese lessons before their English. The parents worshipped at a Buddhist temple.

Then came the attack. The alien parents could not believe that it had really happened. "Why would Japan attack us?" the mother asked her

oldest daughter, catching in a phrase the tragedy of all war—the vast impersonal force reduced to the common denominator, individual man.

But after the first paralysis of disbelief and fear, the family began to make itself over. The younger daughters cooked American meals, brought beds into the house, and ignored the old regimen of male dominance by bathing before their brothers did if they felt like it and serving the women at table first. While many homes had made these changes before the war, many more were changing now.

Mother registered at an English class for beginners at the YWCA. She changed from kimono to dresses. She cut the hair that had always been worn in a tight little knot at the back of her head, and when she came home from the hairdresser she brought with her an unsuspected charm and youthfulness that delighted her children. Could this be the same mother who had sternly forbidden her daughters to have permanent waves until they had grown old enough to ignore her order?

Father, when the Japanese newspapers closed down, lost the job as printer he had held for twenty-five years. When the editor was interned he feared that he might be taken too. But nothing happened. When the first fear had quieted and the need for manpower grew, he got a job which paid much better. He also brought out the books he had used as an immigrant lad of seventeen and took up his English studies where he had left off to raise a family. Soon he was up to reading magazines, in one of which he found the advertisement of a correspondence course in art, a course which he sent for and took up with earnest devotion and pleasure.

As if the loosening of her hair had set her free, Mother exchanged her lifelong Buddhism for Christianity and encouraged her children to go to church. While she attended services with other Issei women at the Salvation Army, the rest of the family divided to churches where their friends went.*

Through the church she learned about the Red Cross groups. She, who like other Issei women had never had a life outside her household, now added two afternoons a week at the Red Cross to her language lessons and church services. When the women got together they were very gay, very contented. Life such as she had never dreamed of opened to her. What might have been done thirty years ago by intelligent community planning had now been brought about by war.

The Issei ladies at Red Cross and at English classes ultimately fused into one friendly group. One day the haole Red Cross director invited them to her home. They were to bring a picnic lunch and she would serve

* The shift of Issei from Buddhism to Christianity was not general or permanent.

dessert and coffee. None of them had ever been in a haole home before. They consulted their teacher who, because she had lived in Japan and spoke Japanese, was their guide and counselor. They begged her to teach them American etiquette—what to say, how to shake hands, how to manage a fork. Hung between fear and excitement they started for the party with huge piles of food. Each one, as she shuffled into the house, stopped and shook hands, trying not to bow, and said: "How do you do, Mrs. Brown. I am bery gurad to see you." Not a variation, not even in tone. Except for the sounds they could not make, they sounded exactly like their teacher.

They had a wonderful time. It had taken a war with Japan to get the island Japanese into haole homes—through the front door.

Mrs. Nakayama had a great deal to tell her family that evening.

When her three oldest sons volunteered and went off to the mainland, proud Mrs. Nakayama was even more anxious to learn English because she wanted to be able to write to them, and to read their letters. When the first one came from Ichiro, Mrs. Nakayama carried it with trembling fingers into the house, opened, and spelled it out slowly to herself. He had borrowed a typewriter somewhere. That helped.

"Dearu Momu," was the way she read its greeting. She had to stop and look for "mom" in the dictionary. She couldn't find it; perhaps it was some private word for his oldest sister. He was very fond of her. She read on.

"Dearu Momu: Justu arraibudu at zisu placu and it rooks aw-ru-rai-to—awri," she corrected herself, having understood and translated the formal word to island English.

"I sure do miss you, Mom. We didn't say much about it when we were home, but I guess we have to go away to appreciate how good care you took of us, feeding us and bringing us up decent and all that. We didn't volunteer for ourselves so much. But it was for you, Mom, because now no one can say you haven't got a stake in America. Maybe they don't call you American. Maybe never will. But keep your chin up and don't let it worry you. Maybe some day . . ."

What was this Mom, she wondered, reading the letter over and over out loud. When Amy came home she took up the letter and trembling with fear and pleasure read it out in her Japanese English.

"Why Ma, you're wonderful," Amy said.

Mrs. Nakayama beamed. That part about chin up she didn't understand. But she didn't want to spoil the effect by asking Amy. She didn't

want Amy to think she had missed anything. Only that word "Mom." Maybe it was some American word for sister.

So she asked Amy: "*Momu, nan desuka?*"

"Mom? Why, that's you."

"Me? It was about me he said that?"

"Of course."

Little Mrs. Nakayama lowered her head. She didn't feel at ease sitting on the American chair and started to get down to kneel on the floor. Then she thought better of it. A woman with three sons in the American army. But her hands were in the polite position of a Japanese lady, one over the other gently curved in her lap. The American curls made a little halo about her head. But the tears that fell upon her quiet hands were neither American nor Japanese.

"Momu," she whispered.

Not all families were as fortunate as the Nakayamas. They had a wage earner to keep the family together when the young men went off to war. But there were many like the wife with two children, the older eighteen months, whose husband was interned. Or like the woman whose husband and eldest son, mistaken for Japanese troops, had been killed by machine gun fire on December seventh. She too had minor children to care for. One husband, interned on the mainland, returned on an exchange ship to Japan leaving his wife and three minor children in Honolulu.

Such families became social problems overnight. They felt keenly the disgrace of accepting help even though they were in no way responsible for their plight. Among the agencies which came to their aid the American Friends Service Committee was unique. Dr. Gilbert Bowles, long a resident of Japan, showed extraordinary patience in dealing with all their afflictions. Nothing, whether mending a fence or finding a suitable job, was too menial or too difficult for him to attempt.

In the face of tragedy, the Issei showed the varying reactions one would expect. Crisis had the effect of bringing out attitudes that had been hidden, or of changing some abruptly.

Many families were brought closer to the America they had lived in but not as a part of when haole soldiers began visiting their homes and going out with their daughters. The discovery that there were haoles who did not speak impeccable English, who fitted into all the social and economic levels, helped to dissolve their sense of inferiority.*

* For much of this material on alien attitudes in wartime I am indebted to Miss Yukiko Kimura of the Honolulu YWCA and the University of Hawaii. Miss Kimura is herself an

The Japanese community went all out when, in gratitude for the wonderful reception their sons had received at Camp McCoy, they held a luau, a Hawaiian feast, for five hundred soldiers from Wisconsin stationed on Oahu. The feast was spread in the University amphitheater. Hawaiian pit-steamed pig, chicken, poi, squid, opihi, haupia and other island dainties were served in one of the biggest luau ever seen in a land famous for feasting.

Through such personal contacts a sense of belonging at last to America came into hearts long exiled from the scene they had lived and walked in.

In the spirit of the islands a sense of confidence on the part of the authorities had been present from the beginning, an assurance that there would be no witch hunting or scapegoating as on the West Coast. General Emmons on December 21 told the people of Hawaii in a radio address:

Hawaii has always been an American outpost of friendliness and good will and now has calmly accepted its responsibility as an American outpost of war. In accepting these responsibilities, it is important that Hawaii prove that her traditional confidence in her cosmopolitan population has not been misplaced.

I wish to emphasize the fact that if the courage of the people of these islands is to be maintained and the morale of the entire population sustained, we cannot afford to unnecessarily and indiscriminately keep a number of loyal workers from useful employment.

Contrast this statement with General DeWitt's "A Jap's a Jap," and you have run the full gamut of military intelligence.

Such a spirit encouraged loyalty, even toward a nation which refused to grant citizenship. Long before war came, notices like the following were frequent in the Japanese newspapers:

Mr. and Mrs. Takuo Imada wish to thank all the friends who assisted in the celebration of the glorious induction of their youngest son, Hideo, into the United States Army.

There was another ceremony that became more and more frequent as the war went on—the presentation by high-ranking army officers of posthumous decorations to the parents of boys killed in combat. Some of

example of the truth that Americanism is not a matter of race, and sometimes not even of citizenship. An alien by law, she has tried by every means to gain citizenship and has preached Americanism to many an Issei woman. She rendered valuable service to the American government during the war. But by our blind laws, which look at skin color rather than intelligence, attitude and other real signs of eligibility, she is permanently barred.

the most pathetic pictures ever taken are those which show the alien parents, prematurely worn, gnarled and stooping, as they receive with formal Japanese bow the bit of ribbon and metal their son's sacrifice had won from his government. Everything this book is about—the unbridgeable gap between generations, the separation of the aliens from American life, the thorough Americanism of their children, the great toil spent by the parents for their children's welfare—all are in these pictures, infinitely pathetic in the humbleness of the principals, humbler even than usual in the presence of these high officials and in the presence of the memory of an American hero who happens to be their son.

Most of Hawaii's aliens would have been psychologically loyal to America if we had permitted them to be so by admitting them to citizenship. The pledge of loyalty to a new lord is well understood through feudal custom in Japan. But many were pro-American in spite of this disability. Those who made the natural response—"I'm not wanted, therefore neither do I want America"—had no idea of actively helping Japan. History has proved that. But they did want her to win, to vindicate the years of their having been looked down on, to give them status, to destroy the pride of the haoles.

Some even who had sons in the army and were proud to have them there, by some curious ambivalence hoped to see Japan win. The good record their sons made, they believed, came from the mana of being Japanese rather than from their American background.

Thus arguments within families drove children and parents further apart. Many homes had both army volunteers and internees.

The number of the interned was never large. From the outbreak of the war to the end of hostilities only 1,441 of Japanese ancestry were picked up in the islands—879 aliens and 534 citizens, mostly Kibei. Of these 461 were released or paroled, so that only 980 were actually interned.⁸ Only 277 were being held at war's end. Compare this with the mass migration and virtual internment of 110,000 on the mainland and you have a vision of what intelligent intelligence work and plain common sense can achieve, even in respect to tax dollars.

When a man was interned, neighbors and friends stopped visiting the family for fear they would become suspect. In many families the number of minor children was large, the only breadwinner an older brother. Even so, many of these sons volunteered when the way was opened. The sacrifice thus undertaken by the family was greater than can be imagined.

Sometimes it meant parcelling out the children among relatives, always it caused a lowering of the standard of living painfully built up through years of effort and at a time when everyone else was spending freely. But that strong sense of compulsion—Japanese, not American—considered no sacrifice too great to wipe out the stain of internment from the family record.

Internees felt soiled by the indignity of imprisonment. "The life of the internees was abnormal and everybody was irritable and got hurt easily," one of them observed. Many thought they were being treated with purposeful rudeness when they were fed in the army style unfamiliar to them. Some were separated from money and jewelry by their guards—a claim likely to be true when one considers the number of guards through whose hands they passed.

Some internees frankly admit, as did one language teacher, that in time of trouble "the internment camp gave us more security than the outside world." A newspaper editor who had been active in the life of Honolulu for over forty years found time to write his recollections. Many after a lifetime of toil found welcome leisure to read or follow a hobby.

Were these men dangerous? No one who should know seems to think so. But they were men whose contacts with Japan or whose known sentiments indicated that if there were any ringleaders, any likely to strike for Japan, these were they. Their imprisonment kept 150,000 of Japanese ancestry free.

ACT FIVE: REDEMPTION

XIV

"LUCKY COME HAWAII"

The drama which began when Sentaro Ishii tossed his samurai sword into a river reached its crisis when Japan attacked Hawaii. During the years between, the Issei had modified their ways to accord in many respects with the life around them, but they had remained essentially alien, barred forever by our laws from becoming anything else. Their American children, though rebels against Japanese culture, had not yet reached an age to control the economic and social life of the group. In 1941 their average age was nineteen. In another twenty years the dying out of the older generation would have left them in control.

The unexpected attack of their ancestral land gave them control overnight.

Children schooled to obey became the dominant voice in the family. Parents leaned on them for advice, depended on them to interpret the military orders which limited the activities of aliens. Youngsters began ordering their parents not to bow, not to speak Japanese on the telephone, not to suck breath.

A son reported his father to the FBI for saying that Japan would win.

Many a child who had suffered under Japanese restraints took every opportunity to tell his parents: "You alien. You don't know. More better you say nothing."

But freedom from parents also brought trouble. The delinquency rate, always exceptionally low among the Japanese, began to rise. Boys of high school age who expected soon to be drafted carried contraceptives with them, determined to "go for broke"—island slang for "shoot the works."

When Nisei troops began to leave for the mainland and thousands of lonely young mainlanders were stationed in Hawaii, Nisei girls began to go with them and found them attractive. They were courteous, amusing, full of spirits, persistent and resourceful—very different from the local haoles and from the Nisei boys. Mainland soldiers in return thought them the best company of all USO girls.

In some cases babies were born out of wedlock. In some cases there were bona fide marriages and in others marriages to legalize the baby though it was clear that the father, once shipped out, would not return. "Baka-bomb," the local boys called a girl who dated a serviceman or a haole, or who had the misfortune or poor judgment to become pregnant by him. The etymology is curious. *Baka* is Japanese for fool. The girl, being a fool, had allowed herself to be "bombed"—taken by storm. In spite of the sharp rise in illegitimacy, Japanese girls still held a record far lower than the island or mainland average.

While the Nisei girls were enjoying the company of males more adept than their former friends, the boys who volunteered were finding haole girls on the mainland preferable to the girls they left behind them.

"These girls are so pretty," wrote one GI from Minnesota, "they would be glamor girls if they were in Hawaii, but they are so utterly unselfconscious, good-hearted and generous that they make a guy really enjoy their company. I think now for the first time I know what true feminine charm and personality are. I am not disowning the girls in Hawaii when I say they could learn many a thing from these mainland girls as far as personality and social relationships are concerned."

When a Nisei girl read this letter, she blew up. What right had these insufferable nobs, these uncouth Buddha-heads to criticize them?

Each had something to learn from the haole world, something that could not be communicated in words, a product of attitudes, opinions, facial expressions, responses, gestures—the whole complicated pattern that makes social behavior. It is a curious irony that war made possible the final act of assimilation peace had been powerless to bring—the adoption of the finer shades of feeling and response which prove a person to be at home in his culture.

To match their sisters who had married haole husbands, some of the men brought haole brides home from the mainland, even from Europe.

War, which released the AJAs from parental control and Japanese custom, and which set them apart in public opinion, did not destroy their group pride. In fact, the suspicion in which they were held served to unify them, and when their men began to make a good showing on the military fronts, their group pride was justified.

They bitterly resented any implication of mistrust. A Christian minister on Kauai was bluntly told by the army commander that he didn't trust him.

"If you can't trust a Christian pastor, I wonder whom you do trust," the minister replied. "I was born here on Kauai. I became a Christian be-

cause I wanted to be a real American from within. When I started my ministry here, I was not fully supported by the plantations and the white leaders. They were supporting the language schools, the temples, all the institutions that indoctrinated young Japanese Americans with Jap ideas. If you can't trust me, I think you ought to be man enough to shoot me." ¹

The immediate economic effect of war on the Japanese and their American children was severe. Discrimination in employment, never present in the lower brackets before, began to hit the Nisei. One young man, asked whether he was Japanese, said: "No, I'm an American of Japanese ancestry."

"Sorry, no Japanese," said the interviewer.

Angry and hurt, the young man stood up and said, "Any time you're looking for an American, let me know."

But as the need for manpower overcame any fears regarding their loyalty, jobs were more numerous than men. High wages at Pearl Harbor drew many workers away from such necessary civilian occupations as bus driving, public works and the food trades. The Nisei were not admitted to Pearl Harbor. They took the jobs that others left.

Those with small shops began to flourish as a result of the new tourist trade—the soldiers and sailors. These young men, pouring into town with nothing to do and an itch to spend their money, bought tons of knickknacks, consumed large quantities of food and liquor, and gave ridiculously generous tips. Proprietors of these places began to buy real estate, and some (white) islanders who had always lived in comfort began to talk about the cockiness and wealth of the Japanese or the Chinese, while what they meant was that they wanted to retain a monopoly of these characteristics.

But in a time when it was fashionable to talk of sacrifice, probably no haole gave up as much of his income as the Kona coffee farmers who had lived on the very edge of subsistence for years and who, having found a temporary prosperity in the manufacture of lauhala goods, sacrificed the equivalent of \$1,200 per family to harvest their coffee which now was a needed crop.

Partly because the wartime need for labor put unions in a strong position, partly because Nisei were more and more displacing Issei who were passing out of the labor market, the place of AJAs in the labor movement was, if not a result, at least an accompaniment of war.

The war did bring prosperity to the Japanese in the islands as to everyone else. It also broke the economic controls the Issei had held over their

American children. But no group made any sacrifice approaching that of the Japanese who sent nearly ten thousand young men into battle.

A year before the Pearl Harbor attack Hung Wai Ching, an island resident of Chinese descent, had led in organizing a Committee for Inter-Racial Unity to counteract the racial antipathies arising out of Japan's aggression in China. The Committee soon attracted leaders in Hawaiian life as well as the heads of the intelligence agencies who saw the wisdom of fostering the friendliness among races which had so far characterized Hawaii. Especially did it emphasize the participation of Japanese, alien and citizen, in the life of the islands, realizing that "accepted and united in purpose and action, they are an asset to the community. Rejected and treated as potential enemies, they are a burden, even a danger, to our security."

That was the keynote, the intelligent approach Hawaii made to its problem. "Loyalty grows only where it is given a chance to grow," the Committee stated. "It does not flourish in an atmosphere of suspicion, discrimination, and denial of opportunities to practice that loyalty."

In meetings and rallies the way was opened for cooperation in the event of emergency.

Shortly after the attack, with all the Issei-managed community organizations disrupted, members of the Committee were appointed a Morale Section under the Office of Civilian Defense, and were later shifted to the Office of Military Governor. The business of the Section was to act as liaison between the army and the civilian community on matters of morale.

Out of this came the Emergency Service Committee, a group of young Nisei leaders who undertook to bolster the confidence of their group and to encourage active aid to the war effort instead of fearful withdrawal. Similar committees were formed on each of the principal islands and were ultimately drawn together in one conference.

Choice of the members, at least on Oahu, was not democratic. Many who could have qualified as leaders were turned down by army intelligence, not for active disloyalty but because of their pre-war contacts with Japan through education or business.

With leadership thrust suddenly and dramatically into Nisei hands, the Emergency Service Committee tried to do overnight what should have been undertaken during the previous sixty years. It undertook to educate the Issei regarding the privileges they enjoyed in America. It held several hundred meetings. It gave the Issei tangible outlets for their grati-

tude to America in Red Cross, blood bank and bond sales. It helped make forty thousand enemy aliens an asset instead of a liability in the war against Japan.

For the functioning of our base at Pearl Harbor depended upon the livelihood and well-being of about 450,000 civilians as well as upon the troops stationed in the islands. And the civilians depended upon alien Japanese for many essentials including food.

This successful result did not just happen. Nor was it brought about by a few meetings. The Emergency Service Committee worked hard, took as it no doubt expected to do a lot of criticism from both Issei and Nisei, but stuck to its guns. It issued newsletters and other printed material. It worked to remove such sources of irritation as signs in Japanese and the use of Japanese language or custom in public. It helped in the dissolution of the many Japanese organizations. It stimulated volunteering when the army reopened its ranks to AJAs.

It collected funds for Christmas gifts to men overseas. It arranged memorial services for those killed in action. It distributed service star flags. It assisted in the formation of a Council on Veterans' Affairs. It steered the formation of the Hawaii Veterans Memorial Fund so that dissolving language schools and temples would have a suitable receptacle for their funds.

It helped assimilate and educate returning internees. And through a continuing campaign carried to employers, labor unions and newspapers it fostered equal treatment and the pricking of bubbles of prejudice and rumor.

The Emergency Service Committee, says one island civic leader, was worth its weight in gold. The spirit of the islands might not have survived the test of war if it had not been intelligently directed. That the Committee went all the way—some might say too far—in wiping out Japanese influences gave some indication of what Nisei leadership would be in peacetime.

Perhaps its most remarkable achievement was to dissolve promptly when the emergency was over. Many an organization has failed this test.

On January 23, 1943 Secretary of War Stimson announced that Americans of Japanese origin would again be allowed to join the army. A few days later General Emmons announced that he had been instructed to induct 1,500 AJAs as volunteers.

The response was immediate.

Keiji Suzuki, forty-six, alien born but naturalized through having

joined the army in the previous war, volunteered again. Yoichi Nogami volunteered because he said he owed his life to the American government. A navy doctor had treated him when his sampan exploded. The Coast Guard had saved him when he was lost at sea. He too was a veteran of World War I.

Teiji Uehara was a few days over eighteen when the call came, but his draft board didn't seem to know it. When all his friends volunteered, Teiji slipped into the induction center with them at the Hilo armory, wearing a few flower lei around his neck like the rest. He raised his hand and took the oath, jumped aboard one of the trucks, and had boarded the boat to go to Oahu when officers discovered they had one more man than their lists showed. Teiji was so disappointed to be turned back that a major and a captain took a special interest in him. A week later he was inducted. He fought through all the bitter campaigns the 442nd Combat Team engaged in and returned home a veteran at the ripe age of twenty-one.

Within two weeks more than 7,500 had volunteered—five times the number asked for. Why? The rumor still circulates that the men were forced to volunteer, that they were on the spot and had no alternative. This wicked misinterpretation is partly the result of guilt feelings on the part of many haoles who could not stand the thought of Japanese Americans being superior to them, and partly the result of thoughtlessness and ignorance.

The response to the call for volunteers is one of the finest examples of the positive values of Japanese background operating in American life. The sense of loyalty bedded deep in childhood training, now welded to America in a bond that would not break—that, more than the pep talks from army officers, the advertisements in the papers, the support of the Emergency Service Committee—was the thing that produced the highest percentage of volunteers this war or maybe any war could show.

Before the lists were closed nearly ten thousand had volunteered, though the quota after being twice raised was only 2,600.

On the mainland people were still telling, and magazines still publishing stories about Japanese American saboteurs at Pearl Harbor.

Of the hospitality they found on the mainland, the story of Earl Finch tells most. A youngish and well-to-do bachelor, owner of a stock farm and several business enterprises, he had begun to entertain soldiers when unable to get into the army himself. One day he saw a forlorn-looking Nisei on Hattiesburg's main street and took him home to dinner. Then

he invited a group of Nisei. He arranged a coon hunt, a hog-calling contest, and finally a full-fledged rodeo for six hundred. He ended by devoting nearly his full time to entertaining Nisei. He would take the whole band on an excursion to New Orleans, paying all expenses. He would entertain three hundred at a watermelon bust. He would invite a group to see New York with him. He arranged dinner parties, dances, Christmas presents. When they went overseas he wrote to them. Soon he began to get several hundred letters a week. He hired a secretary to help him keep up with the mail. And when the boys came back—the wounded first—he visited them in hospitals, found out what they needed and got it for them, arranged reunions with family members when they were well enough to travel. When the war ended he flew to Hawaii to a reunion with hundreds of these friends. When I met him in New York he was about to fly west again to see how the latest group of Nisei interpreters was making out near San Francisco.

In giving without need or thought of return, Earl Finch found himself. He was a one-man USO, a father-confessor, a companion rolled into one. The boys worshipped him. To them he was like a story-book prince who could wave his wand and produce anything out of thin air. More than that he was the symbol of what they hoped and dreamed America would be for them—a warm sun of tolerance and equality, a fertile earth to grow and grow usefully in, a staff to lean on, a path to follow, an unselfish and great and worthy thing to be loyal to. Something of the paternalistic social order remained in their upbringing, enough so that this warm human person was a fact they could grasp on the level of daily living and feel bound to in loyalty. Yes, Earl Finch was the symbol of the America they dreamed of and believed in and did not always find. To them Uncle Sam is not an old man with whiskers but a youngish, balding, shy American whose understanding is from the heart.

Three weeks after their arrival at Camp Shelby I spent a few days with the 442nd Combat Team composed of infantry battalions, a field artillery battalion, a medical detachment and an engineers company. Men who a few weeks before had been operating plantation cranes or working in the moist sweetness of the sugar mills, driving trucks and buses in Honolulu and spear fishing or body surfing in the clear blue Hawaiian waters were now—together with volunteers from the relocation centers—manning anti-tank guns, running obstacle courses, drilling, learning how to kill. Already they looked like soldiers.

The Japanese community feared two things about the Combat Team,

first that it would be sidetracked and never allowed to make a combat record; second, that it would be used as shock troops until all the vigorous youth of Japanese ancestry had been killed off. They feared the former most.

Men like Joe Itagaki (now a member of the Territorial Legislature) had gone in with their eyes open, planning for their families on the basis that they would be killed in action.

Because of high intelligence—the unit had an IQ far above average—and high morale, the men learned quickly and quickly earned the respect of Caucasian officers who had never before met a Japanese American. "We can count on these men one hundred per cent," said their commanding officer, Colonel C. W. Pence. "They're enthusiastic and intelligent."

Their physical condition was excellent. Where the usual army recruit is badly in need of dental attention, they came with teeth well cared for.

Shortly after their arrival at Shelby they invested, without pressure, over \$100,000 in war bonds.

Many of the men took careful notes at lectures, a thing rarely seen by their officers. They used the library. They visited New York, Washington, the historic sights of America at every chance. Discipline was unnecessary; they didn't go AWOL or get into trouble. One officer claimed never to have seen a group of soldiers who did so little griping.

They had gripes, all right—the heat, the chiggers which dug into their skins, the army life which was "plenty tough" after the softer slower rhythm of life in Hawaii. But they took these things in their stride because they had their eyes fixed on a farther horizon—combat, the testing of their metal, and then if they were lucky, peace, tolerance and home.

They went for sports in a big way. You found them at billiard tables and bowling alleys throughout the huge camp. They took twelve out of thirteen games and won the Camp Shelby baseball title. They had some trouble getting along with the mainland Nisei who to them appeared snobbish and stiff (a contrast to be examined later), and they were not above taking a poke at anyone who spoke too loud when he called them Japs.

Most of all they felt a terrible compulsion to succeed, to vindicate themselves as Americans. This heavy sense of obligation and responsibility, traits inculcated by their Japanese parents and thus a product of Japanese culture, would have been welcomed by many an officer trying to whip other units into shape. It made these men as fine a body of troops as our army had. In the Japanese enemy we called it fanaticism. It made

you understand the spirit that caused a handful of farmers in the colonies to take up arms against odds and see the thing through. Perhaps Americans had not had enough odds against them, latterly, to feel that prick of the spirit, that sense of gratitude for what they had, that willingness to maintain it if need be with their blood.

But these men had.

Their combat record in Europe has already been recited, a record which islanders and mainlanders shared. The story splits again when the veterans returned to the islands to take up civilian life.

They had longed for home until the beauty of it seemed even greater than the assured reality. What they came back to lacked something of the sheen, the gloss their imaginations had supplied.

Many felt ignorant, out of touch with the world, unable even to have opinions on civilian affairs. Students returning to the university had to read a text several times to get its meaning. Most of the returning men came back with enlarged ideas about what jobs they would take. They had proved their worth and wanted something to match it. Yet at the same time they were too reticent to tell prospective employers how their experiences had equipped them, were even too shy to speak to a haole secretary in the veteran's office if the AJA officers were out.

The Territorial Council on Veterans' Affairs, established to see that boys who had inevitably been pushed around a lot in army life would not meet further difficulties on their return, did its best to steer them to suitable jobs or to needed vocational training.

But having a job was not the only problem. Men who had been through suffering and sudden death missed the bond of brotherhood those experiences had forged. They had shared everything with men who had become closer to them than brothers. Civilian life with its cutthroat competition, its cool and casual contacts was unsatisfying. So the men liked to get jobs together, in groups, where they could capture and hold some of that cherished brotherhood.

With the help of influential haole friends, the men from the rooth took over an abandoned Japanese school where they could hang up their trophies, get a bed if they came from out of town, play cards and have parties, and preserve the bond that had united them. At the club they would live through their experiences, and things they could not talk about, could not explain to their girls or parents came alive all over again and were funny or sad or frightening as they had been before. Men who

had sworn they would cut off a son's right arm rather than have him live through what they had lived through began to idealize what they had done.

This was not a new thing. Agamemnon's men had done it, and the Israelites after their battles with the Philistines, the Crusaders and the Minute Men and the old veterans from the Grand Army of the Republic, making their talks to school children all over the nation on Memorial Day. Always the same—the horror of war making a bond of brotherhood stronger than peace could make, the horror hated and feared while it lived before them but fading in the light of glorious deeds as time washed out the misery, until only the glory remained and men had raised up children knowing only the glory of it, and the whole thing was to do over again.

Some of the men loafed as others were doing on the mainland, figuring—and no doubt they were right—that society owed them the gift of a little idleness. Others hurried back to the plantations to find out if their jobs were waiting.

Internees began to come back even before veterans from combat zones. To many a Japanese our considerateness in expediting their return looked like weakness. It even inspired and sustained rumors that we had not won the war after all but were doing Japan's bidding. Among those returning were American citizens who at war's outbreak had renounced their citizenship and lived under the protection of the government while members even of their own family fought and died.

The almost simultaneous return of Nisei veterans and Issei internees started another war as soon as the main conflict was finished, a bitter war within families.

The basis of the battle was a remarkable persistence of belief in Japan's victory on the part of the Issei—an example of what pure faith and indoctrination can do when the individual finds other doors closed to him. If, when we excluded the Japanese in 1924, we had naturalized those already within our borders, we would have had their loyalty. So the fault is partly ours for having created a situation where we both demanded and refused loyalty from an alien group. While the Nisei exulted in the victory of their country, therefore, the Issei wept at the humiliation of Japan's defeat.

It was this psychic disease in their own parents that returning veterans had to meet. The battles were bitter. Sons moved away from home. A Nisei officer just back from Japan wrote a shocked letter to the *Honolulu*

Advertiser expressing his disgust. Others wanted to know why the government did not deport the rumor spreaders.

As the Issei came back from internment and the young men came back from the fighting fronts everyone wondered who would control the community. Would the old men step back into their posts? Would Japanese banks, schools, temples arise again to dominate the economic and social life of the Nisei?

Not if the Nisei could help it. The Emergency Service Committee had done its best to bring about dissolution of the language schools and other institutions erected on a racial basis. Trade with Japan might not resume for years, and it was this which had given Issei leaders the economic strength through which they controlled the community.

Nisei leaders back from the war ran for office in the 1946 elections and did well, thirteen out of nineteen candidates winning the posts they sought. It happened that war and the coming of age of the Nisei almost coincided. Trial by fire had tested their qualities, exposed the weak and discovered the leaders. Mature men with tested ability were among them, by the cruel irony of human conduct tempered and developed by the business of killing, which is both the worst of man's arts and the most dramatic developer of his qualities.

Now, after the meeting and conflict of two cultures, after the rough course of discrimination and intolerance they had run and would still run, after combat and sacrifice came the final act: redemption. They had had to fight harder than most Americans for their birthright of freedom and equality of treatment. By their own blood they had redeemed those rights which belonged to them by birth. No one reading of their record at the Volturno River or in the Vosges Mountains could question their qualities or their Americanism. And no one believing in America could doubt that their redemption was achieved.

The Nisei had come of age, and the future belonged to them.

There was a lad born in California who at the age of seven came to live on a Hawaiian plantation. The sun-darkened youngsters who came to play with him spoke a strange language though it somewhat resembled English. But one thing they told him on the day of his arrival he could understand.

"Lucky come Hawaii," they said.

The boy soon learned to speak pidgin. He was soon playing with kids who might like himself have Japanese parents or who might be haole or

Filipino or Portuguese. The sun, the slower tempo, the friendliness of the islands got into his bones. And remembering the segregated school in California, the white boys who yelled "Jap" at him and kicked him around, he said to himself many times:

"Lucky come Hawaii."

PART TWO

ACT ONE: MEETING

XV

SCHOOLBOYS AND CASTAWAYS

The Japanese newspaper, *Los Angeles Daily News*, contained a number of interesting items in its issue of Sunday, December 7, 1941. A Nisei named Togo Tanaka inquired in his column, "Post Script," whether there could be a secret army preparing to strike as Japan's fifth column in the United States if war came. While he did not know of any such activity, it gave him an uneasy feeling to remember that a Japanese spy had been quartered in Little Tokyo right under everyone's noses without ever being suspected.

Congressman Charles Kramer who had often criticized the Nisei was quoted as saying: "I truly believe that 98 per cent of our American-born citizens of Japanese extraction are just as loyal as the descendants of all other nationalities that go to make up our great commonwealth." The process by which the Congressman had arrived at this mathematical result was not revealed.

An advertisement read: "VOLUNTEER FOR THE CALIFORNIA STATE GUARD. Men are needed on the home front for civilian service."

Congressman Jerry Voorhis had introduced into the *Congressional Record* a statement from the Central Japanese Association of America reaffirming the loyalty of its members to the United States. The Association urged that other alien groups make similar declarations.

An editorial pointed out that Nisei political sentiment had for economic reasons been colored by the views of Tokyo rather than Washington. It advised the Nisei to take a look at the situation in the Far East and called on those who claimed America for their spiritual as well as geographical home to stop sitting on the fence.

There was a short story about a Nisei lad who was afraid to enter a restaurant because he might be ignored or refused service. He went in, and waited a long time without being served. When a man stepped up to

speak to him, he froze with fear. But it turned out to be a former teacher who advised him to stop being sensitive and expecting rebuffs.

Masao Kurose, graduate of the Curtis-Wright Technical School and one of the latest to get a job in a defense industry, had reported for work to Douglas Aircraft.

A column discussed diaper rash. There was concern over rising prices. The YWCA was having a tea for mothers. An advice column discussed splitting the check with the boy friend. Sports, cheesecake and comics were present in normal amounts.

A dispatch from Washington said: "How close we are to WAR with Japan is anyone's guess."

Not many people ever read that paper, for the world it had been made in grew suddenly very distant. About the time people were taking it in off their doorsteps the radio announced:

"Honolulu. The naval base at Pearl Harbor has been attacked by Japanese aircraft."

From Seattle to Imperial Valley the Nisei were branded by a fateful accident of evolution as relatives of the enemy. Americans of Italian and German origin could fit themselves into the larger community and not be noticed. Even aliens from Europe, even home-grown Fascists and Nazi sympathizers bore no outward marks to identify them.

Among the many racial strains—including Caucasian—that formed the Japanese race, those containing a noticeable amount of carotene in the skin and a Mongoloid fold of the eyelid predominated. The 110,000 Japanese (aliens and native Americans) on the West Coast therefore made a community within a community. Their physical differences made them conspicuous and vulnerable. Segregated by prejudice, they lived in segregated areas. The bigger towns—Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles—had their Nihonmachi, their Little Tokyos. Even in the country Japanese were likely to settle near each other, forming an enclave centering in church or temple, language school, and Japanese Association.

On this Sunday morning of December seventh it was quiet in the Japanese section along Fillmore Street in San Francisco, and around Main and San Pedro in Los Angeles. In San Francisco the vestiges of a former grandeur still remained in the tall windows and fancy woodwork of houses now converted to laundries, chop suey joints and employment agencies, with rooms or apartments overhead. In Los Angeles and Seattle

it was the oldest business areas that were Japanese, and they had never had any grandeur at all.

In the country, families were already at work in the fields, getting ready for the cucumber season around San Diego, harvesting a truck crop farther south, or northward getting in a cover crop or pruning fruit trees.

At Stanford, at the University of Washington, in Berkeley, girls stretched late in bed, remembering the pleasanter details of last night's date. But most of the boys were up—washing dishes, waiting on table to earn their way through.

Many of the children had started off for Sunday school, their faces framed with shining black hair, skin tinged the color of gold, frocks stiff with cleanliness.

Fishing boats went out of Terminal Island and Monterey, not knowing that it would be for the last time. The produce markets were quiet. When they reopened that evening the many Nisei who worked in them as commission merchants, swampers, clerks would not know whether to show their faces. The farmers would not know whether it was safe to truck their stuff in. The world would have cracked apart in a few hours, and with it their heritage, their ties, their security.

When the news came, many at first would not believe it, as men often cushion themselves against too great a shock by unbelief.

Were there spies among them, saboteurs, fifth columnists? Nobody seemed to know. Was there a purpose in the proximity of the Japanese fishing fleet to the naval base at San Pedro? Was it true that the boats made rendezvous with the Japanese navy at sea, brought spies ashore, sent information back to Japan? Were Japanese farms located near airfields, strategic factories and power lines for a purpose?

Of the 112,353 Japanese on the Pacific Coast, 71,484 were American-born, their average age nineteen. The average age of the 40,869 aliens was above fifty-five. Were they dangerous? Were they more dangerous than the 97,080 foreign-born Germans and the 113,847 foreign-born Italians? Why were they on the West Coast at all? Who had brought them there?

In 1835 a fur trader named Ranald McDonald was trading for furs with the Indians out in the Northwest Territory. He saw some objects which he recognized as Oriental. McDonald, like many a Scotsman before and since, had a noticeable bump of intellectual curiosity. He asked questions. He learned that three exhausted men had come ashore from a wreck blown up into the mouth of the Columbia River, and he asked to

see them. Somehow he made out that they had come from Japan. He studied their language. He made a dictionary. Then through his aid they took ship at San Francisco and are known to have reached Hong Kong, where the record vanishes. They were the first Japanese known to have been on the North American continent.

McDonald put the dictionary in his pack. He kept up his practice in the language during long and lonely marches. And he kept dreaming of a trip to Japan. In 1842 he located a whaler bound for Japan waters. When the ship came close to Hokkaido, Japan's northern island, he leapt into the water with his precious dictionary well wrapped and swam ashore where he was seized by the suspicious authorities and taken under custody to Nagasaki. There he was allowed to open an English school. He acted as interpreter when an American ship made port there in 1849, and returned with the ship to America, five years before Perry and his black ships had reopened the country to foreign intercourse.

Two years later, in 1851, the *Auckland* put in at San Francisco with a shipwrecked crew of Japanese aboard. One of these was Hikoza Hamada, a lad of thirteen. After staying a year in San Francisco Hikoza and his mates were shipped to Hong Kong by way of Hawaii. Japanese ports were still closed to foreigners, but the shipping between Hong Kong and San Francisco, thanks to the gold rush, was brisk. Citizens of San Francisco, deserted for the gold fields by their domestics and the service trades, were sending their laundry to be done in Hong Kong—a five months' round trip!

In 1852 Hikoza, unable to get passage to Japan, was brought back to San Francisco where he came to the attention of the Collector of Customs while serving as an interpreter. The Collector offered him a home while he went to school. In this way the shipwrecked lad, like John Mung, anticipated the Japanese schoolboy of later years. He continued his studies in the East, at a Roman Catholic school in Baltimore, where he became a convert. Joseph Heco, he called himself now.

He was introduced to President Pierce, to President Buchanan. In 1858, at the age of twenty-one, he became the first Japanese to gain American citizenship, for no one had yet demonstrated this to be an impossibility. The next year he went to Japan as an interpreter for our Consul, Townsend Harris. In 1861, on a trip to America he met Lincoln, was accredited a representative of the American government, and went again to Japan where he refused positions in the Japanese government on the ground that he was an American. He wrote several books describing America to

the Japanese. In 1865 he started what has been called the first Japanese newspaper—all this before Japan had forsaken feudalism.

In 1869 a strange character, Matsudaira Snail, a Dutchman naturalized in Japan, brought a group of Japanese to Gold Hill in Placer County with the idea of making a fortune by raising silk and tea. The climate proved unfavorable to sericulture, the tea failed, and Snail skipped out leaving the Japanese destitute.

Among the early comers was young Korekiyo Takahashi, later one of Japan's great men, a Minister of Finance who lived to challenge the militarists in the thirties, respected by everyone but the military fanatics who murdered him in 1936 when he was in his eighties. He came to America almost as a slave, the merchant whom he trusted having pocketed the money that was to have paid his passage. Bound under contract to a rich man in Oakland, Takahashi learned American ways by serving as a domestic. Even earlier to arrive was Joseph Niishima, who escaped from Hakodate in 1864, landed at Boston, studied at Amherst and at Andover Theological Seminary, and went home to found Doshisha, one of Japan's great Christian colleges.

So the first wave of Japanese immigrants was one of students, not laborers—eager, adventurous, intelligent young men attracted by accounts of the exciting new knowledge to be had in America. Many returned full of that knowledge to raise Japan out of feudalism, to become leaders in her government, business and intellectual life. Some were sent by the Japanese government itself. As early as 1871 Japan, determining that women too must be educated for the new world, sent a group of young ladies to American schools. Other students were the sons of wealthy men. But some of the most worthy men were like Takahashi and Niishima who came without resources and who supported themselves while they studied. The Japanese schoolboy may have been funny, but he originated one pattern of the self-made American that later became widespread, the young man putting himself through college.

Hachiro Onuki, forgotten today, once nearly had a statue erected to his memory in Phoenix, Arizona, because he had done so much for the city. He seems to have made his start there by the sale of drinking water. He married a Caucasian, succeeded at farming, and was instrumental in bringing gas, electricity and street cars to the city.

Far from being "undesirable" immigrants, the first Japanese to come to California were men of spirit, full of the desire for knowledge. It was the reports they carried back to Japan, and the encouragement to foreign

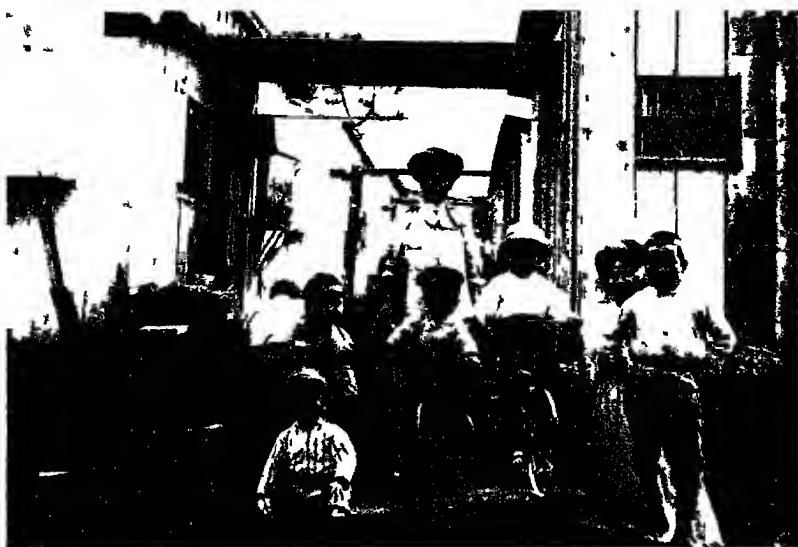
intercourse in the writings of Yukichi Fukuzawa and others, which launched the second influx of immigrants who wanted to make money and return wealthy to their native villages. Columbus had sailed in search of Japan, fabled for its gold, and found America. Now the Japanese were ready to return the compliment.¹

In 1870 there were only 56 Japanese in the United States, in 1890 after six years of encouraged labor migration only 2,039. Until 1898 less than 2,000 came each year. When annexation abolished labor contracts and smoothed the passage between Hawaii and the mainland, the number jumped noticeably. The largest number in any year—12,626—came in 1900, and from then until the Gentlemen's Agreement began to take effect in 1909 the arrivals averaged about 7,000 a year. During this, the most active period of Japanese immigration from 1900 to 1909, labor contractors sent agents to Hawaii to attract laborers by offers of high wages and cheap transportation. In other words, we asked for it.

This new influx of laboring Japanese was employed chiefly in agriculture, on the railroads, to some extent in lumbering and mining, and in the salmon canneries. They started in farming first.

The earliest farmers of record came first to Fresno in 1880 as servants to an American who lived in Tokyo, then they took up a three-year contract with a vineyard. A few years later they returned to Japan and came back in 1889 to buy a farm of their own.

In 1888 Kozabura Baba went to work in the apricot orchards near Vacaville (between Sacramento and San Francisco) and farmers in the area began to look hopefully for more Japanese fruit pickers. By 1890 more than 300 were working in Vacaville and had organized a labor union. By 1893 Japanese labor had moved into the Sacramento and San Joaquin regions, and the *Sacramento Bee*—later one of the most persistent Jap baiters—was referring to them as "more docile and obedient" than the Chinese. By 1896 they had entered the beet fields, and when beets were started in the mountain states around 1903 they went there too. They moved into southern California as fruit became an important crop. By 1901 they were the main source of labor in California's grape and beet industries. By 1904 they had moved as far south as the Mexican border where they came to Imperial Valley as pickers of cantaloupes. Soon they were owners here too. In 1910 they started to raise tomatoes and in 1915 a man named Sato first planted lettuce as a field crop. Because most of them, like those who settled in Hawaii, came from farms on the southern



Courtesy Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association

A Japanese family on a Hawaiian plantation. Costumes, hairdo and housing illustrate conditions of thirty to fifty years ago.

A pineapple field in Hawaii. Japanese perform much of the labor.





Three Nisei students at the University of Hawaii



The student council of the University of Hawaii is selected from students of Oriental, Caucasian and Polynesian descent.



Third generation Japanese.



The Kamezo Higa family of Kahalu, Oahu. The father and mother were born in Japan and came to Hawaii as poor immigrants. Together they worked on plantations until they acquired their own farm. Their large family is American born and educated. Two of their sons attended agricultural college. Another son, Thomas Higa, Pic, served with the 100th Infantry Battalion in Italy.



Mrs. Tsuta Otoide of Honolulu working on slippers to be used
by wounded service men in the army and navy hospitals.



An Issei plantation worker in Hawaii



Courtesy Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association

Nisei tractor operator, Hawaii.



Pacific citizen photo by Toku Fujishira

Nisei farmer in Oregon.



II RA photo by Clem Ibers

Exile



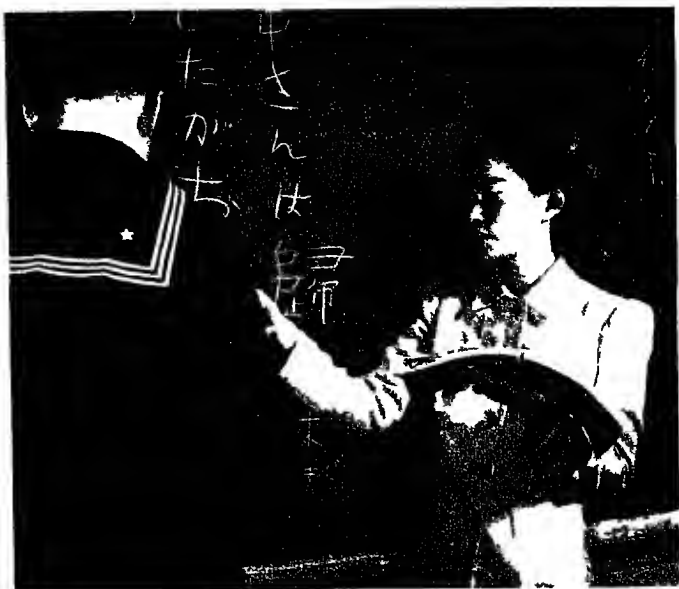
U S A photo by Tom Parker

Evacuees helped to save the sugar beet crop in Colorado



Signal Corps photo

Fifth Army, Italy The strain of sixteen days of battle for Leghorn is plainly written on the faces of these American troops of Japanese descent of the 100th Infantry Battalion, as they leave for regimental reserve



Grayce Nakasono former Los Angeles college student, serve as instructor in Japanese at a Navy Intelligence school



WRA photo

Playtime in camp



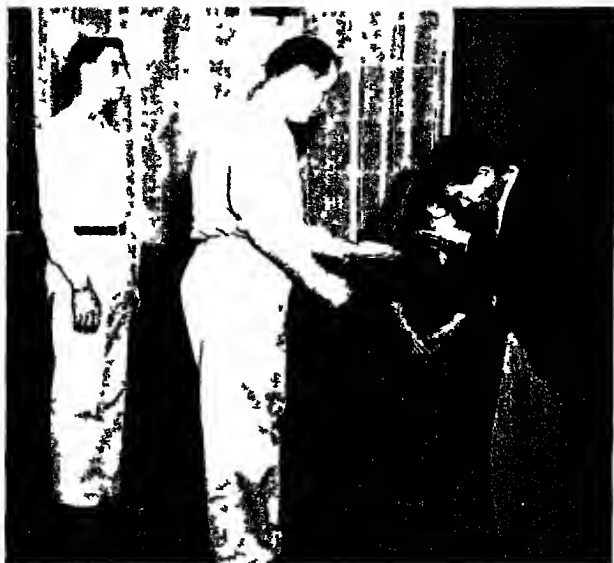
U S Army Signal Corps photo

Technical Sergeant Warren Higa, 10th Army interpreter, interrogates a Japanese prisoner on Okinawa



HR4 photo by B d 401ma

Ben Kuroki speaking at a relocation center



Purple Heart medal awarded posthumously to the
parents of T/5 Larry N Miura



Acme Newspix

General Joseph W ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell pins the DSC on
Mary Masuda. In background (l to r) are (standing on porch)
Pfc Masao Masuda, Mary's brother, her father Gensuke, and her
mother Tamae.



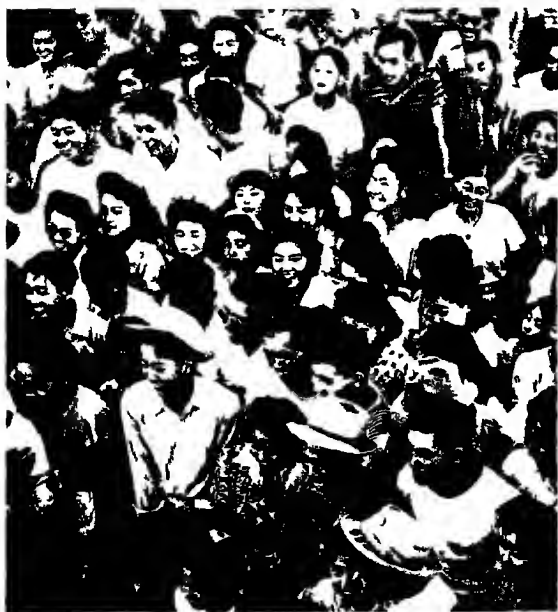
WRA photo by Tom Lin

Ailyn Yasamura, six, and a classmate enact a story for the rest of the first grade class at Horace Mann-Lincoln School in upper Manhattan. The Yasamura family relocated from the Minidoka Relocation Center, Hunt, Idaho.



Cina Hohensee

Isamu Noguchi, sculptor, with
a work in terra cotta



WRA photo by Francis Stewart

"Japanese are People."



WRA photo

Return from Exile.

end of the main island and the adjoining part of Kyushu, they turned to farming, the work they knew best.

By 1892 a thousand Japanese were working on the Oregon Short Line as construction hands. Yet it was romance, not labor, that brought the first Japanese to Oregon. In 1880 Andrew McKinnon, a Scotch skipper from Australia, came to Portland with his young Japanese bride and set up a sawmill which he named, in her honor, Orient Mill. The location is still known as Orient. In railroading as in farming the convenience of hiring as many men as were needed through one contractor was an inducement to the employer. That the Japanese developed such a system of finding work was a tribute to their organizing ability. Sometimes a Japanese-managed supply company would furnish a railroad with the labor it wanted in return for free transportation for its goods and a concession to sell them in the work camps. As railroad workers the Japanese moved into the mountain states—12,000 of them by 1905. Some shifted from outside work to the shops. Some became foremen and bosses over non-Oriental workers. The railroads knew them as good workers, causing little trouble in camp, and preferred them to Italians, Greeks and Slavs. Most of them saved every penny in order to raise themselves out of the laboring class. They ate just enough to keep going. So a stray jack-rabbit was a feast, and when a locomotive killed a cow, they felt as if Ebisu, the god of plenty, had sent them a banquet.

Though in the coal mines and smelting mills of Utah the Japanese had first been employed as strikebreakers, yet by 1907 they were accepted as members by the United Mine Workers and paid at union rates.

Yet not even a majority of the Japanese were laborers. Many became domestics only in order to support themselves while they studied, though like other men—including even Caucasians—some failed to fulfill their dreams and remained domestics for the rest of their lives. But from 1868 to 1908 only about 39 per cent of the arrivals were laborers. A fifth were students, another fifth merchants.²

At the time when the first laborers began to come, carpenters in Japan were getting ten cents a day, ordinary workers six cents. It was to escape such poverty, and also to avoid military conscription, that the Japanese headed for America. Many returned when they had passed the conscript age. Like any immigrants, they had to begin on the lowest economic rung, going from the ship to a Japanese boarding house where labor contractors came for men. At first they had to take the jobs nobody else wanted—the dirty jobs, the jobs with low pay. But as they came in larger

numbers they began to command the same rates of pay as others.

Actually, they had little effect on trades or employment. They were keeping up a standard of living higher than that of the Mexicans and Chinese, a standard similar to that of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe. They showed themselves anxious to learn Western ways, had more schools for English than any other immigrants—fifteen in San Francisco alone by 1909, and spoke it more than other foreigners.⁸

The California growers liked them. They had the qualities desired in itinerant farm labor—they were young, vigorous, unmarried, hard workers, satisfied with the roughest kind of accommodation, the simplest food. They were easy to hire, through a contractor who supplied as many men as were needed, and easy to fire. For when they were no longer wanted they went back to the "club" established by the contractor where they lived between jobs and in the winter. The *Woodland Democrat* in 1895 found them true cosmopolitans, adopting all our habits, progressive, willing to be Christianized.

But by 1905 it had become evident that the Japanese did not intend to remain itinerant laborers if they could help it. They were now buying and leasing farms of their own. The big growers saw a very satisfactory source of labor disappearing, the small farmers feared direct competition. True, the Japanese usually had to be satisfied with land no one else would touch. Kinji Ushijima for instance, better known as George Shima, the potato king, took up some inundated land in the Sacramento delta, land nobody else was foolish enough to bother with. He drained it, planted potatoes, extended his holdings. It was ten years before he could show a profit, but by 1920 he had cornered the San Francisco potato market, and was operating sixty thousand acres, with barges of his own to carry the product from the delta lands to the city.

"What can we do to protect ourselves," wrote the *Pacific Rural Press* in despair, "when thrift, good farming and farsightedness turn out that way?" The same paper now (in 1906) found the once despised Chinese "the most skillful, trustworthy and devoted laborers" California ever had, while the Japanese were "careless, preoccupied and untrustworthy."

The Japanese, in other words, were succeeding.

ACT TWO: CONFLICT

XVI

FOR AMERICANS ONLY

On April 18 and 19, 1906, San Francisco was struck by an earthquake often described as one of the great disasters of history. Fire swept the city for four days. Two hundred and fifty thousand people, driven from their homes, spent the nights outdoors. Although federal troops from the Presidio took control of the city, there was looting and disorder on a large scale. Chief victims of the hoodlums were the Japanese—handily present for those who needed an excuse to lift property that did not belong to them or to vent feelings of impotent rage against losses they could not recover. Japanese were assaulted, their homes stoned, their shops boycotted.

In October children of Japanese ancestry were ordered to attend the segregated school maintained for the Chinese, an order which if complied with would have worked hardship as well as insult. Basing their argument on the fact that a few Japanese because of their language handicap were well beyond the age of their schoolmates, the proponents of the move argued that they were "corrupting" the other children. At this time there were 93 Japanese, including 25 born in America, among 25,000 students!

At this point California's treatment of the Japanese became an international issue and President Roosevelt himself intervened.

The ruckus over 93 children which caused President Roosevelt to invite San Francisco's mayor to negotiate at the White House was a product of California's brief and highly colored history.

Josiah Royce, distinguished American philosopher and a native Californian, noted as prevalent marks of California character "social irresponsibility natural in the large mass of new-comers to the territory who sought wealth and not a social order" and a "blind nativism" which blamed foreigners for "whatever trouble was due to our brutal ill treatment of them."¹

The American newcomers had scarcely let their gun barrels cool after

appropriating the land from Mexico before they began calling the legal owners "foreigners."² The term soon came to include South Americans and Chinese but not immigrants from Europe arriving by way of the East Coast. The attitude toward "foreigners" was succinctly put in the letter of one of the Forty-niners:

If foreigners come, let them till the soil and make roads, or do any other work that may suit them, but the gold-mines were preserved by nature for Americans only, who possess noble hearts.

From that day to this, "foreigners"—Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, men from Oklahoma or Arkansas—have been welcome to work for little wages at tasks no one else will do. But when they begin to buy land or compete for jobs an "American" might conceivably desire for himself, they become a menace.

Anti-foreign legislation was enacted by the first California Legislature in 1850. On this broad base of anti-foreign feeling California began to nurse a particular dislike for the Chinese, who had at least been tolerated when they were needed to perform the menial tasks. But when the gold fields were about played out and the miners were willing to take ordinary jobs again, they found the Chinese in possession. Riots and vandalism rose to such heights that in at least one case the militia had to be called out.

This attitude toward the Chinese as a colored race, and the color bias in California generally, came in part from the strong Southern influence during the pioneer period. In frontier town and mining camp the Southern politician was a figure. His fine clothes, polished speech and courtly manner stood for the niceties of a civilization the miners had left behind them.

Dr. William McKendree Gwin, a former Congressman from Missouri, came to California with the expressed intention of returning to Washington as the first California Senator. He succeeded. He and other Southerners who moved in with families and slaves, forming a third of the new state's population in the early years, "dictated not only politics but polite social usage, and inevitably Southern opinion patterned and colored general thinking."³ And ever since that time the South, especially through its representatives in Congress, has shown a kindred feeling for California which, in turn, has been encouraged to think of its minorities as "colored"—even when they are Mexicans or, strangely enough, men from Oklahoma.

A series of decisions by the Supreme Court in the seventies also affected

the fate of "foreigners" in California. By determining that the federal government did not have power to protect the citizens of a state against fellow citizens, the Court effectively hamstrung the Fourteenth Amendment. The political deal which made Hayes President gave the South a free hand with the Negro. Extended, that policy still gives any state broad powers in dealing with its particular minority groups. As a result, the American government has sometimes found itself at the mercy of individual states in matters affecting its foreign policy.

This was the case with the Japanese in California. Welcomed at first, they were soon being called "unassimilable" and being blamed for the very traits that proved their assimilability. The first cry against them was raised when there were only 400 in the whole state of California. The first mass meeting for exclusion was held in 1900 when there were only 10,151. Then, as the first decade of the century proved that the Japanese possessed the insidious Oriental characteristics of desiring to get ahead, to own farms instead of working other men's land, and otherwise to improve their status and income, it was determined that the Japanese must go or—this was the implication—return to serving their white masters as nature intended.

The landowners did not believe they were a threat. There was the man who had rented twenty acres of bare land worth \$25 an acre at a yearly rental of \$450 an acre. The Japanese cultivators made a net profit in two years of \$19,000. Here was wealth where there had never been wealth before. Could such a thing be bad for a country?

Similarly in the cities the Japanese were quick to adopt American business methods. Alertness to the surrounding community, a trait we have seen before in the Japanese, only alarmed their opponents the more. The charge that the Japanese did not assimilate really meant that they must not be allowed to do so.

In 1900 Mayor James D. Phelan of San Francisco quarantined the Japanese and Chinese sections of the city on the basis of idle gossip about an alleged bubonic plague. Orientals were forced to be inoculated and were, they felt, rudely handled. In May a mass meeting sponsored by labor organizations alarmed over the sudden influx of Japanese demanded exclusion. In July the Japanese government announced that no passports would be issued to coolies.⁴

The 1901 convention of the Chinese Exclusion League and the 1904 convention of the American Federation of Labor demanded exclusion of the Japanese. Then in 1905 the campaign opened in earnest with a series of articles in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. All the stock arguments

and a few new ones were lined up for the attack: the Japanese were all spies and criminals; they were inferior, yet they managed to farm where Caucasians could not succeed; they had a low standard of living; they threatened to corrupt the children in the public schools; they were a threat to American women (the Japanese record was exceptionally clear of any misconduct in this respect); they copied what the white man had invented and then competed against him with his own skills.

Spurred by the *Chronicle* articles, the California Legislature passed a resolution requesting Congress to exclude the Japanese as the Chinese had been excluded by the act of 1892. In response to this agitation the Japanese government temporarily stopped all emigration to Hawaii. In May the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League was formed and Jap-baiting became a profession. When in September with the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth Japan suddenly appeared as a power in the Pacific, our traditional feeling of friendship changed to fear and distrust.

The San Francisco school affair was in part a symptom of this change of heart, in part the coming to a new head of the old animosities, and in part a political red herring.

San Francisco from 1901 to 1906 was in the hands of a ruthless political machine guilty of bribery, vice, and murder. It suited the purpose of this gang to use the Japanese as a smoke-screen between the public and their own activities. Mayor Schmitz was about to be indicted for his many crimes when the school affair blew up and the Mayor, grasping at a straw, went to Washington to treat with the President. It is no wonder that the *Los Angeles Times*, when Schmitz declared that he would lay down his life in the battle against the Japanese, ironically commented:

It is a notable fact that his honor has never laid down anything of value. His promise, however, would almost reconcile anyone to war with Japan.

Roosevelt persuaded Schmitz to withdraw the segregation order, in return for which he stopped the entry of Japanese from Hawaii, Mexico and Canada and agreed to get the Japanese government to cut off the flow from Japan. The contemporary press in the East did not miss the humor in the spectacle of a mayor and school board of a single American city being received at the White House and asked to approve or revise matters of international policy as if they had represented an independent power.

Schmitz and his delegation had scarcely returned from Washington when new riots broke out against the Japanese. In Japan the newspapers spoke of war. By 1907 American journals looked upon a war with Japan as

"inevitable." President Roosevelt publicly condemned "the wanton levity, brutality and jingoism of certain California mob leaders and certain yellow journals." Yet not even all of California supported San Francisco's anti-Orientalism, for the southern part of the state was at this time opposed to such discrimination. Washington and Oregon both condemned the agitation.⁵

The departure of the American fleet on a world cruise in December 1907 was used by the jingoists as an opportunity to taunt Japan. But when the fleet, invited to call at Yokohama, was given a tremendous reception in October 1908, the air cleared a little.

The next year saw a spate of anti-Japanese laws introduced in the California Legislature and a mob assault on Japanese residents in Berkeley. Then year after year the war between California and Japan went on while the federal government lamely explained its inability to control matters when Japan protested. Such inability on the part of Oriental nations had often been the excuse for intervention by Western powers. What would have happened if Americans in Japan had been repeatedly stoned, attacked, cursed, boycotted, and the Japanese government had declared itself powerless to do anything about it?

Carey McWilliams has shown how Japan soon learned to turn Californian mob violence and discrimination to her own advantage, using it to screen a policy of expansion. "Usually the Japanese became very excited [about West Coast anti-Orientalism] on the eve of some new adventure in Korea or Manchuria; or on the eve of elections in Japan."⁶

California politicians also manipulated the issue for their own ends and without regard for the international effects. As early as 1870 a strong trade union movement had existed in California. Led by Irish immigrants with a flare for political maneuvering, it was violently opposed to Orientals as a menace to labor. The notorious Mayor Schmitz, candidate of the Union Labor Party, had forced his opponents to compete for the anti-Oriental vote, so that both pro-labor and anti-labor forces stirred up feeling against the Japanese. In later years politicians who were progressive in other matters kept their opposition to the Oriental.

The most that can be said for those who were sincerely and not opportunistically in favor of exclusion is that they believed Orientals would remain a permanent cheap labor class, allowing the large farm operators to expand and forcing out the small independent farmer who ever since Jefferson had stood as the symbol of essential Americanism. A similar argument saw the Oriental as a prop to monopoly capitalism and a threat to labor and small business.

There is no doubt that Japanese immigration had to be controlled. Not even such a pro-Japanese publicist as Sidney Gulick asked for more than a token immigration. But this had been accomplished when the Gentlemen's Agreement began to take effect in 1908. By 1909 only 1,593 Japanese entered the country, a number far smaller than the number returning to Japan. The picture brides raised the figures again, but even this influx would soon have come to an end since no more laborers were being admitted. In 1920, however, the Japanese government, urged by the West Coast Japanese themselves who hoped thus to still the hue and cry, stopped issuing passports to picture brides.

Yet it was after the Japanese government had refused passports to all but transient and commercial visitors that the great cry for exclusion was raised.

Any disinterested historian looking for the causes of the war between America and Japan will have to take account of events on the West Coast which culminated in the carefully engineered Exclusion Act of 1924.

In 1911, the Treaty of Commerce between Japan and the United States had been renewed. Before the Senate ratified, the California Senate had sent a resolution urging withdrawal of the treaty because it said nothing about restricting immigration, and had even omitted the clause which in the previous treaty (1894) reserved to the United States the right to exclude Japanese. But President Taft had assured California that exclusion of laborers would continue under the Gentlemen's Agreement and the Japanese Ambassador, Uchida, had affirmed Japan's intention of maintaining a firm control. And there the matter stood.

Now a wonderful thing happened. The Asiatic Exclusion League, dedicated to the removal of every Oriental, formally requested the state Legislature *not* to enact any of the twenty-odd anti-Japanese bills then pending. The reason had nothing to do with Christian charity, or a dispassionate study of scientific fact about race, or even the discovery that the Japanese were doing a great deal more good than harm in California. No, San Francisco wanted the Panama Pacific Exposition. San Francisco was the center of anti-Orientalism. The Exposition would be held elsewhere if California was going to put on one of its Wild West shows.

But by 1913, when San Francisco had been chosen and Japan had begun to work on her extensive exhibits, there was an old-fashioned revival. The Exclusion League, backed by Hearst, V. S. McClatchy and Senator James Phelan, demanded a law forbidding sale or lease of land to Japanese.

True, an investigation ordered by the California Legislature had shown,

much to the Legislature's surprise, that the Japanese far from being a menace to the state were essential to her particular kind of farming. The report was suppressed after being formally condemned by the Legislature as being opposed to the sentiments of the people. For though there were in 1912 only 331 farms or 12,726 acres owned by Japanese, the Legislature had decided that the Japanese were driving other farmers out of business. It did not propose to be moved from this conclusion by anything so inconvenient as the truth.

There was disagreement regarding the kind of bill that should be written. Landowners who were making out very comfortably by leasing to the Japanese wanted a bill which would prevent them from buying land. Large growers wanted a bill which would keep the Japanese in the status of hired labor. Small farmers wanted any kind of a bill that would drive the Japanese entirely out of farming. Labor, which had supported all anti-Japanese legislation until this time, was not so sure that it wanted to drive the Japanese off the land into the cities.

Another difficulty was to devise a bill which would be discriminatory without appearing so. The problem was solved by the state's Attorney General, U. S. Webb, who so worded the bill as to affect aliens ineligible to citizenship. Since the Chinese had long since been reduced in numbers by exclusion, the Japanese were the only aliens in this category who farmed to any extent in California.

Writers who criticize the bill rarely mention a precedent enacted by the United States Congress in 1887 which specified that "it shall be unlawful for any person or persons not citizens of the United States . . . to acquire or own real estate," except by inheritance, collection of debts or as authorized by treaty.⁷ If California instead of passing a new law had been content to prosecute aliens under this federal law, it might have had some success since farm lands were not specified in the American-Japanese treaty which provided only for commercial leases.

When the bill came up for debate, President Wilson sent William Jennings Bryan, then Secretary of State, to reason with the Legislature, for California was again upsetting our foreign relations. But not even the country's most famous orator could turn the tide, though it is said he was making headway until Governor Hiram Johnson jumped up to plead for states' rights. That the administration in Washington had become Democratic while California remained Republican was a factor, for until this time the federal government, though with some difficulty, had been able to prevent California from passing discriminatory laws.

But not now. The bill passed on April 15, 1913. It prevented aliens in-

eligible to citizenship from buying land and provided that any land so purchased after the bill had become law should escheat to the state—a provision that waited thirty years for its most dramatic fulfillment. Leases were restricted to three years and corporations with a majority of their stock held by ineligible aliens were also subject to the law.

During the war years (1914-1918) anti-Japanese agitation quieted to a whisper, except for the race-mongering of the pro-German Hearst press in 1915 and 1916. (Japan had promptly come to the aid of her ally, Great Britain, by seizing German holdings in the Orient.) Whether because Japan had contributed so impressively to the Panama Pacific Exposition, or because of the world demand for food products which Japanese labor could supply, or because Japan quickly joined the side where our sympathies lay, the Japanese were pretty much let alone. War, with its need for unity, has a way of discouraging the persecution of minorities, for it is when we discover our need of them that we become at least a little ashamed of our prejudices.

But when the war was over and people who had been occupied with a big hate had time to spare on their lesser ones again, the Japanese were ready to hand. Then it was discovered that aliens were buying land in the name of their American children. This, together with the outcry against picture brides, brought the Japanese onto the front pages again. There followed the "Ladies' Agreement" by which no passports were issued to brides after February 1920. But enough friction had been generated to get the Legislature hot again, and to produce the land law of 1920 which forbade all leasing of land by ineligible aliens and prohibited them from owning any stock in land corporations. To prevent aliens from buying land in the names of their minor children, parents were declared ineligible as legal guardians of children who owned real property.

When Japanese farmers still insisted on making a living, the Legislature in 1923 passed a law to prohibit share-cropping contracts. Growers who wanted the Japanese to work for them next worked out a bonus system which the courts soon proclaimed illegal. All the loopholes were closed now. Unless a Japanese alien had bought land before 1913 he could never be anything in California but a hired hand. Oregon, Washington and other Western states soon passed similar laws.

There followed a number of legal cases over the right of an ineligible alien to be appointed guardian of minor children in whose name land was held. A decision in 1928 upheld the right of an alien parent to act as guardian. But meanwhile many cases which never reached the state's Supreme Court had been decided by judges of anti-Oriental leaning, and

parents whose incredible toil had won them a few acres faced either the loss of earth so hardly won or the perpetual fear arising from the necessity of having it in the name of strangers.

In 1919 the anti-Oriental organizations had been joined by the American Legion which in its first national convention had declared for absolute exclusion of Japanese, and even wanted to rob American-born children of their citizenship. In order to serve as headquarters for all the exclusionists, the Asiatic Exclusion League (once the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League) now transmogrified itself into the California Joint Immigration Committee—curious name for a group bent on the opposite of immigration but no doubt carefully chosen to convey a tone of impartiality. Driving force of the Committee was V. S. McClatchy, long an exclusionist, editor and owner of three newspapers, skilled at public relations and devoted to the job as if he were all twelve apostles of a new religion.* Chief props to the Committee were the American Legion, the state Grange, the state Federation of Labor, and those old grizzly bears, the Native Sons of the Golden West.

These interests, aligned with their political affiliations, made an unbeatable combination even though they were opposed by bankers, importers, landowners, large ranchers, social and church workers and many teachers and university people.

As the campaign got under weigh a skillful use of publicity was apparent. Every method of propaganda, every possible group pressure and political influence was skillfully employed. Little respect was shown for accuracy or relevancy.

Many of the charges made against the Japanese were personal statements made by McClatchy, published in his own newspaper, *The Sacramento Bee*, which was then cited as an authority. The Joint Immigration Committee was indeed so successful that, though it had organized on a temporary basis to bring exclusion, it decided to stay in business—apparently for sheer love of the game.⁸

Anti-Orientalism, dating from the Forty-niner's hostility to the Chinese, had been so long a part of the California climate that all this preparation was scarcely needed to stir up the West Coast. It was needed if exclusion was to be enacted into federal law.

* Carey McWilliams points out in *Prejudice*, page 54, that McClatchy noted in one of his many tracts how no American papers were taken in Florin where the Japanese were dominant. Mr. McWilliams suggests that this threat to his personal profit may unconsciously have influenced McClatchy toward anti-Orientalism, for on almost every other issue he was liberal and open-minded.

Fortunately for the exclusionists the House Immigration Committee had four West Coast and six Southern members. There would not be much difficulty here. But in the Senate the exclusionists made no headway until they laid aside their usual allegations and argued that the Gentlemen's Agreement had usurped a prerogative of Congress by allowing a foreign power to determine who should be allowed to enter the United States. The device worked. After a party meeting, several Republican Senators reversed their previous stand for a quota. An election was near, and as in the case of the League of Nations, an international matter was decided on domestic grounds—a fault that has been too often apparent in our particular brand of federalism.⁹

So when the Japanese Ambassador, Hanihara, addressed a note to the Secretary of State protesting the unfair and discriminatory nature of exclusion—a note prepared with the aid of the Department as a strategy to prevent the law's passage—there arose a cry against the phrase "grave consequences." Some legislators—led by Senator Lodge, the man who had destroyed the League of Nations—professed to find a threat of war in the phrase. Others who knew better seized the opportunity to reverse themselves because of the growing sentiment for exclusion which had been carefully incubated and hatched by the Joint Immigration Committee's campaign. Prominent and distinguished citizens, leading Eastern papers, church and university and business groups now attempted to undo the damage.¹⁰ But it was too late. When the immigration law passed, the exclusion clause was in it. Hawaii and the mainland were closed tight against Japan. Labor's opposition had brought about the Gentlemen's Agreement, farm opposition the land laws. A powerful combination of the two had brought exclusion. The West Coast had got what it asked. What did it get?

Continuation of the Gentlemen's Agreement or a modest quota would have brought fewer Japanese into the country than "exclusion." A minimum quota would have allowed about 100 a year. We had submitted to the campaign of a willful and well-organized minority, had aroused bitterness in a friendly foreign power and prepared the way for jingoism in Japan, fomented racial hatred and damaged the reputation of American equality and justice throughout the world. Yet we had achieved nothing that could not have been better accomplished by friendly means. As the Japanese government said in a note of protest, "The patient, loyal, and scrupulous observance by Japan for more than sixteen years, of these self-denying regulations . . . now seems to have been wasted."

The reaction in Japan, coming on top of the great earthquake in Tokyo

and Yokohama and Japanese gratitude for our speedy and generous aid, was at first hurt and then anger. The Japanese had come to expect discrimination in California, but the new law was the first piece of federal legislation directed against Japan. Anti-foreignism revived. "Revengeful anti-foreign candidates, pledged to enact retaliatory laws, were swept overwhelmingly into office."¹¹ Anyone who has lived in Japan since that time knows how even the most intelligent Japanese and the most sympathetic to America have had their respect modified by so unnecessary an action. The Immigration Act of 1924 helped the jingoists of Japan to prepare for war against us. It helped no one else.

Publicly branding the Japanese as undesirable forced the Japanese among us to cling to things Japanese. The number of language schools increased. And while the increasing number of children was a principal reason, there is also truth in the statement of many Issei parents that our attitude made it necessary for them to teach their children Japanese. Powerful groups like the American Legion had actually proposed legislation to rob the American-born of their citizenship. Most Caucasian firms would not employ them. No thoughtful parent under such circumstances could cut his children off from the source they might have to rely upon for a living.

After the exclusion law had passed a Congregational minister said: "I have watched Christian America break almost every ideal I possess. In the face of immense efforts of the Japanese to adjust themselves to American life and ideals and habits and to show that they could be assimilated, the American people have passed one unjust law after another until we wonder whether there is any justice left in America."¹²

The open door opened only one way—into the Orient. An association of pressure groups in one of the forty-eight states had dictated the foreign policy of the United States, brought about the enactment of offensive legislation unnecessary even to the achievement of their ends, and given a formerly friendly power excuse for aggression and retaliation.

When the Japanese protested our mistreatment of their nationals on the West Coast, the American government had replied, "So sorry, but we cannot control the separate states." When, a decade or two later, we began to protest the behavior of Japanese army officers toward Americans in China, the Japanese had an answer ready: "So sorry, but we cannot control our army."

The nature of racial prejudice as demonstrated in the California attitude toward the Japanese is a very interesting thing, and of universal sig-

nificance. Many writers dismiss it with impatience after commenting on the shaky legs it stands on. They see how flimsy a thing it is considered from any logical point of view.

But there they miss the main point. Exposing the logical fallacies of racial prejudice never does anything to dissolve that prejudice. Illogicality is the essence of racial antipathy—in California or anywhere else. For prejudice is based upon emotion, and emotion is a far stronger driving force than reason in human affairs. That is why large numbers of people can be made to hate in the face of facts easily verifiable out of their own experience.

Almost every Californian who passionately believes in the Japanese stereotype—the buck-toothed, slum-dwelling, untrustworthy, prolific, insidious, hard-working caricature of a man—will make an exception of the Japanese he knows personally. "This one's different," he says. If you could add up the opinions of all who know them, you would find someone to vouch for nearly every Japanese in the state of California as "different." But a stereotype, since it is emotional not logical, is not destroyed by fact. It is possible for one mind to hold both the stereotype and the known fact which confutes it without ever being disturbed by the inconsistency.

The stereotype is an interesting, perhaps even a necessary piece of mental equipment. It is emotion doing the work of reason. It is a mental short-cut making it unnecessary each time an item comes into discussion to go through the painful process of forming a logical conclusion about it. Usually it is called up by an emotional tag, as "Jap" is an emotion-arousing word for Japanese. Stereotypes, firmly rooted in the emotions, rarely let go at the tug of reason.

Why is the stereotype so strong? Because in addition to being a convenient piece of mental shorthand, a victory of feeling over thinking, it satisfies a deep emotional need. The ridiculous fat man lifts our ego by contrast and makes us feel good. Despising the miser as something contemptuous, we also purge our own miserly desires in our hatred of him, thus making emotional capital in two ways.

But if the stereotype in general has a firm hold on men's minds, the stereotype of the outcast—the Jap, the Jew, the Untouchable—has a stronger hold rooted in the nature of primitive man, a nature we have not yet cast out of ourselves.

In every primitive civilization it was the custom to resort to a scapegoat when disease or misfortune needed to be exorcised. Thus among the Caffres of South Africa a goat was taken into the presence of a sick man, a few drops of his blood were allowed to fall on the animal's head, and the goat was then turned out into the veldt to die or be devoured.¹³

At Onitsha on the Niger two human beings, sickly persons obtained by purchase, were annually sacrificed to take away the sins of the land. In 1858 the Rev. J. C. Taylor watched such a sacrifice. A young woman was dragged alive along the ground, ruthlessly and face downward, for two miles while the crowd ran beside her shouting, "Wickedness! Wickedness!"

Caucasian males of the southern United States, when afflicted by ills of economic dislocation, sacrifice a male Negro by hanging him from a tree after ascribing to him the sin of sexual incontinence. In California the victim during the fifties and sixties of the last century was usually Chinese, and since around the turn of the century has been of Japanese stock. Californian taste is catholic. Japanese have been stoned as the Athenians attacked their scapegoat, burned as did the Greeks of Asia Minor, or expelled across the border in the manner of the primitive Africans. Modern instruments of torture such as bombs and guns are also employed.

Modern man, certainly no more civilized than Athenian man, has located his scapegoat by color marking rather than deformity and has made the Japanese (or the Negro or the Jew) the whipping boy for his own frustrations, shortcomings, sins and repressions. It is the sin he feels *in himself*—laziness or uncleanness or sexual aberration from the communal mores—that he is punishing by transference to the person of the outcast. Societies which persecute minorities only reveal their own sickness. Observers at lynchings have noted the fervor (with its sexual overtones) with which the participants play their part, as if all the evil of the world were concentrated in the victim.

Now reason immediately shows the folly of supposing that a man is bad because his skin has noticeable pigmentation or because his eyes have a characteristic fold or because his nose is prominent. It shows the folly of applying a stereotype to any racial group within which exist all the variants to be found in all other racial groups.

It is said, for instance, that Japanese (the word is used to include Americans of Japanese stock) multiply like rabbits. Yet the most casual reference to fact would show that even in 1922 when the picture brides were at the height of childbearing, the average issue per mother was 2.63 for Caucasians, 2.83 for Japanese.

In the twenties there was widespread fear of an alleged flood of interracial marriages producing a race of "hybrids." When the Congressional Committee on Immigration asked its agitated witnesses for evidence, they could name not more than a score of such marriages.

The Japanese were alleged to be ignorant and illiterate, yet at the time this allegation was being made the census showed Japanese illiteracy to

be 8.6 per cent as compared with 15.5 for Chinese, 49 for native Indian, and 10 for foreign-born Caucasians.

The Japanese were said to be inferior to other immigrants, yet according to John P. Irish,¹⁴ Naval Officer of Customs at San Francisco, by the standards applied in judging every other immigrant—the amount of money they bring, literacy, the number seeking public aid—they were desirable.

A major argument used against the Japanese was that they were acquiring all the farm lands of California. Yet while a great hullabaloo was being raised on this point they actually owned about 13,000 of 28,000,000 arable acres, with one Japanese farmer to every 201 Caucasians. From 1900 to 1910 California farms decreased nearly a million acres as farmers left for the cities. In the public interest, the Japanese should have been encouraged to farm, not driven away.

In short, all the arguments once used against the Chinese were now dusted off and applied to the Japanese. Californians, forgetting how they had once persecuted the Chinese now compared them with the Japanese, to the detriment of the latter.

H. A. Millis, in a careful and impartial report prepared in 1914,¹⁵ concluded that the Japanese were characterized by "efficiency, ambition, long employment and trustworthiness," that underbidding and competition were lessening, that wages were not as alleged far below those paid to others, that Caucasians did not as alleged move out when Japanese moved in, except insofar as there was already a marked trend toward urbanization.

The evidence that Californians were victims of their own politicians, their own economic blocs, and were trained to hate against all reason and even against their personal interests is strengthened by a very interesting study of the files of one small-town newspaper.¹⁶ The space given to unfavorable news of the Japanese was directly related to election years and depression periods. At other times unfavorable news disappeared almost completely, "eloquent proof of the fictitious character of the anti-Japanese movement."

An intelligent woman born and raised in California said: "You know, I just realized the other day that all my life I've been taught to hate the Japs and I never realized there was anything wrong with it. I mean I believed it. My own father told me how treacherous they were. I was brought up to hate them. And I've grown up hating them. I didn't even know it was prejudice at all. I didn't know. And I always prided myself on being a liberal. How can people be like that? How can I?"

XVII

LITTLE TOKYO

Not long after the 1906 earthquake Kutaro Abiko, owner of the San Francisco newspaper *Nichi Bei* (*Japanese American*), bought 5,000 acres of land near Livingston (north of Merced in the San Joaquin Valley) with the idea of starting an agricultural colony. Caucasian farmers had abandoned the area a decade before: nothing would grow there. The face of the land was yellow with shifting sand. Everyone said the Japanese were crazy. It did not occur to anyone that here was a late enactment of the drama that had taken men westward onto the great plains, "the great American desert," where they had also struggled to keep the land from blowing away and had often faced starvation when the crop failed.

Sanjiro Teraoka had come over, after a brief stop in Hawaii, in 1900. From the boarding house in San Francisco he was taken by a labor contractor into the San Joaquin Valley. For six years he worked as a migrant laborer throughout northern California—in the hop fields, in sugar beets, truck gardens, berries, vineyards. He saved every penny beyond the barest needs. In the winter when there was no farm work he took any menial task in San Francisco or Sacramento while most of his friends were drinking or gambling away their summer earnings at the "clubhouse" run by the labor contractor or in gambling houses run by some of their enterprising compatriots.

Abiko's Livingston settlement was the kind of thing Sanjiro had been looking for. He invested everything he had saved and all he could borrow in a forty-acre piece.

When he cultivated, the wind blew his topsoil away. Drought ruined whatever the wind left. For the first three years he did not raise enough to cover even his meager expenses. Through bitter and repeated failure he held onto his land as if to let go would throw him out of the earth's orbit, into space. When the farm could spare him, he would go somewhere to earn a few dollars to pay his interest and taxes.

By 1910 his efforts had begun to show some result and he had grapes

for market. Five years later he felt that it would be safe to spend a little money on a quick trip to Japan. He was thirty-five now, long past the time when he should have married. In his home village they welcomed him as a man of great wealth, owning forty acres of land—more than was in the entire hamlet where his father lived, and wearing Western clothes like the government officials who sometimes came from Tokyo. Sanjiro's go-betweens had no difficulty in finding him a bride; their problem was to pick one without offending the rest. Impatient to get back to his land, Sanjiro pressed for an early marriage with an urgency that would have been unseemly in anyone without his cosmopolitan experience and his wealth.

Back in Livingston, he was ashamed of the small shack that was home, yet he would not build better until he had paid off every penny due on the land, because it was the land that mattered. Everything depended on that.

They were still in the shack when they lost their first child soon after birth. But when a son arrived in 1920 there was a neat though modest house. In 1923 and 1930, daughters. Sanjiro was satisfied, except that he would have liked a second son. He was fifty now, his wife forty-one. Years of toil still lay ahead, but he felt safe because he owed nothing and the land was his and there was a son to till it after him.

Masaharu Ono came too late to buy a farm before the land law of 1913. If he had saved all his money like Sanjiro, he might have done it, but he looked for a little fun in the winter after back-wearying labor in oven-hot vineyards. Then one day, after a sickness that had weakened his body enough to waken his mind, he decided that if he was to escape the fate of bachelorhood and itinerant labor for the rest of his life, he had better change his way of living.

For two years he lived a penurious life as a railroad section hand, sleeping in the railroad camps, eating what they gave him, spending nothing. Then he opened a small shop in Los Angeles, stocking it with hardware and such odds and ends of Japanese goods—wooden sandals, *senko* and chop-sticks—as would appeal to farmers on shopping tours.

Living in the room behind his shop, cooking his simple meals over a gas plate, he kept his expenses to a minimum. Six days a week, from seven in the morning until after nine in the evening he tended the shop himself. He too wanted to visit his native village and bring home a wife. But profits came too slowly; too many years had slipped by. So he chose a

bride through exchange of pictures, went up to San Francisco to meet her when the ship came in, brought her back to the little room behind the shop.

Masaharu and his wife also raised three children, two of them boys. Masaharu had come to America as a student, hoping to get to college and to return to Japan as a scientist. Though he had never got beyond high school, thanks to the stern realities of economics, he had learned English. He sent his wife to English classes so that she would not be helpless if he had to leave her to mind the shop. But then the first baby came and she stopped before she had learned much more than the names of things.

Masaharu was determined that his children, the boys at least, should have the education he had missed. So they went on living in the small room behind the shop. The narrow margin on which they planned their family living was for this, that the children might have an education. The results will be seen in their place.

Before 1908 there were few Japanese families in America. The immigrants were young men—students, laborers, merchants, seeking the wealth or the knowledge which would establish them at home. Not one in a thousand expected to stay. Many did go home; many one-time “schoolboys” became leaders in government and industry. Others went back only to find that life was better in America. Some, unable to keep enough of their money away from gambling and women and liquor to buy passage, lived out their lives as migrant farm workers and worst of all as bachelors—a condition of freedom undesired and unappreciated in Japan.

When the Gentlemen’s Agreement put a stop to the entry of laborers, and those who had decided to stay here began to send for wives, communities began to take shape. Then, in Seattle or Sacramento or Los Angeles, in Walnut Grove or Stockton or Fresno you would find the *Nihonmachi*, the Japanese town, where on a hot summer evening the older men and women sat in front of the stores that were also home, their cotton kimono falling open at the neck while they fanned themselves and gossiped in their Kumamoto or Hiroshima dialect. Chickens cackled from their crates stacked in front of the poultry shop. Tired laundry and market boys went yawning home, some of them college graduates whose physical characteristics barred them from the fruitful use of their minds in a society which judged by surfaces.

If it was Saturday, the streets would be alive with country people who,

having come to sell their strawberries and radishes and cucumbers, stayed for a treat of chop suey or *tendon* (fried fish and rice) and a visit to the Japanese theater where the children played cops and robbers up and down the aisles while the interminable drama unwound.

Folded within the comfortable blanket of familiar custom, the aliens could almost forget the open hostility that surrounded them, live their lives, raise their children, and dream of returning to their native village, there to live in an aura of wealth and respect to which their hard labors in the distant land had entitled them.

Entering first at San Francisco, and later at Portland and Seattle, they had spread the whole length of the Pacific Coast, tending to settle in groups, happier if they could be, even though farmers in the country, within reach of a Nihonmachi. They showed little desire to move eastward. A few thousand went into the mountain states, first as railroad workers then as farmers, principally in sugar beets. But there were more there in 1910 (about 10,000) than in 1940. Oregon attracted only four thousand, Washington fourteen thousand. It was California they loved—California which was determined not to have them. In Washington, in Oregon there was no anti-Oriental movement to match California's, in the East none at all. But they kept concentrating in California, and in a few counties of California, until three-quarters of all the Japanese (citizen and alien) in the United States were there, most of them in seven favored counties. Most attractive of all was the Los Angeles area which had 28 per cent of all the Japanese in the United States.

It is possible to invent plausible reasons for this concentration. They preferred the West Coast because it was closest to Japan and trips would be cheaper. But it was as cheap to sail from Portland or Seattle as from California. They liked the climate, not only because it was comfortable but because it supported the kind of agriculture they succeeded best in. Yet areas in the Southern Atlantic states or in Texas would have met these conditions. At least one colony of Japanese had settled in Florida and done well there. One comes back to the conclusion that the alien Japanese never feels himself a whole man except as part of a group. But then why did such groups fail to colonize outside the area of greatest antipathy to them?

The conditions must have been peculiar to the Japanese, for European immigrants soon found their way west while Chinese (though outnumbered by the Japanese) settled throughout the country. Scarcely a town of ten thousand lacks its Chinese laundry. The Japanese simply did not spread out that way.

Closed within itself by the hostility of the surrounding community, the Japanese town of the West Coast was far more isolated than its counterpart in Hawaii.* An extreme case of such a cultural island is Terminal Island, the fishing community near Los Angeles.¹

In 1901 a few Japanese workers in the Southern Pacific yards at Los Angeles went to San Pedro on holiday. Diving into the water, they were delighted to find abalone under the rocks. A delicacy in Japan, abalone was unappreciated by Caucasians. The men, who had been fishermen in Japan, bought an old boat, began their naked diving, and were soon producing dried abalone.** Then they were accused (without evidence) of being spies, their sheds were stoned, and the state put a stop to their enterprise. They moved onto Terminal Island and started fishing, selling their catch at a few cents a pound. Houses they built on piles, tying their boats underneath.* No one disturbed them there. No one envied them.

Other Japanese came. Canneries and a fishermen's association were organized. In the early years there were but ten or a dozen wives and many bachelors. As in Hawaii, the few women had to cook for many. A Japanese Christian minister came, and a Caucasian woman to teach English and sewing. The Fishermen's Association built a hall which became the center for community affairs. Stores, pool halls, a midwife, a doctor appeared. A small school was built, but at first there were only two children to attend. They heard English for the first time when they went to school. There was no road to the mainland, though after a while a bridge was built. In front of the stores were chairs where passers-by could stop to gossip or newcomers inquire about jobs. There was no crime. No one thought of locking his house. A newcomer from Japan, set down in the midst of this little Japanese village, would have felt at home.

But in 1922 a highway was built to the island, dredging destroyed the original settlement, fishermen came in who had been burned out at the Port of Los Angeles and not allowed to rebuild, fishermen came sailing in from Monterey with their families and all their possessions aboard, and farmers forced off the land by the new land laws forbidding leases came to take the immemorial harvest of the sea. The newcomers entertained their nearest neighbors at supper and sent boxes of food to the rest

* Comparisons are dangerous. Nothing could have been much more isolated than a plantation camp on one of the outside islands. But in towns like Hilo and Honolulu the lack of prejudice made for more contacts all around—or more contacts made for less prejudice. It works both ways.

** Onzaburo Noda, who had gone into fishing in 1896, in 1902 had started a cannery at Point Lobos with a Caucasian partner.

of the block. The newcomers were welcome. To have more families made a stronger, sounder community.

The fishing boats were bigger now. They could cruise as far south as the Panama Canal, stay away as long as three weeks and come back with as much as a hundred tons of fish. The teacher who had begun with only two children was now principal, and more than that, mother of the community—respected as teachers are always respected in Japan, but also revered for her special influence on the children, her contribution in raising up an American generation. In 1930 the grateful community presented her with a trip to Japan.

The teacher was almost the only consistent American influence in the community. The younger children thought of themselves as Japanese. Even the children of other races showed Japanese traits and were proud of an ability to speak Japanese. The older children, when they were ready for junior high school, had to go into San Pedro. This was their first immersion in America. In 1918 the first of these graduated from high school.

The community was dominated by the Fishermen's Association, its social life centered in Fishermen's Hall. Then there was the Fukeikai, the Parent Teacher Association, very active, and the Kyoreikai to encourage the children in Christianity and community service. The Japanese Christian Women's Association supported the language school, supplied medical care to needy children, visited the sick. Because the Christian influence was strong, many who went to a Buddhist temple also attended the Christian church. The Japanese have always been broad-minded in religion.

By 1930 there were 327 homes, 60 shops—apparently therefore a good deal of mutual laundering. You could buy *takuan* (radish pickle) or Japanese books and magazines, kimono cloth or Japanese cooking utensils, but if you wanted American things you would go into San Pedro. That was what the Nisei did. Phonographs played Japanese tunes and there were many more Japanese than American musical instruments. Boy's Day and Girl's Day* were celebrated in the school with Maypoles and Robin Hood all mixed up with Japanese dolls and the flying carp. Gifts came to be exchanged at Christmas rather than at New Year's.

Seattle. From Yesler Way south to Dearborn, from First Avenue to Sixteenth Street. It was old property; nobody else wanted it so the Japanese moved in. A few small enterprises at first, then more—rooming houses where the new arrivals could stay until they found jobs, groceries

* See Chap. VII.

dealing in Japanese foods. By 1900 a noticeable number; the community was forming, an organism was evolving. Only three families had private homes. The rest lived in rooming houses, in the back rooms of shops.

As business prospered, living improved. Many families leased large homes, renting out rooms, until there were 183 "hotels." There were no class divisions here, no rich, no industrial laborers. Nearly half of the total working population ran independent small businesses, another third of the total performed personal services. The Japanese liked to be owners of small establishments, of a size which could be managed by the family without employing outside help. Only thus could they compete with the large, hostile community outside, which did not care much for Orientals and would rather see Caucasians employed first, unless it could save money by dealing with the Japanese.

So they went in for rooming houses and small hotels, for groceries and produce stands, for dry cleaning and laundering and barbering. Men from the same prefecture tended to stick together, even holding to the same line of work. In Seattle most of the barbers, at least in the early days, were from Yamaguchi.

As in Hawaii the prefectural associations, the language schools, the neighborhood groups held the people in a tightly drawn net of organizations. The family rather than the individual was the social unit. And if the restraints on the individual seemed heavy to the Nisei, it was because their parents believed that the welfare of the group was a bigger and better thing.

The Japanese community was jealous of its reputation and held its members to a strict accounting. It prided itself on being first to go over the top when the city-wide drive for the community chest was on. It supported the schools. Because the Christian churches were prompter than the Buddhists to answer the needs of the people, they too became part of the network of organizations that made the community. Few children failed to get their first schooling from Methodist or Baptist kindergartens. For the women, not much provided for in Japanese life, the church gave guidance and social outlets.²

When the Wickersham Commission made its report on crime, one of the maps it had prepared to show crime areas had a white spot in the center of Seattle surrounded by black—a law-abiding area in the midst of social blight. The white dot was the area occupied by the Japanese. So, as one wag put it, Seattle was white where it ought to have been black because it was yellow.³

Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, or Stockton, Fresno, Walnut

Grove—though the details varied, the pattern was the same. Shut off from the outside by hostility and from within by their own group cohesiveness, the Japanese built self-sufficient communities, complicated organisms containing within themselves everything but a formally constituted government.

In 1877 a small group of Japanese, students mostly, met in the basement of a Chinese church in San Francisco to organize a Gospel society. This was the first Japanese organization. The Japanese have been organizing ever since.

When the bubonic scare hit San Francisco in 1900 the Japanese formed a council to deal with the mistreatment they were receiving. Out of that came the Japanese Association, formally organized in 1908 with Ushijima, the potato king, as president. As similar groups organized up and down the Coast, more than fifty of them were bound together through a central organization in San Francisco. Combining the functions of town council, chamber of commerce and social service agency, they found plenty to do. They welcomed visiting Japanese dignitaries and naval training ships. They helped build the language schools. They maintained records of all Japanese in their district and cooperated with the Consul by issuing identification certificates, maintaining statistics, and reporting men whose behavior might make them candidates for deportation. They worked to abolish Japanese prostitutes. They helped newcomers to find work, hired lawyers to fight the land bills, and did what they could to combat the prejudice surrounding them.

In addition to the Japanese Association, an Issei was expected to belong to a prefectural association if the place he came from had one. It usually did.⁴

Also, he was expected to contribute to welfare work through some organization such as the Jikei-kwai, founded in 1906 at the time of the earthquake.

Also, he was expected to join a craft or merchant association, such as that of the barbers, restaurateurs, chrysanthemum growers or produce merchants. These associations regulated prices and hours, established rules for apprentices, and operated as mutual benefit societies.

Also, he usually belonged to one or several clubs for the practice of Japanese arts—flower arrangement, the writing of poems, dramatic performances, dancing, Japanese chess, performing on the harp or bamboo flute. Every newspaper had its culture column with original poems and stories. To the Japanese art is integral to life.

Also, some men belonged to military or patriotic associations, either veterans' societies (8,000 at one time) if they had served in the Russo-Japanese War, or outfits like the Budokai which were markedly nationalist, or to societies like the Heimushakai which collected gifts and funds in aid of Japan's war in China.

Also, the churches and temples had clubs for men, for women, for young men, for young women.

It is not unusual for immigrant groups to organize since the social life they create is a substitute for their desire to return to the homeland, a desire which cannot immediately be satisfied. Yet the Japanese seem to have invented more forms of organization than most immigrants—partly because as Orientals they were more rigidly excluded from the wider community, partly because they are good organizers. American organizations tend to work on the exclusive, the snob principle (college fraternities, Masons, Rotary, the DAR); the Japanese like to get everybody in. As a result the Japanese communities in America were stitched tight in several directions, and every member was bound in by several threads.

Mutual aid distinguished the early Japanese communities. When American banks refused loans, the Japanese developed their own savings associations, at least one of which had \$400,000 capital. Farmers cooperated to keep produce prices steady. Women, knowing a family in their community to be in need, collected gifts or helped with the house-keeping or the children. This was what the Japanese had brought with them from their little villages. It strongly resembled the communities of those earlier immigrants to North America—the Pilgrims of Plymouth, the Swedes along the Delaware.

In 1907 one hundred strong men went to Coachella Valley, south of Indio in southern California. They planned to make the desert fertile as Japanese had done in other places before. But Coachella was different. As many times as they planted, as many times they failed. Even horses could not stand the desert work and the desert heat. Their little cash exhausted, half of the men gave up. But the other half stayed on. Often they had only bread to eat. Many died. But at last they succeeded with onions where other crops had failed. Because they could produce early crops, prices were high. They sent for wives and began to raise families.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Sakai, a Christian, and the visit of Japan's famed Christian leader Kagawa, a church and a cooperative were established. Acting as commission merchant, the cooperative took in about \$6,000 a year. One third was spent for the church, one third for the lan-

guage school, and a third for welfare and maintenance of the cooperative. Here mutual aid made one of the most prosperous Japanese communities in California.⁵

The first religious activity of the Japanese in America was Christian. Some had already had contact with Christians in Japan, others gained it through the homes they worked in. Many students apparently thought of Christianity as a doorway to understanding the Western civilization their country was bent upon mastering. Many Japanese made their first contact with America through church people who helped them find jobs and places to live, who taught them English and the Bible and thus made it possible for them to attend school. It is quite within the Japanese pattern that many of these young men, out of respect for their Christian advisers, became Christian.

In 1889 a revival brought four hundred new members within a few months, and within two years a thousand. This, says the Japanese historian, was because the converts were young and excited and because they were lonely and far from home.⁶

Most Japanese agree that Christianity helped bridge the gap, helped orient them toward America, while Buddhism oriented its adherents toward Japan. Yet because of language and prejudice there seemed to be no way to avoid separate congregations. In 1885 a Presbyterian congregation was formed, in 1886 a Methodist. The Methodists soon had a whole string of missions on the West Coast, separately administered almost as if they were foreign missions. Other sects followed suit. So Christianity, which began by directing its adherents toward America, ended by keeping them in segregated churches and helping to calcify the shell which surrounded them.

Yet Christianity seems to have been a stronger influence, and Buddhism a weaker, on the mainland than in Hawaii. There was no Buddhist organization until 1898 when a youth association was formed in San Francisco. By 1940 there were forty-eight self-supporting temples and an estimated 80,000 adherents. Other estimates give 55,000, the discrepancy arising from the definition of what an adherent is. By far the largest sect was Shin (Nishi Hongwanji) with Shingon and Zen the only others of numerical importance.

The segregation of the Japanese community gave Buddhism its chance to create "in a more or less inhospitable environment a haven of religious contentment."⁷ It also encouraged a sympathetic response to the rising nationalism in Japan. In 1938 the yearly conference of the Shin

temples decided that spiritual education of the Nisei was the main task. Yet what it did was to collect money and "comfort bags" and send a delegation to Japan and the China front. In 1939 it did its utmost to spread the study of Japanese among the Nisei and sent another delegation. In 1940 it decided to launch an "all for the war effort" movement. This was after war had broken out in Europe, after Japan had aligned herself with Germany.

The few Shinto shrines—Daijingu, Izuma, Hokubei Kyokai—seem to have done but little business. Yet if the Japanese had been truly ardent nationalists, they would have supported Shinto more loyally than Buddhism. Why did they fail to do so? Was it because their attachment to Japan was sentimental rather than political? Was it because Shinto even in Japan was so artificial that it needed government support to survive? Was there hope that America might still accept them and a reluctance to prejudice that acceptance?

A census of religious belief of the Japanese in relocation centers showed 55 per cent declaring for Buddhism, 31 per cent for Christianity (mostly Protestant), and less than half of one per cent for Shinto.⁸

Despite all the efforts of Buddhism to attract the Nisei—the Sunday schools, the observance of American holidays, hymn singing, choirs and robes—less than half of them have remained Buddhists. The Nisei were American. Buddhism, to gain the support of the parents, had had to remain Japanese. Its efforts to provide the bridge between cultures, between generations, met inevitable revolt. To the youngsters it was a target, symbol of their hated difference from other Americans.

In the rivalry between Christian and Buddhist, Buddhism seems to be fighting, in the long run, a losing battle. Christian Nisei find that a gap exists between themselves and their Buddhist contemporaries who seem to them, for the most part, a little withdrawn from American life, a little "Japanesey."

After the attack on Pearl Harbor the Buddhist mission urged its member temples to Americanize their activities, commence services in English, buy bonds and join the Red Cross. It issued a public statement, "United we stand for democracy." Unfortunately, the move came too late.

Part of the anti-Oriental movement in California was the attack on the language schools. Laws were passed which would virtually have abolished the schools by 1930 had it not been for the Supreme Court decisions in 1923⁹ which clearly indicated the unconstitutionality of such drastic

control. Prodded by these attacks, the schools began to examine themselves and in 1920 to compile a new set of readers orienting their teaching toward America. But some schools were still using Japanese Department of Education books in the thirties.

Starting at Seattle and San Francisco in 1902, the schools grew with the population until in 1940 there were 248 in California alone with 455 teachers, 17,834 students and a yearly expenditure of \$397,000. Oregon had 22 schools, Washington 21, and there were a few scattered in other parts of the country. Often they were run by Christian church or Buddhist temple, sometimes at a profit to a church or minister. Some were household affairs frowned on as inadequate (and perhaps as troublesome competition) by the larger schools. Often they were storm centers of the community, offering an outlet for the antagonisms which men seem obliged to vent in one way or another.

They appear to have been less attended than those in Hawaii, as Buddhism seems to have been less followed. In the Los Angeles area about a third of the Nisei went. Nor did those who attended learn much. They were tired of school by the time they got there, they resented this additional mark of their difference from their classmates, and they were in revolt against the whole parental culture. At some time in their high school careers, coincident perhaps with the dating age and the recognition of a social gulf, coinciding too with their first serious thoughts about getting a job, the Nisei began to take the language more seriously. But by then it was too late to learn much.

The efforts of most immigrant groups to maintain language schools at great personal sacrifice illustrates how high the symbolic value of language is. The schools would have been abandoned on any pragmatic test of their success. It was not so much the language the parents wanted communicated as the culture and traditional values they lived by. Was there any way they could have known that learning must build upon desire, and that the Nisei desired nothing so much as to be like other Americans?

The Japanese press in America began as a protest against the undemocratic qualities of the Meiji government. In 1888 Kumano Yamaguchi, who had fled from Japan as a political refugee, began a small mimeographed newspaper in Oakland. The next year a group calling themselves the Society of Patriots, with "Liberty and Citizenship" for their watchword, began another paper. In 1892 came the first daily, *Sokeo*. These papers were published by men interested in Japanese politics and

with an eye on an audience in Japan, where a severe press law had been imposed and political parties suppressed. They all had the distinction of being banned in Japan. Thus America served as a haven, even then, for a liberal opposition to Japanese totalitarianism.

But these first newspapers had little to do with the Japanese in America. The locally established Japanese soon developed a ruckus of their own which dominated their early attempts at journalism.

In 1887 the Christian Japanese in San Francisco lived mostly to the south of Market Street, the non-Christians to the north. The Christians started a weekly newspaper. The non-Christians replied with a paper which openly attacked Christianity, and the battle was joined. Grounded perhaps in various personal antagonisms, the feud carried on through a number of short-lived journals until the *Nichi Bei* in 1899 hit on the novel idea of publishing a paper dedicated to reporting the news. Except for the war years, *Nichi Bei* has been at it ever since.

When evacuation closed their doors there were nine dailies on the Pacific Coast and a number of other publications.¹⁰

In the larger coastal cities existed a society above and outside the Nihonmachi—the *kaisha-in* or company people, employees of the big Japanese banks and importing firms. They were well paid, they lived well, and unlike the resident Japanese they were accepted more or less as equals by American business men. They stayed only a few years; they were not immigrants; they were thought to come from a higher class in Japan. They did not mix in the affairs of the community, but because they patronized the restaurants and shops, because they were a source of jobs for the Nisei who were excluded from most American firms, they had to be cultivated and by the Issei at least were looked up to.

Higher still were the consular officials and, at the pinnacle, the Consul himself, symbol of the Japanese government. Because the alien Japanese felt that a strong Japan was the only thing that prevented America from casting them out, the Consul to them was an important man. He was their representative, and on public occasions involving the American community he appeared as their spokesman. Thus he was and was not a part of the community. He was transient, yet the office was permanent. He represented Japan, yet because they could not become Americans he stood for them too. This connection with the Consul unfortunately identified the resident Japanese with Japan's aggressions abroad, emphasizing their separateness from the American community. It made things that much harder for the Nisei.

What was it like to live in Nihonmachi?

The Issei liked it. They had created it—as a wall against prejudice and rejection, as a rebuilding of the life they had known at home, as compensation for that return to Japan which they dreamed of, though many who tried it soon came back. Nihonmachi was home. Most of these enclaves were small enough so that the environment could be rigidly controlled, and the Japanese liked that. They could be stitched and bound into the community by many of their accustomed institutions—the temple, the school, the neighborhood group. Etiquette, language, holidays—all were in the pattern of their upbringing. The culture of home was preserved. Those who failed to conform were soon brought round by the weapon of gossip, and against outright rebellion economic sanctions could always be applied. The Nisei spoke darkly of a black list which prevented any Nisei who had offended the community from getting a job. One form of offense was thought to be speaking out against Japanese imperialism.

Although crime and delinquency were kept at a remarkably low level, the community had its troubles—first from gamblers and prostitutes, then from picture wives running off with other men after a few weeks with the one they had come to marry. In such cases the favored man usually settled the affair by paying the woman's passage and a small consolation fee to the spurned husband.

But with the arrival of children the community settled down. They made possible the family life which was the basis of Japanese society and morals. The day of boarding houses gave way to the family home, however humble. Men saved and scraped to buy a bit of land or to open a small business. Even poverty was more endurable when a man knew that his children would be there to support him in his old age and to keep the family name alive.

By 1920 children were arriving in large numbers, the crude birth rate four times that of Caucasians on the Pacific Coast. The public, abetted by the pressure groups and failing to understand the difference between crude birth rate and one adjusted to age groups,* was again in terror of a Mongol invasion. Yet by 1940 the birth rate had declined to a level lower than that of the Caucasians (15.3 as compared with 16.2 per thousand). There is evidence that Issei as well as Nisei motherhood was being planned.¹¹

* Crude birth rate takes no account of the number of women of childbearing age in a given population. Since the age composition of the Japanese female population was abnormal, most of the women being of childbearing age, the crude birth rate gave a very misleading notion of Japanese fecundity.

The people of Nihonmaehi had but few contacts with the Caucasian community about them, and even those who through business contacts met many non-Orientals rarely got on terms of social intimacy with them. There was a gulf, recognized on both sides.

Yet when Japanese came face to face with Caucasians, when both sides discarded stereotypes and looked at people, the results were good.

A country family who had been told that all Japanese were immoral, deceitful and dirty were horrified when Japanese bought a neighboring farm. For a long time there was no contact, until one day the Caucasian woman, admiring the clean and attractive children, invited them in for a snack. Next the Japanese ordered some supplies and paid before a bill could be presented. The Caucasian family sent food over when the Japanese worked late in the fields. The Japanese responded. Gradually the stereotype broke down as one experience after another proved it to be a lie. Other Japanese were not resentful when they came into the area.

Over and again such incidents show a quality of discovery, of pleasure in making a human contact where fear and hostility had existed before. One such experience creates a favorable attitude toward all Japanese. Conversely, a bad experience often results in damning the whole race.

A customer who thought the vegetable man she dealt with a "smart aleck" said, "I can't help it and I know it isn't fair, but I think of the whole Japanese race in terms of him and his disagreeableness."

To be Japanese on the West Coast might mean being a gambler, an itinerant laborer, a prosperous produce merchant, a newspaper owner, a Boy Scout, a Christian minister, a housewife, a farmer getting a living from intensive cultivation of a few acres of land. It meant speaking Japanese much of the time, belonging to the same sort of organizations and following the same customs as the Japanese in Hawaii and being both more Americanized and less accepted than the Hawaiian Japanese. It meant being always conscious of minority status—a feeling that can only be appreciated by one who has lived abroad or felt what it is like to have the sentiment of the community or the mob against him. It meant living with feet planted in two different worlds, the gap between them widening.

XVIII

MAKING A LIVING

When crowds of Japanese laborers from Hawaii came shuffling down Market Street in San Francisco, fresh off the boat, their possessions wrapped up in a great square of cloth, their coolie coats and collarless shirts a tangible evidence of cultures meeting, it is no wonder that the other immigrants who had got there first should have resented this incursion of a race that might threaten their jobs.

Meeting prejudice enough to oust them sometimes, sometimes gaining admission to unions, they kept coming, kept trying. They were treated as inferiors and they knew it. They were called "Charlie" and they hated it.* Still they kept coming.

Their first occupations, aside from farming and trades, had been mine and railroad labor, and work in the salmon canneries and lumbering. When immigration was restricted, the Japanese were unable to compete with European immigrants in railroading because they could no longer be supplied in equally large gangs. They were driven out of Oregon lumber camps, notably in the Toledo incident of 1925 when three hundred townspeople loaded Japanese sawmill workers and their families onto trucks and removed them from town. They were not well liked by the cannery employers—the only industry which gave the Immigration Commission an unfavorable report of them. Boycotts and restrictive ordinances were directed against their restaurants and laundries.

But Japanese were welcomed on the ranches. They did the stoop labor, the most wearying sort of work, the work no one else wanted to do. They would move up from the early cantaloupes in Imperial Valley to the apples in Placer County. The new immigrants were taught three things in English—"Water," "All right," "Go home." On his first day in the fields one of these late arrivals worked fast and well. Anxious for approval, he only worked harder when the owner coming by to look at the

* Wags in the American community of Tokyo, before the war, used to refer to their sacred majesties, the Emperor and Empress, as Charlie and Emma down by the moat.

work told him, "All right." He grew thirsty, and when he said, "Water," he was shown where to drink. About mid-morning he had finished the field he was working in and the owner came and told him, "Go home." These were the words he had dreaded—dismissal, disgrace. It was not until someone came to interpret that he learned why he had been dismissed. He had done a day's work in three hours. When the campaign against the Japanese was waged again after the first World War with the slogan, "Keep California white," the Japanese could without boasting reply, "Keep California green."

Like Sanjiro Teraoka in Livingston, the most intelligent wanted to own their land. Beginning as laborers, many moved up to tenantry, outright rental, and finally purchase. Practically never did a Japanese get good farm land. He bought what nobody else wanted. His fathers had farmed poor land for centuries and made it yield greatly, enough for a whole family out of less land than many people in this prodigal land had for a front lawn.

But then this waste land began to grow green and to produce crops. Even the hostile *San Francisco Chronicle* admitted that "the most striking feature of Japanese farming in California has been the development of successful orchards, vineyards, or gardens on land that was either completely out of use or employed for far less profitable enterprises."¹

A man named Ikuta thought that rice could be grown near Sacramento. Americans had tried before and failed. About 1910 he and some other Japanese began to buy land for two dollars an acre, land considered so poor and unprofitable that no bank would advance a dollar on it. With the aid of the Department of Agriculture he kept trying until he succeeded, and was followed by Americans who by 1919 had gained control of the crop.²

In Florin near Sacramento the Japanese took up land no one else thought it worth while to farm. They planted grape vines. Between the vines they planted strawberries, a crop that would mature more quickly. No one had seen this done before, but it worked.

Down around Fresno the land was long thought unproductive until the Japanese came in and worked it. Now it supports huge vineyards. But not many Japanese own land there today.

Northward, in Placer County, the Japanese took lands that had been worked over by the Forty-niners and broken up with flumes. In Oregon the loggers left the land a miserable and useless waste—picketed with stubs of trees, strewn with brush. It was hard work to clear land like that. The Japanese moved in and did it, receiving usually some uncleared land

in payment. That was how they came to Hood River, a place which later gained notoriety in its handling of Japanese Americans.

In 1940 the Japanese, aliens and citizens, owned altogether 1,575 farms comprising 71,000 acres in the three coastal states. These acres were less than two-tenths of one per cent of all the farm lands.³ There were 22,000 Japanese (45 per cent of the Japanese labor force) working on farms.

Yet with this tiny investment, this little bit of land and these few people, the Japanese produced more than \$37,000,000 worth of crops in 1940. Concentrating on truck and berry crops, with some orchards, they were producing in California alone:

- 95% of the fresh snap beans
- 51% of the snap beans for canning
- 40% of the fresh green peas
- 50% of the canning tomatoes
- 67% of the fresh tomatoes
- 34% of the cabbage
- 95% of the spring and summer celery
- 44% of the onions

and similar amounts of peppers, strawberries, cucumbers, artichokes, cauliflower, melons and spinach. They had a near monopoly on the production of fresh vegetables on a small acreage basis for the large urban markets.⁴ They produced a majority of the cut flowers for the San Francisco and Los Angeles markets, especially chrysanthemums, roses and carnations.

Their intensive cultivation of the Lake Labish area around Salem, Oregon, made it the richest farm land in the world. Two hundred and fifty acres produced 200,000 crates of celery, 30,000 sacks of onions and 5,000 crates of carrots.⁵

Only with incredible expenditure of effort could these things have been done. Whole families worked in the fields until dusk, moving stooped and silent along the rows. Children hurried home from school to help pick, sort, wash, crate and stack the produce that was carried to market in the evening. No one went in to make supper until the harvest was done.

The particular advantages of the Japanese—their skill, their hard work, their use of family labor, their system of intensive cultivation—got results only with particular crops, with truck vegetables, berries and flowers. American interests, backed by capital and influence the Japanese did not possess, had superseded them in rice and potatoes. At one time

they had delivered half the milk consumed in Seattle. In Washington they had been unable, as a rule, to compete in tree fruit, grain or livestock. By 1930 they had abandoned almost every type of agriculture but their proved specialties. To a great degree, these specialties were crops no one else wanted to grow because of the backbreaking labor involved.

What was life like on the farms where the Japanese lived and worked?

There is no single answer. The home of a chrysanthemum grower in Mountain View was a large modern building of colonial type, exquisitely clean, well furnished, thoroughly American, such a home as any family of \$10,000 or \$20,000 income would be proud to live in.

But in Walnut Grove the river flowed, a cleansing agent, between the Japanese community and the Caucasian. The bank, the post office, the hotel were on the Japanese side, but symbolically a drawbridge separated the Japanese community from the neat Caucasian homes with wide lawns and wide windows. Except for one segregated Japanese church, the churches stayed over there with the homes. As for the Nihonmachi, it was a drab and pitiful place, jerry-built, weather-worn, sunk behind the steep levee so that as you drove along the road you looked straight across to rooftops and second story windows. The town was crowded into two or three small blocks with acres of wide field stretching out behind. There was not much to keep anyone in the narrow cluttered homes squeezed between the shops or over them. After supper the men sat around in the barber shop or the restaurant and bar. The youngsters patronized a soft drink place, a candy and stationery store. On the streets bounding the central blocks were the church and the Buddhist hall, and a little farther away the segregated public school—a good building, exposing the sordidness of all the rest. Within this crowded area a child could grow without ever touching American life except in school.

Yet those who lived in this crowded village may have considered themselves lucky, for at least they had companionship, they felt themselves part of the group. Those who lived in the surrounding country, quite otherwise, had a sense of isolation.

Farm life in Los Angeles County was different again. The people here lived so close to a big city that even though they had access to its Nihonmachi they were also under urban American influences. Just to walk down Broadway in Los Angeles, to wander through the stores and stare into the windows was an Americanizing influence. Some of the youngsters "went Hollywood" with a vengeance, throwing over parental control and Japanese ways entirely.

From the old bachelors mending their broken dreams in a crowded bunkhouse to the family in the colonial home, the Japanese farm population was as varied as any other group of farmers would be. But perhaps the Teraoka family of Livingston was a fair average. Sanjiro had built a modest bungalow when his forty acres were clear of debt. By the time his third and last child arrived in 1930 he was in modestly comfortable circumstances, was respected for his good farming, had a good reputation at the bank, and good credit at the stores. He was one of the "Stockton farmers" of the San Joaquin Valley—solid citizens, having the look and bearing of rural respectability.

Until 1920 there was a flow toward the land, stimulated by hostility in the cities. There was also a decided move toward ownership or tenantry and away from hired labor. The farm labor gangs had shrunk to about 11,000. The 1913 law had done little to affect this trend, since Japanese could still lease. But after 1920 the more stringent land laws (Washington and Oregon in 1921 and 1923 followed the California law of 1920, and this in turn was further tightened in 1923) combined with a country-wide move toward the cities started a reverse motion.

The economic centers in Los Angeles and Stockton and Seattle and in lesser Nihonmachi up and down the Coast, developed first to serve the immigrants, as they arrived, had been expanded to serve the outlying farmers. They ended by becoming, as Carey McWilliams observes, "primarily service centers for people engaged in, directly or indirectly, or dependent upon" the produce business.⁶

In the two big produce markets of Los Angeles the Japanese handled nearly a third of the \$120,000,000 business. The Japanese Cooperative Farm Industry of Southern California successfully joined farmers, produce merchants and retail outlets, timing and planning production to meet the markets, maintaining prices by dumping produce, yet keeping prices lower by far than they became after evacuation. Nearly a thousand fruit and vegetable stores in the Los Angeles area handled products many of which had been grown, picked, packaged, hauled, wholesaled, and sold to the ultimate customer by men and women of Japanese stock, thanks to a willingness to take over a phase of farming no one else cared for, and to a remarkable ability to organize and cooperate as a group—distant echo of village organization in Japan.

As service centers, the "little Tokyos" provided rooming houses, restaurants, barber shops, Japanese groceries, bath houses, doctors and lawyers. They published newspapers, operated theaters, offered banking

facilities, sold insurance, and supplied every other need of the farmer.

But this was not enough to support the whole city population. There had to be services catering to the non-Japanese population too. Before the San Francisco earthquake the Japanese had operated nine fully equipped steam laundries.⁷ They had been driven out of this business by the simple expedient of refusing them boiler licenses. Then they tried to get a toe-hold in dry cleaning which had the advantages that determined the choice of most Japanese activities—small capital investment, low overhead, slight language requirement, size suited to being run by a family without hiring employees. When war came in 1941, the service industries—principally domestic service, dry cleaning, and lodging houses—provided the only major source of income to the Japanese community outside of that based on agriculture.⁸ Lack of capital, boycott, discriminatory regulations, and consistent attack by anti-Oriental organizations and unions had kept the Japanese out of other fields. With its hand labor and domestic service, its small shops, its dependence on the farms, Nihon-machi belonged to an earlier economic era, an age without industrial enterprise.

It had, however, its unique aspects, such as the curio trade, the housecleaning companies, and the chick sexers. Before evacuation about half of the "Chinese" curio stores along Grant Street in San Francisco's Chinatown were Japanese. The smaller shops grossed from five to six thousand a month and paid their help miserably—fifty to sixty dollars a month for a ten to fourteen hour day. The housecleaning companies furnished domestic labor to fit any need, thus attempting to tame and regulate that imponderable of American society, the cleaning woman.

But perhaps the most novel occupation was that of the chick sexers. Their peculiar aptitude was an ability to tell the sex of day-old chicks, an important matter to chicken farmers even if the chicks, at that point, don't care. Introduced from Japan, the occupation came to be a near monopoly of the Japanese and then of the Nisei and remains so today. In 1933 two Japanese came to America to demonstrate the method. The next year a man named Hattori brought four sexers over. Nisei living in Japan were quick to see the opportunities. They, together with some Nisei from the West Coast, began to study in Nagoya and formed the nucleus of the business in America. There are now Nisei-operated chick-sexing institutes which guarantee to teach the secret, with graduates throughout the country making as much as twelve dollars an hour, three thousand dollars in a four-month season. In 1939 there were only 330 licensed sexers in the country, though doubtless this field like every other will become

overcrowded in time. One Nisei GI who had been a *sexer* before Uncle Sam got him for sterner duties used to go off on a three-day furlough and come back with a hundred dollars—quite the reverse of the usual soldier holiday.

The Japanese immigrant had been ringed in by language handicap and the fear of an unknown environment, shut out by fear of the "Yellow peril"—coolie labor, high birth rate, low living standards. That both fears were in part unfounded or greatly exaggerated does not matter: they were social facts. Intended primarily to cut the Oriental off from employment in jobs the Caucasian wanted, prejudice also extended to refusing him service. So Nihonmachi had to have its own lodging houses, restaurants, barber shops, doctors. It then became customary, after forcing the Japanese in upon themselves and by restrictive covenants limiting the places where they might live, to accuse them of forming separate communities—final proof that they were "unassimilable." The argument would have been amusing except that many people believed it. The separate economy of Little Tokyo was not a choice but a necessity.

As the Nisei came of age and took over, this separateness would have begun to break down; it was already tottering when war came. But in 1941 the average (median) age of the Nisei was only nineteen. When Professor Edward K. Strong of Stanford made his extensive surveys in 1930 he found that eighty per cent of the Nisei were still students.

It was inevitable that as the Nisei came of age a trend toward serving the general public rather than the Japanese community would be accelerated, until they no longer operated a largely separate economy as their fathers had. For they had American preferences. They did not want to follow the trades of their fathers. They did not want to be gardeners, fishermen, hotel keepers, stoop labor, domestics. Where the family owned a good business, they took over, as they grew up, the jobs that required knowledge of English and dealing with the public.

Then, as the Nisei came of age and since the land laws could not prevent them from owning, there came a shift from farm labor and management to farm owning and operating.* The fact that Nisei were now competing against rather than working for Caucasian farmers had a bearing on the "military necessity" of their evacuation.

* For California the approximate figures are:

	1930	1940
Managers	1,816	249
Tenants	1,580	3,596
Owners	560	1,290

Nisei who could afford the training became doctors, dentists, lawyers. The largest number of them remained dependent, even so, on the axle of agriculture which turned the whole economic wheel.

Unlike their fathers, the Nisei began to enter industry. They joined unions, especially after the maritime strike of 1934. In the Alaska fish canneries they were active in union organizations, voting in 1938 for the CIO against the AFL in a contest which was partly in protest against the Issei labor contractors and thus an assertion of their own coming of age.⁹ In Seattle the Nisei had their own locals. Though they avoided picketing by this device, they were kept to their own trucks and prevented from expanding beyond the business the Japanese community could give them.

The Issei, notoriously conservative, frowned upon this union activity. With some exceptions such as in the coal mines of Wyoming they had not joined unions, partly because of the hostility of the unions to all Orientals in the early years, partly because of the gulf in language and custom. Though they had formed many unions of their own, none had lasted for long except the San Francisco Japanese Labor Association. Issei employers paid low wages and worked their help long hours. They did their best to discourage unionism by black-listing and the imposing of social sanctions.

As a noticeable number of Nisei began to come of age in the thirties, marriage and finding a job were inevitably the two major concerns. To overcome the discrimination that kept them out of many employments, many took business courses with the thought of establishing activities of their own or building up those their parents had started. Too many were entering the professions. Many trained for work they wanted to do, such as engineering or teaching, only to be refused employment because of their skin pigmentation. Most firms would not employ Orientals as long as they could find Caucasians of equal or even inferior training.

There were a few occupations where Oriental appearance was an asset—performing cabaret dancers in “Chinese” night clubs, Oriental studies in the universities, and artistic pursuits generally where the artistic sensitivity and aptitude of the Japanese were assumed and entered to his credit. There were Nisei animators in the Disney studios, designers in Hollywood, professors of art in several colleges, and successful commercial artists and musicians.

The girls faced a problem equal at least to that of the men. They wanted to be like other American girls but were subjected to even more restraints than their brothers. Unlike the Nisei in Hawaii they could not get jobs as teachers and there were but few openings for nurses.

Nisei before the war could hope for jobs with the Japanese companies having branches in the main West Coast cities. But here again they soon ran into a blank wall. The jobs which paid well were reserved for the officials who came from Japan. Locally employed Caucasians, such is the irony of racial prejudice, also got much higher pay. Worse still, there was no chance for real advancement.

Advancement was lacking in most of the jobs a Nisei could get. Because of his features, he could hope in the first place only for inferior jobs, and no matter what his ability he could not hope to advance from them. He was the last to be hired, the first to be fired. Some Nisei in desperation went to Japan, counting on their knowledge of English to help them out. But here they were like fish out of water, despised for their ignorance of Japanese manners and language, miserable in Japanese houses and eating Japanese food.*

The Nisei who before the war were in the laundries, groceries and fruit markets, or working in wealthy Caucasian homes as servants or gardeners were there as a last resort. Many had college degrees, and all had ringing in their ears the noble American principle of equal opportunity.

Frustration became so general that it served not only the capable but the incapable Nisei as an explanation of their failure. It offered a refuge for the lazy and maladjusted as well as a valid explanation for those who had striven but failed.

The Nisei had still other problems in employment. They were subject to strong family pressures which often prevented them from choosing their own life work. Or if they chose against the advice of the family and then could not find employment, they were severely criticized. If they went to work for a Japanese they were caught in that traditional relationship which forbade them to quit, complain at long hours, or even inquire what their wages would be.

Discrimination kept driving the Nisei back into the Japanese community, kept reinforcing a separation from American life they wanted to overcome. Yet the economic base of these separate communities was so narrow that it could not support the merchants, salesmen, professions and services that were perforce seeking their livelihood within it. The Japanese by hard work and great capacity for organization had risen above all the other minorities of the West Coast, but they were still unable to rise into the wider stream of the general economic life.

The plight of the Nisei, growing more acute as more came of age, had

* See the next chapter for a fuller discussion of Nisei in Japan.

not been solved when the blow fell in 1942. It was in part being solved by a return, in some cases unwillingly, to the land and by the establishing of small businesses catering to the general public. But for Nisei with good education and no capital the plight was cold and frightening. One of them spoke in utter frankness:

"The war came with terrible suddenness, even more violently broke the shell in which we lived. In my heart I secretly welcomed the evacuation because it was a total escape from the world I knew. Even when the bus took me away to the tar-papered barracks I felt for the first time in my life a complete sense of relief. The struggle against a life which seemed so futile and desperate was ended. Never again would I have to live it, never again see it, never again be haunted by its spectres."

This was relief. It was no solution.

XIX

THE NISEI COME OF AGE

Every Japanese newspaper in Hawaii and on the mainland published a thick New Year's edition which carried, in addition to the customary reviews of the year and the thanks of advertisers for patronage, hundreds of personal cards of greeting—thrifty and sensible substitute for the mailing of cards to individual friends. Since few of the Nisei coming of age ever learned enough Japanese at language school to read the newspapers, the papers began to publish English sections, and at year's end English supplements.

The English holiday edition of the San Francisco *Japanese American News* (*Nichi Bei*) for 1939 reflected the youth, the coming of age quality of the Nisei. Though the format was professional, the contents revealed a generation whose median age was still only seventeen. Good printing could not disguise the immaturity any more than grown-up clothes the adolescent boy beneath. The art work was immature—product of a lad who had obviously just begun to take lessons. The stories had a groping quality—the result of unresolved emotions and technical immaturity. There simply had not been enough time for this very young generation to grow up. Yet they were trying to take on adult responsibilities.

It was not a very good time to be taking them on. Europe was in flames, America swinging from isolation to the realization that the war would sooner or later become her war but still childishly hoping that a miracle would happen. Abrogation of the commercial treaty between America and Japan (effective the following January 16) threatened the precarious livelihood of many Issei and Nisei—tradesmen, exporters, importers. Young men and women coming out of the schools and colleges faced discrimination in employment. Only about a tenth of the Nisei had married. For the large number now reaching marriage age (Nisei births were concentrated from 1918 to 1927, so that just as the war came, an age of marriages had opened up for them) there were coldly deterrent factors.

Though most of the articles, infected with the holiday spirit, ended on a note of optimism, none was entirely free of facts such as these:

Nisei girls get an average wage of \$16 a week, men \$21.

Despite the high level of his education, jobs were still being denied the Nisei because of his race.

Old enough for marriage, many Nisei could not afford it.

Lying behind the immediate problems of marriage and a job was the threat of a break between Japan and America. As the editorial put it, "Once upon a time, and surely it was a long time ago, someone had the magnificent idea of the Nisei bridging the Pacific" to establish friendly relations between the two nations. "The time has come to burn a few of our bridges behind us," the writer continued. "Endless treatises on Japanese art will not solve the problem of segregation. . . . The Nisei as an American will solve his problems best here in America, and not by going actually or spiritually to the homeland of his parents. He is realizing finally that his true cultural background is not one of Japanese art and music and literature but is essentially the culture of middle-class America. The young Nisei listens to Bob Hope and Fred Allen; he sings the songs made famous by Bing Crosby; he reads *Collier's* and the *Satevepost* and the *American Magazine*; he likes swing, the Sunday funnies, and Myrna Loy."

And that, according to the Issei, was the trouble. Perhaps the conflict would not have been so bitter if the cleavage between Issei and Nisei had not been so sharply drawn according to age. But most Nisei were twenty-one or younger, most Issei over forty-five. The twenties had been a decade of childbearing, the thirties of youth and adolescence. As late as 1940 only 27,000 of the 80,000 Nisei were over twenty-one. The Issei were faced with the adolescent revolt which has puzzled and exasperated parents in most languages and cultures, but they mistook the disease for a peculiarly American plague.

So when they complained that their children were lazy, unappreciative, too American, the Nisei responded that their parents didn't understand them. The Issei, they said, were fine ones to talk. They didn't learn English, they knew nothing of American culture, they kept their families living in poor quarters, they were always thinking about returning to Japan. Everything their parents did irritated the Nisei, and some things they did not do. They were, to use a word frequently on Nisei tongues, too "Japanesey."

In Hawaii there was at least an acceptance by the wider community of elements from Japanese culture—foods, articles of clothing, festivals. The

AJAs could take pride in this. And pride in one's ancestral culture is a strong aid to assimilation. But the mainland Nisei had to get along in an atmosphere where the cultural cleavage was complete.

James Ono, son of the laborer who had become a Los Angeles hardware dealer, grew up in the back of the shop and in the Little Tokyo centering in East First Street. Although the family of five lived and slept in one room, James had never seen his parents show any affection toward one another. That was Japanesey, just like the way his father sucked his tea and cleared his teeth with a loud noise after eating.

James didn't want to be Japanesey. From the time he could hold a bat he had been crazy over baseball. In high school it was basketball. Every night after supper he would wander out of the shop, choosing a time when his father was busy talking to a customer, and run over to Miura's drug store where the gang would be gathered at one end of the counter talking sports or assembling on their practice night. Sometimes when he came home his father would say, "When you want to go out, you ask me first. It's time you learned to show some respect. You Nisei are all alike."

As far back as he could remember he had been told that he was a problem, that he was shiftless, that he didn't show proper respect. He knew well enough that his parents were problems. They looked funny and dressed funny. They wanted to be treated as if they were God. Parents were hard to figure out. When all the kids in school were wearing sweat shirts and he asked his mother for one, she said he didn't need it. But then seeing his disappointment, she said, "Why do you have to have this thing? Are you not warm enough?" And he said: "Skip it; you wouldn't understand," and went out. The Nisei were always saying that to their parents: "You wouldn't understand."

Mrs. Ono took the money she had been saving for a dress—she didn't remember when she had bought a dress last; she was ashamed to go again to the kenjinkai picnic in the same one—and counted it out and handed it to him when he came back and told him to go and buy the thing he wanted.

The Onos lived in their narrow way because above all things they wanted to give their three children an education. Education was their only weapon against intolerance, the only escape from the pinched lives they had lived. If they could educate the children, all their sacrifices would be as nothing.

But then the children acted as if they didn't care—running off to movies, ball games, dances, never taking anything seriously. The Japanese, who take things very seriously, could not understand the American

spirit of making even serious things light. Most of all they could not understand it in their own children. It looked to them like a criminal waste of all their money so painfully saved. It was true, as the Nisei were continually telling them, that they could not understand. They could not understand how beneath this frivolous surface was a great need to be American in all things, a great fear of not being accepted, a desire to be like other people.

There were 26,000,000 second generation Americans. But the 80,000 Nisei felt as if their problems were unique. They rarely discovered that many second generation Americans were more isolated than they were and much less integrated into American life.

It was not true, as the Nisei believed, that their parents had made no effort to adopt American ways. Many alien Japanese, especially before the discriminatory land laws were passed, had tried to assimilate. They had studied English, they were becoming converts to Christianity in 1914 at the rate of five hundred a year. But they could no more shuffle off their cultural heritage than could any other people. When their efforts to be American did nothing to prevent boycott, land law and restrictive covenant, they gave up trying.

The rift between generations caused a rising delinquency among the children. With the Nisei this was not serious since their record still remained well below the average for all other groups. But it was a symptom—a symptom of disorganization in the community and demoralization in the individual. Such a breakdown is apparently to some extent inevitable when the old country culture comes into conflict with the new. The alien revises only that part of his culture necessary to making a living in the new environment. But the American-born wanted to belong to the new culture in all things.

Nub of the conflict was that between the individual and the family as the social unit. Chief points of friction were the control exercised by the family over marriage and (to some extent) choice of occupation, the control of the mother-in-law over her sons' wives, the domination of the male. American life not only emancipated the child from the control of the parent, it freed women from the control of men.

Yet the youngsters, criticized day and night at home for being too American, were looked upon as "Japs" by the majority of the non-Japanese community. "Jap" had an ugly sound. It was a hate-rousing tag that stung like the mark of a branding iron.

The ways in which they were made to feel like outcasts were many, but of three principal kinds—in employment, in the rendering of such serv-

ices as barbering and the serving of food, and in social contacts. But these in turn fell back upon the basic concerns of eating and loving, getting a job and getting a wife.

One Nisei says: "I applied at the United States Employment Service, but I knew my application was dead as soon as it was filed. No one wanted to hire an Oriental. I knew I would end up by joining my father as a migratory farm laborer, moving from camp to camp, living on fish and bean soup, taking a bath in the wooden tub with an ugly layer of scum on the water. I used to do it in the summers so I knew how it would be. I would lie in my straw bunk and listen to the snores of the men around me. Most of them were old and got up at night to urinate. It made me shudder to think that I would have to join the ranks of these forgotten men. But it was better than the only alternative—to work for a Japanese merchant at fifty dollars a month."

Universities on the Pacific Coast kept turning out graduates, good ones, in many technical fields—men whose parents had toiled for years to lift them through education to a fuller life. They could not find jobs. "It is almost impossible to place a Chinese or Japanese of either the first or second generation in any kind of position, engineering, manufacturing or business," Stanford University reported. The State College of Washington said: "We have some of them that speak English perfectly and know nothing about Japan, who are forced to go to Japan for employment."¹ Employers refused to distinguish between Japanese coming to America for an education and Nisei whose whole lives were here.

Kelly Ohara—there must have been a sense of humor somewhere along the line to match a given name to a Japanese surname so fortuitously Irish—was an honor student when he graduated from a West Coast university. He had majored, like most Nisei students, in commercial subjects. A liberal, politically conscious American, he spurned the idea of going to work for a Japanese firm. But in the end he had to. His work took him to the Orient, but as soon as he had saved enough he came home for another try. This time he did graduate work in engineering at a Midwestern university, finishing with high marks and high recommendations. No American firm would hire him: the chances for Nisei engineers were even slimmer than for other professional classes. Working at odd jobs, earning enough to support his mother, he took a doctoral degree in economics from a university in the East. By this time though well into his thirties, he had never had a job suited to his talent and training.

When the war came he went to Washington, qualified by a triple background in the Orient, in economics and engineering to render expert

service. Several times he was all but appointed to a post. Each time final approval was withheld. The case was brought to the Fair Employment Practices Committee. Some of us who knew him went and testified, but he never got a job in Washington—apparently because he had once worked for a Japanese firm. This single fact—in itself a product of prejudice against him—was the only thing which prevented his employment by the government he wanted to serve, and overbalanced his whole record of democratic liberalism and the testimony of reputable witnesses.

Ultimately he found a wartime post as teacher of Japanese area studies to military government officers—a type of work which was not likely long to outlast the war. Approaching forty, still unmarried because of his unsettled future, knowing himself better equipped than many who jumped ahead of him to better jobs, intelligent, personable, liberal-minded—what must such a man think of the gap between the promise of American life and its fulfillment?

The educated Nisei faced three choices. He could accept the clear intent of American prejudice which at every turn forced him into positions of inferiority—houseboy, dishwasher, migratory laborer, cannery hand. He could (before the war) go to Japan, abandoning his American life with all its ties of home and language and custom. Or he could struggle along on some sort of compromise—a graduate engineer working as an auto mechanic, a plant pathologist working in a nursery. Yet all the time he would know, as Professor Strong's survey² proved, that his vocational aptitudes were those of his Caucasian fellow students and that he should be spreading himself just as widely across the employment market.

If he got a job he knew that even though it was inferior to his abilities he would be the first, as an Oriental, to be fired. That was why boys who had hated language school began to take an interest in it as the time when they would have to earn a living came closer. For as a last refuge these Americans looked to the land of their fathers. How successful a retreat it was we shall soon see.

Less serious than job discrimination, though often more humiliating, was that which refused Americans of Oriental feature a haircut, a meal, a hotel room. The hostile emotion here seems as much founded on social as on economic considerations—or rather, founded on no consideration at all but upon the emotional stereotype and the primitive fear of the outsider. Sometimes the distaste to serve could be overcome by paying double the usual charges.

Most of the large coastal cities had restrictive covenants to keep Orientals within their ghettos and make it impossible for them to live in at-

tractive neighborhoods. This had the advantage of making it possible to point to the ghettos as examples of the Oriental's undesirability.

The fear of rebuffs, the constant horror of being humiliated in public, made the Nisei draw together in a tight circle, even at college. They formed their own clubs even though some felt that such organizations only perpetuated their difficulties. They formed noticeable groups on campus. "There's a barrier between Nisei and the other students," said one. "You can feel it. They never feel easy with each other."

Hostility in the social sphere did not as a rule become noticeable until adolescence. The fear of "miscegenation," the old superstitions about racial "hybrids," the fear that friendship might be construed as having a sexual intent introduced, at courting age, a stiffening of attitudes. Yet the Nisei were quite as set against intermarriage as the Caucasians, their own fears and superstitions as deeply rooted.

To the strongest these social barriers were but hurdles to be leaped. "I think it is a privilege to be a Japanese in America," said one of these, "because we have to do so much more than the average person to earn recognition. We have to equip ourselves better than the white Americans do."³

Thus in a peculiar way the very prejudice that was used as a tool to prevent competition actually raised the level of that competition. Perhaps, since we had done the same thing with the Jews and other immigrants, a larger and unconscious social mechanism was at work to create in America a race of men forged on a hard anvil, beaten with hammers of prejudice, tempered in the cold plunge of indifference or hostility. The result in this case would indeed be in ironic contrast with the immediate intention.

But even to those who took insult as challenge and the spear of prejudice as a goad to success, the sense of being set apart, shut out from the current of American life was bitter in its taste. Not for a moment could a Nisei forget that he was what he was. In his urge to be like the rest, he had even managed to grow taller, heavier, and better proportioned than his parents. His hair had often (and certainly hers!) a wavier quality, a lighter color.* His mouth and teeth seemed to protrude less, partly because of better dental care but also because he did not have the same psychological tension that kept a Japanese stiff-lipped until the posture became a permanent feature.

Where the Hawaiian AJAs behaved like part of the community, the California Nisei was ill at ease, and with good reason. Those who did

* Wavy hair was thought a sign of inferiority in old Japan, probably because the Ainu and the Okinawans had it, whom the Japanese had conquered.

manage to crawl over the wall of prejudice and to be natural and breezy in the American manner found acceptance much easier.

One defense against the feeling of inferiority was an exaggerated sense of humor. They laughed a good deal at themselves and their fellow Nisei. This was good. If the laughter had a little of nervousness in it, it had more of relief. Their parents had never learned to do this; Japanese culture had not discovered the wonderful alembic of laughing at itself.

Unlike the Issei again, the Nisei recognized their feelings of inferiority and discussed them openly—further evidence of their assimilation, their essential Americanism. The Issei had resigned themselves to inferior status and walled themselves in against prejudice. The Nisei, those at least who were positively motivated, insisted on equal treatment and challenged prejudice when they met it. Others, while maintaining in theory their equal status, withdrew within themselves and tried to avoid contacts.

But the strongest fought back. They showed more strength than any strongly marked minority in fighting back, in working their way toward the top. Some of the impulse came from the untiring ambition and industry of their parents, some from the American belief in "getting ahead." Together they made quite a combination.

But because of the rebuffs they met and the necessity of competing against each other, penned up in a narrow pasture where the herd was too large for the grazing, there were frequent conflicts. Many Nisei have told me, "You know, the Nisei just can't do anything together. They're always going against each other." It is a common fallacy for any man to think his own group unique. Anyone who has studied the immigrant communities in the United States knows how they are divided within—just like church congregations, neighborhoods, ball park audiences and the Ladies' Aid. But there is some truth in the fact that aggressive attitudes both in business and social life were noticeable in the narrow Japanese community. That they were outbursts of energy which could have burned usefully if the surrounding world had allowed them outlet there is no doubt.

Partnerships often broke up. Cooperatives were short-lived though rural life in Japan is noted for its cooperative quality. Communities frequently split down the middle, sometimes on the basis of religion, sometimes over the language school. Gossip and criticism were active. An amazing number of clubs and organizations kept the Nisei busy from one week's end to the other.⁴ In none of these things were the Nisei very different from other small communities, whether in rural Japan, a Euro-

pean ghetto or a New England village. But in the aggregate there was a noticeable channelling off of energies that could have been put to better use, had the surrounding culture allowed it.

The real trouble was that the Nisei, having rejected the land and culture of their parents, had been rejected by their own land. Though far more American than Japanese, they were not entirely at home in either culture. As a result of numerous rejections and experiments they had developed a marginal culture of their own. They were socially at ease only among themselves, lacking the language and etiquette for Japanese company and fearing always the intrusion of prejudice in an American setting. A few Caucasians sprinkled through a Nisei gathering made little difference. But if Caucasians predominated in a group, the Nisei were ill at ease. The urge to be birds of a feather is hard to overcome.

The Nisei were like perpetual tourists in their own country. They knew they were being looked at, remarked upon, suspected. The life they built for themselves resembles in some respects that of American colonies abroad with their isolation from the surrounding people, their feverish social activity, their gossip, their longing for home.

Some Japanese Americans, of course, were so thoroughly assimilated that they identified themselves entirely with America and felt ill at ease in Nisei circles. Because very few of these could ever find complete acceptance in a Caucasian group, they were psychologically worse off than those who had made the cultural compromise.

The Japanese had sublime and touching faith in the ability of education to put their children higher on the economic stairway. The Nisei average was two years of higher education beyond high school, a level well above the American average. Teachers found them attentive and industrious. Of the several investigators who studied Nisei in the schools, Reginald Bell was the most exhaustive.⁵ He found that Nisei children had more high marks at every level except the last term of high school (where at the time the sample was too small to be significant), that they showed their greatest superiority in non-academic subjects but were higher in academic subjects as well. Other investigators reached varying results, but these conclusions appeared sound:

Because English was not spoken at home, the Nisei suffered from a language handicap.

In intelligence they were equal to other children but in effort superior.

Attending language school had no effect on their performance in public school.

When the army, after evacuating all Nisei from the West Coast as potential saboteurs, suddenly discovered that it needed them in its own ranks as language experts, it made a thorough check of all Nisei and found that only fifteen per cent could speak passable Japanese while only five per cent could pass a reading and writing test.⁶ There was irony in the fact that after intensively educating themselves for American life, getting farther up the educational ladder than any other group of any ancestry, what the nation wanted of them after all was simply to know the language of their fathers—the very thing they had, in their desire to be American in all things, done their best to forget.

Not only academically, but in sports and activities the Nisei stood up well. The stories of the honors given them are numerous. In school and college they made the varsity squads, were elected captains, valedictorians, class presidents. They were great speakers. They had the earnestness and idealism of youth. Occasionally they spoke of their mission to intercede between East and West. But mostly they exposed their average Americanism. When they spoke of America it was with pride and affection.

It was not until about 1930 that the Kibei began returning to America in numbers sufficient to make themselves noticed. The Kibei were Nisei—Kibei means returned to America—yet they were not Nisei. They came back with manners that were Japanese—with the rather strained and tense sensitivity toward life, the earnestness, the quietness. The girls came back submissive and shy, the boys somewhat arrogant and expecting their superiority as males to be acknowledged.* They came back from a Japan very different from that which their parents had left thirty or forty years before. The difference this made in them was a constant puzzle to their disappointed parents. For it was not that intellectual curiosity and ferment of the Meiji era which their parents had expected, but the unreasoning jingoism of the age ironically called Enlightened Peace.

Immediately they had trouble with their brothers and sisters. American-raised girls would not stand being treated like Japanese women, and Nisei brothers found the returned brother a pain in the neck with his puritanical notions about jazz and dancing and movies, with his unflattering comparisons of America and Japan. There was an unending battle in the family, and one more burden added to the cares of parents who saw another cherished plan—the return of the Japan-educated child to guide the other children by example—come a cropper.

* People are too various and too interesting to be fairly represented by generalizations. I am trying to indicate a trend, but of course there are many exceptions.

But because the Nisei seemed to be turning away from farming, and because it still seemed to Nihonmachi that they had more girls on their hands needing husbands than they knew what to do with, the return of the Kibei was encouraged. The Japanese Association gave passage money to those who needed it. It sent a delegation to encourage return. It made an effort to find jobs for those who came.

By 1940 about 10,000 had returned. It was estimated that about 20,000 remained in Japan. Some of these had returned with their families as infants and through long residence and schooling had become Japanese. Others were there for only a few years or had gone in desperate search of a job.

It was a curious thing that in this land of the dominant male it was the girls who got the better jobs. Seventy to ninety yen a month was the average salary of the Nisei man, not enough for him to live on. But the girls were getting from a hundred to a hundred fifty yen.⁷ They had a corner on the market for English secretaries—girls who could understand Japanese but who could handle correspondence in the offices of American firms or who could manage the foreign correspondence of Japanese companies. As teachers of English and as translators the girls were also in demand.

Yet the fate of the men who had come to Japan for jobs was generally pathetic. America had rejected them for being Japanese, but in Japan they were too American! Rarely did a Nisei become sufficiently Japanese to feel at home in the land of his ancestors. Many fell between the two cultures. They came to Japan before they had mastered English and returned to America before they had mastered Japanese. They lacked the strong, single, and compelling emotion which in our modern world makes a man a member of his nation. They suffered all the agonies of a schizoid personality.

"In regard to the future of the Nisei," according to the survey made by the Keisen Girls' School, "the general opinion of Japanese educators we interviewed is to the effect that Japan is not the place for the Nisei to stay."

The Nisei tended to agree that Japan was no place for them. But what happened when they returned to America? *

* Many thousand Nisei were caught in Japan when war broke out. Some used their knowledge of English to aid Japan, as radio announcers and translators. Some were drafted. But Japan never really trusted any of them, for their American ways indicated American loyalty and they were always suspected by the thought police of harboring "dangerous thoughts." Many have returned to America since the war, after careful screening.

Through the thirties returning Kibei, finding themselves unlike either their parents or their brothers and sisters, formed social groups where they could enjoy their idiosyncrasies. A Kibei group formed in Seattle in 1932. Most of the kenjinkai established Kibei sections. In San Francisco the conflict within the Kibei was externalized by the forming of two groups—one militantly pro-Japanese, the other militantly American. In 1940 the Japanese American Citizens League held a national Kibei convention.

About 8,000 Nisei had been schooled for three years or more in Japan. (Three-quarters of all Nisei have never been there at all.) They were a minority within a minority, and when they came home they brought with them the characteristics of the greenhorn, the new immigrant.

Evacuation caught many of them just as they were trying to adjust themselves to American life. It found some of them fully American, others midway between Issei and Nisei and serving as intermediary between the generations, others drawing within themselves because of their poor English and their Japanese manners, and still others maladjusted and pro-Japanese. This last group tended to give its reputation to all the rest. It was they whose bitterness and frustration made trouble in the relocation centers. Yet it was also from the Kibei that we got our most useful weapon against the Japanese—a knowledge of their language which gave advance notice of their military movements.

In every Nihonmachi from San Diego to Seattle everyone was sure there were three times as many marriageable girls as men. The newspapers reported it and even in Tokyo the *Japan Times* reported five thousand marriageable girls in California over the age of twenty-five with no husbands in sight, as well as six hundred stranded in Tokyo. Yet there was no such excess of girls. The difficulty was social and economic, not quantitative.

Chief trouble was the difficulty young Nisei men had in getting jobs. Another was the expense of the usual Japanese wedding. Then too there was resistance to the old method of mating and not much experience with the new. A young man fortunate enough to have a job that would support a wife might want to marry American style. But Japanese parents were old-fashioned, so there was no chance for the American kind of courtship—dates, parties, a ripening acquaintance. Yet he resisted an arranged marriage, and so things drifted along.

As in Hawaii, a compromise was sometimes reached that satisfied both child and parents. In any case the Nisei desire for an American love

match and the parental desire for a correct Japanese match were in conflict. A middle ground had to be found.

One Nisei settled his problem by a tour de force which altered a proper arranged meeting into a whirlwind courtship. His mother against his wishes had located a girl through go-betweens. The meeting was arranged to take place at a hotel.

When I went into the room I looked at her and said, "Hello." She looked at me and said, "Hello." She with her *baishakunin* and mother sat in one corner. My *baishakunin* and cousin were sitting in the opposite corner from them, so I went over and sat down with them. We just sat there for a few minutes and looked at each other. It was such a funny feeling. Pretty soon I burst into laughter. Well, I thought, the best way to go about this would be for us to go to a show. So I suggested that we do that by ourselves and a decision could be made later. That was agreeable.

As soon as we were by ourselves I got right down to fundamentals and said to her, "Now listen, we may as well be open about this. You and I don't have to get married. If you don't want to go through with it, that's all right with me. I'm poor. I have only a small farm and just a shack to live in. If you want to cooperate with me and start from scratch, I think that we can make things go all right. You can think it over and do as you like."

After we came out of the theater she said it was all right with her. I had decided that things looked all right with me, so we decided to be married. The next day we went to the court house and secured a license and were married at once. We left for home immediately.⁸

Here a young fellow with enterprise, a formal Japanese introduction, and the marvel of American civilization which provides romantic darkness in mid-day and convenient privacy in mid-town did the trick. Not many Nisei were so forthright or so fortunate.

These young people were not even too sure what qualities they desired in each other. The men wanted girls to be companionable and socially at ease in America, yet with the subconscious mother image in their minds they had a hankering, too, for the submissiveness and self-sacrifice of the Japanese ideal. The girls wanted independence. They would not submit to the theory of male superiority or mother-in-law dominance. Some of them wanted careers.

No one thought of intermarriage as a solution to the problem of the unmarried girls. The number of such marriages was negligible, even in the American-born generation which had much in common with other

Americans. The Nisei had a strong prejudice against mixed marriage, however they might insist in theory on their right to intermarry, resenting the laws of the thirteen states which forbade them to marry Caucasians.*

Wherever they could, the Nisei established homes on the American pattern—comfortable, tastefully decorated houses with good furniture, clean and uncluttered. But not many had the income to live as they liked. Too, they had to face the possibility of taking over family debts. Elder sons especially often inherited debts of thousands of dollars.

To become an American was a difficult process. You had not only community prejudice to fight. You had to fight your own parents and the deeply encrusted culture they had brought with them. The struggle dramatized itself most spectacularly in the crisis of marriage.

The first generation, forever barred from citizenship, had of necessity formed its social and political life around that central fact. Its principal organizations were built as a fortress against surrounding prejudice and discrimination, its social activities derived from the culture of the homeland.

The second generation inherited the prejudice but very little of the culture. Moreover, they were Americans. So the things they did and the societies they formed reflected these rights and disabilities. They formed Christian Youth federations, Boy Scout troops (as early as 1903), athletic teams, and later American Legion posts. Because of discrimination they had to form their own chapters, but the pattern was American.

As they came of age they realized that their citizenship entailed rights which they would have to fight for. They had no background in politics. Their parents had come from Japan at a time when few Japanese understood or possessed the vote. Growing up therefore in a voteless Nihon-machi they had inherited no political background.

But as they came of age they noticed that politicians began to take an interest in them. At election time candidates would ask Nisei leaders to endorse them. At first the Nisei tended to be, like their parents, extreme conservatives.

In 1922 the Executive Secretary of the Japanese Association, Tamezo

* For the record: Georgia, Idaho, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, California. South Carolina allows a white man to marry a Mongolian woman, but not the other way about. The laws of the various states regarding intermarriage are confusingly varied. In general they prevent Caucasian-Mongolian marriages. They do not prevent Negro-Oriental marriages, but in the case of the Japanese this means nothing since Nisei generally share the Caucasian prejudice against marriage with Negroes.

Takimoto, realized that the Nisei should organize in order to make their growing numbers politically effective. The American Loyalty League was formed. It established ten chapters but was dead except for one chapter within five years. In 1928 a Seattle attorney made another try. The New American Citizens' League, formed in San Francisco, was the result, and this was the parent organization of the Japanese American Citizens League which in 1930 held a national convention with Saburo Kido as chairman. The JACL soon found itself specializing in the fight against discriminatory legislation in the Western states. It supported the bill which finally in 1935 gave citizenship to Japanese who had fought in the World War.⁹ And it managed to get itself suspected, hated—or worse, ignored, by a good many Nisei.

Such a result was inevitable. Few Americans are aware of the battles which rage through the pages of over 1,200 foreign language newspapers in America, the feuds, the schisms, the hates which sizzle within a thousand little communities. They are dying out. They exist only where minorities have been shut out from the grander battle of parties and politics in which the rest of us are joined. A man apparently has to dissipate his aggressive tendencies somewhere.

A period of conflict and jockeying for power would have been inevitable in any case. When the JACL was formed there were still too few mature Nisei available, and the League fell into the hands of a few leaders through lack of competition. Many Nisei who did not bother to join accused the League of everything from incompetence to dishonesty, but at least the leaders got on well with the DAR and the American Legion, which was something, and held conventions which allowed the delegates to get away from home and paternal domination, to stretch their wings a little, look the girls over, and feel their American heritage. When war came, the JACL was the only Nisei body that could pretend to act as a group voice. Its leaders were still politically immature; they could scarcely have been anything else. They were pressed in contrary directions, and they had to bear much of the hostility the evacuation generated. Perhaps the trial by fire was good for them. In any case they came out of it with renewed strength and increased wisdom and are now vigorously attacking the problems that still face the Nisei—this time, one feels, with a mature sense of their oneness with all minorities.

There were other signs of political wing sprouting. Young Democrats and Young Republicans organized, still as racial units but at least applying themselves to national problems. This was healthy. This was provid-

ing an outlet for all the aggressions their narrow economic communities had pent up. Ultimately it would lead to fuller integration.

In 1940 the Nisei were beginning to feel themselves part of the body politic. All they needed was time, maturity, the ripening of wisdom.

The Nisei coming of age were very impatient to enter into the fullness of American life. As one of them put it, the sons of day laborers felt that they should take the places of Ford, Rockefeller and Edison. Failing, they jumped too easily to race prejudice as an explanation. They were young, they were eager, they were impatient, but despite what prejudice had done to them there was no question that the direction they wanted to go in was American.

Every investigator who bothered to search out the facts instead of reading Mr. McClatchy and the Joint Immigration Committee was impressed with the degree of assimilation. As early as 1922 Dr. Paul Waterhouse studied a group of 1,500 Nisei under fifteen years of age. "All the facts," he concluded, "go to show that these children, no matter how backward their parents may be, are most rapidly assimilating American life and are being assimilated by us."¹⁰

The extensive Survey of Race Relations conducted in the twenties by Dr. Robert E. Park concluded that the Nisei, "born in America and educated in our Western schools, is culturally an Occidental even though he be racially an Oriental, and this is true to an extent that no one who has not investigated the matter disinterestedly and at first hand is ever likely to imagine."¹¹

The extensive studies of Strong in the early thirties showed that while the differences were slight the similarities between the Nisei and other young Americans were remarkable, and that the Nisei were more readily assimilated than the people of several European races.

In testimony before the Tolan Committee the Mayor of Seattle could say, even after December 7, 1941: "In the main, the American-born Japanese, and even the aliens are fine, good citizens—hard working. They contribute nothing to our juvenile delinquency; they are out of the courts almost entirely; they are very fine citizenry."

One needed only to set a Nisei down in Japan to see how American he was—how ill at ease in a complex of habits, foods, dress that were foreign to him. For the Nisei belonged to the material culture of America—its dress, foods, furniture and housekeeping. He belonged to its social culture—its manners, sports, clubs, dancing. He spoke English, though like

all first generation Americans hearing a foreign language at home he had some difficulty with prepositions and tenses, with idiom and tone. He went to Christian churches or to no church. Even those who remained Buddhist like their parents attended a temple that had been considerably influenced by American ideas. He went in for higher education, even more than his Occidental compatriots. And unlike almost every other group born of immigrant parents he was the intellectual equal and sometimes the superior of the children of native-born Americans. He was, in short, assimilated.

He was less free than the average American to live his own life, because of the traditional authority of the family. But even in this, and in his breaking away from sexual segregation, a change was taking place. About the only thing he had not changed was his family name. In a country where name changes were frequent * why had the Nisei held back? Most Japanese names are really place names. They could be readily translated into such English-sounding ones as Littlefield, Middlebrook, Hillmouth—and Churchill.

Perhaps the answer, aside from the fact that few Nisei were of age, is provided in the experience of a friend who, adopted as a baby by Scotch parents, had taken their name of MacGregor. So many people were shocked to meet a MacGregor with the Mongoloid fold that he found it less embarrassing to invent a Japanese name.

Those Nisei who had come of age were demonstrating, particularly in the arts, that they could be not only average Americans but superior citizens.** Like any group just coming of age they made mistakes and suffered uncertainties. It is a paradox that the mainland Nisei were more American in their general culture but less American in the ease of their manners than their Hawaiian-born cousins. This effect was a result, of course, of the greater prejudice directed against them. The Hawaiian-born were fused into the interracial culture of the islands. The mainland-born, living in a culture more completely Anglo-Saxon, were not entirely accepted within it. They assimilated its ideas but retained a certain stiffness as a defense against the antipathies they often met.

So having revolted from the world of the Issei, they went as far as prejudice would let them in assuming a place which American ideals assured them was theirs, though practice often contradicted. Another ten years would have solved many of their confusions. But world events could not wait.

* See Louis Adamic's *What's Your Name?*

** Chap. XXVI recounts their contributions.

XX

AN ACT NOT COMMONLY A CRIME

The Nisei, though still young, were growing up. They were proving themselves good citizens. But before they could take on adult responsibilities the Japanese air force struck Pearl Harbor.

The West Coast remained surprisingly calm.

For two months after December 7, 1941, the people of the West Coast, facing as they thought an attack from the sea, showed less prejudice toward the local Japanese than at any time in their history. While all the adjectives of melodrama were being applied to the enemy, people went out of their way to assure the Nisei that they were not included or identified with the enemy. Many Nisei noted the fact with gratitude at the time.

Throughout most of January the West Coast newspapers listed gifts from Nisei to the Red Cross, carried stories of Nisei otherwise taking part in the war effort, and condemned as un-American the few incidents which took place. On Christmas Eve a Nisei was murdered. He happened to have been honorably discharged from the army a short time before. There were a few other attacks, but nothing like the shootings and burnings that occurred when four years later the Nisei, their loyalty proved in combat, tried to come back!

Even in these first two months of friendly truce, the Japanese community was disintegrating under the influences of war. Alien funds were immediately frozen. Families were stuck with what cash they happened to have in their pockets. Unless they could replace with cash the checks they had written before the weekend, their utilities were cut off. Grocers refused to sell them food, milk deliveries stopped because of a mistaken notion that this would constitute trading with the enemy. Japanese newspapers were suspended. Most of the older leaders were detained. Some, though released, were advised to be available for questioning at any time. They were thus unable to go about their business.

Meanwhile the Japanese enemy marched into Thailand, landed in the

Philippines and occupied Wake and Guam. Hong Kong surrendered to him on Christmas Day and on the second day of the new year Manila fell. After the publication of the Roberts report, January 25, on the damage done in Hawaii, the public attitude toward local Japanese stiffened, though there was not a word of sabotage in the report. Four days later Attorney General Biddle announced the first restricted zones from which enemy aliens were excluded.

On February second the Attorney General warned against the persecution of enemy aliens as he had done once before, shortly after the outbreak of war. But on that same day occurred the arrest on Presidential warrants of 336 aliens on Terminal Island (near the San Pedro naval base), a meeting of the West Coast Congressional delegation in Senator Hiram Johnson's office, and a meeting of California law enforcement officers with the state Attorney General which closed with a resolution to remove all enemy aliens from the state. On the fifth the Dies Committee began to release a number of stories, more sensational in their claims than in their proof, on Japanese espionage. On February 7 Dies claimed to have evidence that landings would be attempted simultaneously on both our coasts during the year and asserted that Japanese Americans in Hawaii had aided the enemy on December 7. And on the sixth General DeWitt's sabotage alert orders were carried by the papers with the implication that trouble was close at hand.

Yet on February 11 a joint statement by the Attorney General and the Secretary of War asserted that there had been no sabotage on the West Coast. The next day spot raids uncovered ammunition, guns, rifles, maps. So said the papers. They did not report that the ammunition and guns were from a sports store, the maps such as any car driver might have. Similarly a later report of dynamite discovered in possession of a Japanese did not disclose that it had been used by a farmer to remove stumps. Walter Lippmann, respected throughout the country for his sober judgment, implied in a column written from the West Coast that sabotage had occurred in Hawaii and was likely to happen on the West Coast when the moment came. Other Eastern columnists, who until now had seen in the cries of bloody murder arising from the more inflammatory West Coast journals a mere repetition of the old anti-Orientalism, decided there must be something in it.

On February 13 the West Coast Congressional group recommended to the President the evacuation of all Japanese, alien and citizen. Soon the Native Sons of the Golden West were sponsoring radio programs urging evacuation. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the Western

Growers' Protective Association sent lobbyists to Washington. Earl Warren, then Attorney General, met with leading business groups and prevailed upon local officials to urge evacuation.

Something had begun to trouble the waters.

By February the Japanese communities were pretty badly disorganized. No one knew what was going to happen. Farmers could not tell whether to plant their crops—a decision which involved the risking of most of their capital. The Japanese produce houses, their tables upset by rowdies, had closed. Fishermen were forbidden to put out to sea. Retail shops, since the farmers on whom they depended had stopped coming to town, were hard hit. The sewing schools—prevalent on the West Coast as in Hawaii—had dropped to one eighth of their enrollment. Unemployment and the internment of family heads had left many in need. Some tenants had been ordered out of their homes. Unemployment relief was refused the families of aliens. Business and professional licenses were being revoked, and the state of California refused to permit aliens to collect the sales tax, thus killing whatever business had not been hit by the lack of customers. The economy of Little Tokyo, unhealthy even before the war, was mortally sick; now it was being bled to death. Insurance companies cancelled policies. Nisei were being ousted without hearing or accusation from civil service jobs in state, county and city offices.

The people were growing desperate. Their money was running out, their business had collapsed. Women and children, as the men were interned, were left without funds or leadership. No one knew what would happen next.

As if it were not enough to be suspected by non-Japanese, the fear grew that among their own number were informers, *inu* (dogs), falsely accusing their leaders to the FBI. One alien said, "When I was taken by the FBI I was ashamed because I thought I would be alone among evil men. But when I got there I found the most respected leaders, men I knew would not do anything wrong." It was the men who were not picked up who now became suspect in Nihonmachi, for if all the good men were interned, the remainder must have been saving their own necks by informing.

As certain areas were ordered evacuated (beginning with the order of January 29 and continuing until 99 spots around vital installations had been named), the families affected did the best they could to find quarters with friends or family connections. But as these movements increased, so did the confusion, loss and extortion. "Everybody took advantage of us,"

one victim remembered. "They took things while we were not watching. When we were in the house packing they would go into the back yard and help themselves. We had worked for years to establish our business and put our four children through school. Just when we were ready to enjoy the fruits of our labor and rest a little, we lost everything we had."

On February 19 authority was shifted by Executive Order from the Department of Justice to the War Department, apparently because Justice could find no evidence to support evacuation.* General DeWitt thereupon urged the Japanese to leave the coastal area voluntarily. About eight thousand people responded. Two days later the Tolan hearings began in San Francisco.** They were extended to Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles before they ended on March 12. On this same day the *San Francisco Chronicle*, moderate until now, let go with an editorial replete with the usual errors about Pearl Harbor and demanding total evacuation. After almost eleven weeks of reason and moderation the lid was off.

During those eleven weeks the leaders of the Japanese communities had been picked up and, if they appeared dangerous to the intelligence agencies, or even doubtful, were interned. Aliens and citizens alike had been excluded from vital spots. Public opinion had shown itself remarkably fair and calm. Intelligence officers close to the scene knew that any possibility of danger had been averted.

The hearings provided a field day for all the old anti-Oriental voices—the Native Sons, the Associated Farmers, the Joint Immigration Committee. Congressman Tolan himself kept alluding to the sabotage committed by resident Japanese and Japanese Americans at Pearl Harbor. It was the "fact" he threw at every Nisei witness. While every dog of prejudice had his day, not a single expert witness was called—not Professor Edward Strong whose extensive survey of Japanese communities a few years before put him in a position to counter with fact the hundreds of unfounded allegations with which the hearings were encumbered, nor Professor Bogardus of Southern California nor Rademaker of Washington. But perhaps investigating committees regard as prejudiced men

* In Washington, the War and Justice Departments could come to no agreement on the necessity of evacuation. In the end, the Attorney General washed his hands of it, saying in effect, "We refuse to have anything to do with it; it's on your head."

** I am indebted to Morton Grodzins of the University of Chicago for the information that Carey McWilliams suggested the holding of hearings to James Rowe of the Justice Department, as a means of combatting the campaign for evacuation. For political reasons Congressman Tolan had difficulty getting his appropriation, and by the time he reached the Coast sentiment had been so inflamed that hearings could no longer serve the desired purpose.

whose interest in a subject leads them to study it without preformed conclusions. Church and social workers appeared, but their wide familiarity with Japanese communities and their expert knowledge were discounted as being too Christian to be accurate.

Then, at the moment when President Roosevelt was speaking to the nation by radio, came the submarine shelling of Goleta (near Santa Barbara) on February 23. Though damage was negligible the West Coast was naturally alarmed. On the twenty-fourth a curfew was imposed on all aliens in Military Area Number One (the coastal strip) and a considerable part of Los Angeles was cleared of alien Japanese.

The Delegate from Hawaii, Sam King, was by this time fed up with the loose talk about sabotage at Pearl Harbor—talk spread by refugees returning from Hawaii and freely picked up by the press. He requested the Tolan Committee to verify or scotch these rumors by checking them at the source—an expedient which does not seem to have occurred up to this time to any responsible official on the West Coast or in Washington, or to any publication using such stories.

On March 12 the Tolan Committee ended its hearings, having served unwittingly at the strategic moment as a sounding board for the special interests which desired the removal of the Japanese. On the same day General DeWitt had announced that he would evacuate all Japanese from the coastal area. Five days previously he had stated that there would be no mass evacuation.

On March 14 the Honolulu Police Chief informed the Tolan Committee that there had been no sabotage of any kind.

On March 15 the creation of the Wartime Civil Control Administration to handle the evacuation under General DeWitt was announced. The ides of March had come.

An ironic aftermath was the correspondence between Mr. Tolan and the Secretaries of War and Navy, to whom he wrote on March 19 to inquire whether there had indeed been any sabotage at Pearl Harbor. Both replied in the negative, though Secretary Knox on his return from investigating the Pearl Harbor disaster had previously told newsmen that a Japanese fifth column had been at work. Why had the Secretaries done nothing to silence these rumors before? Were they willing to let the Japanese take the heat off them for what had happened in Hawaii?

Their letters were printed in the Tolan *Findings* in May. By that time most of the Japanese had been uprooted from their homes and concentrated in camps and stables.

The public had no way of knowing what to believe. It had to rely on what guidance it could get from responsible officials. In Hawaii where plans had been made in advance there was no hesitation. The Japanese became part of the war effort. On the Coast those intelligence officers who best knew the situation were opposed to evacuation, but the public had no way of knowing this. There was evidence of disagreement among officials. The Department of Justice did what it thought necessary, and went to the brink of its authority to accommodate army demands for arrests without warrant and the proclamation of restricted areas. But the most it could do was not considered enough. The actions of General DeWitt were increasingly those of a man not sure of himself, or being subjected to pressures he could not withstand. It is well known that the navy had far better intelligence on the coastal Japanese than the army. The very fact that naval intelligence officers were against complete evacuation and for selective internment and hearing boards may have persuaded General DeWitt in the opposite direction. This will not seem strange to anyone who has seen the army and navy working together, or in the light of the fatal lack of communication between the services in Hawaii.

It is charitable to assume that General DeWitt was suffering from an inadequate intelligence service of his own and a disinclination to accept that of the FBI, the navy, the narcotics squad. How otherwise account for the misstatements and falsifications in his *Final Report*, unless on the assumption that they were deliberate?

Even after the absence of sabotage at Pearl Harbor was publicly known—and the documents buried in perfunctory press notices—it was not allowed to alter the decision for evacuation. Why was that essential intelligence, available for the asking, so long delayed? Why had General DeWitt not known it three months before? Why was the temper of public opinion deliberately inflamed by the press and the Tolan hearings instead of being positively led as in Hawaii?

In February a public opinion poll conducted by the University of Denver showed three-fourths of southern and one half of northern California favoring the segregation of Japanese aliens. One third of southern California also favored segregating the Nisei, but in northern California and the other coastal states only 14 per cent wanted the Nisei moved. Public opinion did *not* favor such a drastic and un-American step even after being under pressure from the Hearst press and other like influences. It took a great deal of false publicity and over three months of time to produce the public sentiment for evacuation. There was nothing spontaneous about it.

That the press would have supported courageous and enlightened leadership is suggested by these quotations, all drawn from papers up and down the Coast in the months just preceding war:

To all these Americans of Japanese background, Nippon's rampage is as distasteful as to the rest of us. . . . They should be assured that they will be treated as they have been in the past [unintended irony here?] so long as their allegiance is undivided.

It would be tragic and un-American if we allowed events in the Pacific to alter our appreciation and estimate of men and women of Japanese inheritance who put this country first in their thoughts.

There's no need to doubt their loyalty. They've proved themselves good citizens in the best possible way—by staying out of the courts and off police rolls, by remaining off the relief lists, by oversubscribing their USO quotas, by purchasing defense bonds to the point of sacrifice.

Even at the end of January the suggestions for mass evacuation were limited chiefly to politicians looking for free publicity in an election year. And as late as February 6 the *San Francisco Chronicle* could say:

The supposed hysteria over enemy aliens and their descendants scarcely exists among the people themselves . . . but the excitement is visible almost entirely in political and journalistic quarters . . . seeking to capitalize on a supposed excitement of others which is mostly a figment of their imagination.

Why did it take the West Coast delegation more than two months to see a threat to security in the presence of the Japanese? Why were the recommendations of well-informed intelligence officers ignored? If the evacuation was, as DeWitt claimed, a military necessity, why was it necessary on March 12 but not on March 7—and not for three months after the attack on Hawaii? How did it happen that DeWitt's decision corresponded with the end of the Tolan hearings—played up in the press for their ungrounded allegations against the Japanese, though of so little real interest to the public that a mere handful attended them?

Since the people who know the answers are not likely to reveal them,* it is necessary to rely somewhat upon inference—but inference from a large number of facts and strange coincidences.

Some of the facts to be held in mind are these:

* A letter of inquiry sent to General DeWitt, that his point of view might be included, was unanswered.

1. There was no sabotage at Pearl Harbor.
2. There was no sabotage on the West Coast.
3. There was no immediate demand from any group, periodical, or official for evacuation. Jim Marshall, writing in *Collier's* for October 11, 1941, reported that the opinion of the intelligence agencies "based on intensive and continuous investigation is that the situation is not dangerous and that, whatever happens, there is not likely to be any trouble. With this opinion west coast newspapermen, in touch with the problem for years, agree almost unanimously."
4. The first impulse in all quarters showed faith in the Americanizing process, and this conviction continued until overwhelmed by planned propaganda.
5. The federal government showed a peculiar lack of interest in the positive control and channelling of public opinion such as it had accomplished in Hawaii by making the facts available.
6. According to General DeWitt, a military necessity which had not existed on December 7 or on March 7 suddenly appeared on March 12.
7. The West Coast Congressional delegation found it advisable to recommend complete evacuation two days after the Secretary of War and the Attorney General had reported that there had been no sabotage anywhere on the Coast.
8. The Tolan hearings gave wide publicity to the false reports of sabotage at Pearl Harbor. While their published report in May corrected this error, the damage had already been done beyond repair. The case for evacuation was based almost entirely upon the belief that resident Japanese had aided the enemy in Hawaii. Without this, such wholesale deprivation of the rights of American citizens could not have been sustained.
9. The official denial of sabotage at Pearl Harbor was made public only after General DeWitt had announced his decision for general evacuation, yet the truth must have been in the hands of responsible officials, unless they were remiss in their duties.
10. There is evidence that large sums of money were spent to bring about the evacuation. Radio programs were sponsored. Speakers deployed through coastal communities. Resolutions of identical or similar wording were proposed and voted at the instigation of such speakers. Chain letters, postcards and telegrams demanding evacuation began to pour in on public officials. These items were identical in language and often mimeographed.

11. Untruths about the Nisei, such as that they gave no aid to intelligence officers, were constantly circulated without denial by public officials and sometimes through their mouths.

12. The same local officials who before the war and during the first two months thereafter had shown moderation and restraint and who had openly praised the Americanism of the Nisei were bent by some powerful force in the opposite direction.

13. Intelligence officers most closely in touch with the Japanese communities opposed general evacuation, not for humanitarian reasons but because they had known for years what was going on and because they had reliable Nisei and Issei informers who kept them advised on the arrival of Japanese spies. Evacuation would destroy their carefully built system of counter-espionage. Yet public officials including Colonel Bendetson of the Wartime Civil Control Administration, who should not have been ignorant of the facts, stated: "In not one single instance has any Japanese reported disloyalty on the part of another specific individual of the same race." ¹

Because a part of that story has never been told, and is probably known to as few Nisei as Caucasians, it will be set down here. What follows is not the whole story, but one verifiable example of continuous aid given to our intelligence agencies.

About 1936 the Japanese began to take over from the Chinese the business of smuggling opium from the Orient. The trade was tied in with the gambling houses up and down the Coast—places mostly frequented by the old bachelors who provided the migratory farm labor. Kingpin of the whole enterprise was a man named Yamamoto, four feet nine inches tall, weighing eighty pounds and white-skinned. After a good deal of spadework it was learned that a man named Yamatoda aspired to Yamamoto's place. Through this man *and many others* our agents were kept informed regarding all arrivals from Japan and all the ins and outs of the shady side of the street in Nihonmachi. Time after time these men exposed Japanese spies to our officers, even at the risk of their own business, their own lives.

Nisei waterfront workers who had nothing to do with the gambling ring also tipped off our agents. Japanese spies were stopped as they got off the boat, their papers photographed in one room while they were being questioned in another. Although the State Department opposed such alertness on the ground that it would damage our relations with Japan, it was continued. Information was exchanged between navy in-

telligence and the narcotics squad, each having valuable contacts. One of the agents I talked with said the Japanese made stupid spies. They would come in on student passports and then go to the Olympic Hotel in Los Angeles, their headquarters, instead of registering at a university. They were allowed to take pictures and otherwise go about their business without surveillance. A Mrs. Dr. Furusawa was their mail box, and every spy in America was known to our agents. On one occasion a spy, stopped as he was boarding ship for Japan, was found loaded down with pictures, maps, and a new rifle. But no one had authority to seize him.

An agent who had been in the midst of this for years told me: "We should have been ready for the Japanese. We had plenty of dope on them. When war did come, all we had to do was move the Japanese from Terminal Island and the waterfront, then work through the informants we had. There was no need for evacuation."

14. The army, which was made responsible for the safety of the West Coast, had little information of its own regarding the Japanese on the Coast, though the navy's excellent intelligence work for thirty years back was presumably available.

15. The decision for evacuation was allegedly based on military necessity. Yet before the Commanding General discovered that necessity a widespread newspaper campaign had to be launched, public sentiment had to be whipped up where it had remained calm, large sums of money had to be spent by interested pressure groups, lobbyists sent to Washington, and more than three months had to pass for all this to happen—the critical months when, if ever, the Japanese might have been expected to attack.

16. The West Coast delegation had requested evacuation *before* assessing the facts which the Tolan Committee hearings were supposed to bring forth.

17. This was an election year. Anti-Orientalism was a staple product on the Pacific Coast.

18. These things happened in the United States of America, champion of human rights and liberties, and even then engaged in a war to stamp out the mistreatment of minorities.

On January 22 Congressman Leland Ford had launched a campaign to remove all Japanese—citizens and aliens—from the Pacific Coast into concentration camps. There were many Japanese to whom his cry, "The Japs must go," had a familiar sound. Many remembered the demonstrations of 1900, the school trouble of 1906, the land laws, the final victory for

the exclusionists in 1924. They saw the war not as a reason but as an excuse for their removal.

Congressman Ford had his backers. A McNaught Syndicate hireling named McLemore wrote:

Why treat the Japs well here? They take the parking positions. They get ahead of you in the stamp line at the post office. They have their share of seats on bus and streetcar lines. . . . I am for immediate removal of every Japanese. . . . Let 'em be pinched, hurt, hungry, and dead up against it. . . . Personally I hate the Japanese.

This, at any rate, was honest though ugly. It was prejudice unadorned with phoney facts. But when Governor Clark of Idaho, the responsible head of one of the forty-eight states of the American republic, spoke his mind, he took refuge in this kind of reasoning:

Japs live like rats, breed like rats and act like rats. We don't want them buying or leasing land and becoming permanently located in our state.

If anyone had been breeding like rats in Idaho, the figures showed who it was not. There were 1,291 Japanese in Idaho in 1900 in a population of 161,772. By 1940 there were 1,191—exactly one hundred fewer—in a population which meanwhile had “bred” from 161,772 to 524,873. The Japanese were *the only racial stock in the United States* who decreased instead of increasing in the decade ending 1940.*

The *Pacific Rural Press*, a periodical catering to rural leaders on the Coast, at first showed sympathy for the Nisei and recommended the continued use of the Japanese in agriculture. Suddenly its tone changed. It came out openly for slave labor—for putting Japanese in work gangs under guard, for cheap wages and a “work or be jailed” policy.

The officials of the professional anti-Japanese Joint Immigration Committee, H. J. McClatchy and Charles Goethe, stoutly maintained the military necessity of removing all Japanese from the Coast. But they were as stoutly opposed to moving a single Japanese from Hawaii, a far more strategic base.²

The *Western Grower and Shipper*, trade journal for the big farm operators who depended on cheap migratory labor for their profits, attacked the Japanese for working as family units (an old American ideal) with the hope of getting the marginal land they farmed out of production. The

* Incidentally, the argument that the Japanese breed like rats is peculiarly ungracious when it comes from an American. In 1860 Japan and the United States had about the same population—30 million. In 1940 Japan had some 80 million to our 130 million.

paper also promised that housewives would not suffer from the disappearance of Japanese farm products, but by the following December it was openly chortling over the high prices resulting in large part from the evacuation of the Japanese.

Mr. Clarence Rust, an Oakland attorney appearing before the Tolan Committee, summed up the situation in this way: "I find no popular demand for the efforts to drive the so-called enemy aliens from California. The clamor seems to come from the chambers of commerce, the Associated Farmers, and the newspapers notorious as spokesmen for reactionary interests." ³

The decision to evacuate all those of Japanese blood from the western part of the coastal states was based upon "military necessity."

It was argued that the Japanese had "deployed" around every single point of military value along the coast. Yet the Tolan Committee concluded that the pattern of Japanese settlement was pretty well fixed by 1910, and no one at the hearings bothered to point out that the Japanese had settled as they did years before the vital installations—the factories and power houses—came and settled beside them.

The Japanese were settled on Terminal Island (near the navy yard) because that was where the canneries were. They were farming directly under high tension lines (a point dramatically emphasized by the amateur strategists) because the electric companies could lease such narrow strips of land to no one else. Italian aliens could have been indicted on similar evidence. In fact, the Japanese were less concentrated in vital areas than were enemy aliens of Germany and Italy, *even though these Europeans had the privilege of naturalizing*, which the Japanese did not.⁴ Had any special interests wanted to oust Germans and Italians, or even if an unbiased survey had looked at all the facts, evidence would have counselled evacuating Germans and Italians first. It must have been well known to General DeWitt as it was to the FBI that German agents were acting in the interest of Japan. Why then was no mass evacuation ever contemplated for them?

It was claimed in mid-March that the security of the Coast demanded removal of 110,000 Japanese. Yet of this number 70,000 were women and children, 13,000 men fifty-five or older. Of the 27,000 males remaining, 16,000 were American citizens, 75 per cent of whom had never seen Japan. That left less than 11,000 alien males between the ages of twenty and fifty-five—most of whom were over forty.

It was claimed, without a shred of evidence, that Japanese were signal-

ling to submarines offshore and making attacks possible. Yet the submarine attacks on ships diminished greatly three weeks after war began and while the Japanese were still in their homes. The claim of radio signalling made in General DeWitt's *Final Report* was made in the face of testimony on the part of the Federal Communications Commission that *no such signalling ever occurred*.

It does not take a lawyer to evaluate the quality of evidence which chalks up two coastal attacks as having been made possible by signals given from shore, and omits the dates of the shelling for the very good reason that when they occurred all Japanese had been removed from the areas involved and concentrated under armed guard! ⁵

It was argued that Japanese residents had demonstrated their sympathy for Japanese militarism by contributions to the homeland, and this was true. Yet records seized from the Japanese Chamber of Commerce and the Japanese Association proved that such contributions had ceased in May 1941.

It was claimed that the behavior of the Japanese could not be predicted. Yet naval intelligence and the narcotics squad had been thoroughly familiar with Japanese activities for years, and the FBI had been watching for over a year the 1,300 aliens seized within a few hours of the Pearl Harbor attack.

Out of all the investigations and surveillances by authorized agencies, out of all the private sleuthing by persons who burned with an eagerness to prove the Japanese disloyal, only one illegal act was discovered: a Nisei was convicted and sentenced for failing to register as a foreign agent. Yet even in this case the court admitted extenuating circumstances—the man had tried to register and been duped by Japanese government officials.

The men who aided Japan were not Nisei or even Issei. They were Germans and some old-line Americans with isolationist and Fascist convictions. In spite of this obvious fact, even the Supreme Court was touched with the stain of racial prejudice, for its opinion in the Hirabayashi case completely failed to recognize the implications of global warfare, claiming that the West Coast was in danger of attack by Japan and that therefore Japanese saboteurs were primarily to be feared.

Even if all these prejudiced arguments be accepted as a reason for initial removal, there is nothing to explain the continued evacuation of the Coast after the Battle of Midway. General DeWitt's final exclusion order did not become effective until August 11—eight months after the outbreak of war. The Japanese were still in assembly centers. The costly construction of "duration" camps had not gone far. Even if a morbidly

sensitive and cautious mind had once found a military necessity for their removal, none existed now. Yet the uprooting of all Japanese continued.

Supposing even that a crisis had occurred with the Japanese still on the Coast—an event far more likely in December or January than in March or June—the immediate evacuation of all Japanese could have been undertaken when and if the need arose. The authority for this assertion is General DeWitt's Assistant Chief of Staff, Colonel Bendetson, who states that "it was impossible, of course, at this time for the Army to reveal the fact that it was prepared to effect a complete evacuation, practically overnight, in the event of an emergency. Prepared in this way against the possibility of fifth column activity, or for any outbreaks of anti-Japanese feeling, the Army continued with its plans for a permanent program."⁶

If it was "prepared in this way," why was a "permanent program" necessary?

The answer was given in General DeWitt's final recommendations to the Secretary of War in which he said, "The Japanese race is an enemy race and while many second and third generation Japanese born on United States soil, possessed of United States citizenship have become 'Americanized,' the racial strains are undiluted."

By this argument every German American was fighting on Hitler's side and every Italian American for Mussolini. It is not recorded that General DeWitt was straightened out by the Secretary of War. But those quotation marks around the word *Americanized* are printed in his *Final Report*, and they alone tell the story.

General DeWitt was able to consult with trimmers like Mayor Bowron while refusing to meet a delegation including such men as Galen Fisher and the Rev. Frank Herron Smith whose long familiarity with the Japanese had apparently for the General the disadvantage of being combined with liberal minds. As for Mayor Bowron, he was able to say before the Dies Committee: "I may say that I was quite active in getting the Japanese out of Los Angeles and its environs. . . . I hope we were somewhat helpful in General DeWitt making his decision."⁷

One should not be too hard on General DeWitt for failing to rise to the occasion, especially in the light of evidence provided by Louis Adamic⁸ that even the White House, believing that resident Japanese had been caught as spies, had perhaps approved evacuation. One can readily understand how, having before him the example of General Short, he was determined not to be caught short himself. Yet he had the example of General Emmons too. That he was swayed by a skillfully maneuvered campaign of special interests instead of having the courage and vision to

direct a campaign of his own is the most charitable view of his failure to act in the American tradition.

There was not even the excuse of a lack of reasonable alternative.

Lieutenant Commander Ringle, among the best-informed intelligence officers on the Coast, had recommended hearing boards for those whose loyalty might be in doubt, and a very careful screening of Kibei who had spent three or more years in Japan between the ages of thirteen and twenty.* He proposed that those wishing to declare their loyalty to Japan be allowed to do so without prejudice.

It was not until 1946 that the public became aware of a report prepared for the administration by C. B. Munson, who had been sent to evaluate the situation in Hawaii and on the Coast. As early as December 20, 1941, he had recommended that the Nisei be encouraged by a statement from the highest authority, that they should be allowed to contribute to the war effort as they were asking to do, and on a basis of equal participation with non-Japanese.

The report, obviously, was not followed by the administration. Yet there is no evidence that anyone who really knew the Nisei seriously believed that public safety demanded their removal.

Men like Louis Goldblatt of the California State Industrial Union Council (CIO) expressed a conviction and faith arising out of the American tradition when he told the Tolan Committee:

Local and State authorities, instead of becoming bastions of defense of democracy and justice, joined the wolf pack when the cry came out, "Let's get the yellow menace." As a matter of fact, we believe the present situation is a great victory for the yellow press and for the fifth column that is operating in this country, which is attempting to convert this war from a war against the Axis Powers into a war against the "Yellow peril."

When Mr. Tolan asked him how he would determine the loyalty of the Japanese, he answered, "In exactly the same way I would proceed to tell who was a loyal or disloyal Italian or German." Mr. Tolan then told him all about the supposed sabotage at Pearl Harbor. And when, a little later, Mr. Goldblatt offered to read from the inscription on the Statue of Liberty, Mr. Tolan said, "I don't think you better. . . . I think you would make a very dangerous talker the way you are going here today. I think you are wonderful."⁹

Liberals all over the country grew concerned with the course events

* The susceptibility of males in the age of initiation to emotional appeals involving identification with a super-father is of great interest, but there is no space for it here.

were taking. A letter addressed to the President and signed by such distinguished Americans as John Dewey and Harry Emerson Fosdick said, "To grant to Italian and German aliens a right denied to American citizens of Japanese origin is a type of race discrimination for which there is no ethical justification."

Congressman Tolan, after listening to evidence that to say the least had been weighted, calculated, and paraded to lead to one conclusion, said: "We cannot doubt, and everyone is agreed, that the majority of Japanese citizens and aliens are loyal to this country."

No one can survey the evidence today without discovering that it was not even mistaken patriotism that caused the evacuation, but greed masking as patriotism. Events soon to be recorded prove that. The old anti-Orientalism had come to perfect fruition. At last every single Japanese—even those whose blood was but a quarter Japanese and who had lived their lives in Caucasian communities, even "pure" Caucasians married to Japanese, even Eskimos from Alaska who had a Japanese grandparent—all were yanked out of their homes and told in a new variant of the Old West to get moving and not come back.

That General DeWitt was the man to lead such a movement was proved in 1943 when he said before a Congressional committee, "A Jap's a Jap. It makes no difference whether he is an American citizen or not."

On March 12, the day the Tolan hearings ended, General DeWitt announced that Military Area Number One, the western half of the coastal states (and a small piece of Arizona), would be entirely evacuated of all Japanese, citizens and aliens. The Federal Reserve Bank announced the setting up of a property department to assist evacuees.

On March 16 military control was extended to the mountain states. On March 17 Congress passed a bill providing penalties for violating such restrictions as a military commander might impose on civilians, and on the following day the War Relocation Authority was established by Executive Order.

All these steps completed, General DeWitt on March 24 issued Civilian Exclusion Order Number One which would remove "all persons of Japanese ancestry" from Bainbridge Island, Washington. (Previous removals had been from "spots" designated by the Department of Justice and were made by the Japanese under their own steam.) Five days later he forbade further voluntary evacuation. In February when the Japanese were being urged to evacuate voluntarily about eight thousand had moved into the

eastern parts of the coastal states, not then restricted, or into the mountain states beyond. Some bought land, planted crops. Before they could harvest them they were in many cases forced to move again—into army-controlled assembly centers. Many of the places where they settled were hostile to their coming. "If they're dangerous on the Coast they're dangerous here" was the usual reaction. Voluntary evacuation was a failure—a bitter one for those who had staked their savings on a new home.

The one conspicuous exception was the group which, under the leadership of Fred Wada of Oakland, leased four thousand acres of land at Keetley, Utah. The land had to be cleared of sage and stones, but it was good for farming. Wada took 140 people with him—farmers, mechanics, nurses, a pharmacist, plumber, carpenter, electrician—people chosen to form a balanced community. Expenses and profits were to be pooled on cooperative principles. A state patrolman was assigned at first, for fear there might be open hostility. He was soon withdrawn.

On March 30 the second Exclusion Order was issued, on April 20 the first assembly center opened. These centers were to serve until duration quarters could be built for 110,000 people. On June 7, ninety-eight exclusion orders later, the Japanese from Military Area Number One were all "concentrated" (our military men picked up the convenient Nazi word) in centers. The ideology of racism had finally prevailed over the doctrine that Americanism was not a racial matter and that all citizens were equal before the law.

When total evacuation was finally announced, the Japanese had been under indescribable mental pressure for three months. In many cases the family head had been interned, leaving no wage earner to care for the family. Even if there were wage earners, employers (lacking such guidance from public officials as had been given in Hawaii) thought it patriotic to fire Issei and Nisei indiscriminately.

Government orders were themselves contradictory. At Terminal Island, for instance, the Japanese residents were advised by the Department of Justice on February 10 to vacate by February 16. But on February 11 all residents were notified that command of the area had been shifted to the navy and that they had thirty days to move. Within a week they were ordered to get out in twenty-four hours—an ultimatum extended to forty-eight hours through the intervention of Christian agencies. Junk wagons patrolled the streets, bargain hunters shoved their way into private homes. The accumulated possessions of a lifetime disappeared with

nothing but a few dollar bills to show for them.

This was a foretaste of what all the Japanese would have to endure. For though the army acted with precision and even with humanitarian forethought once the controlled movement into the assembly centers began, it could not prevent the mental distress that came to guiltless young Americans who found themselves imprisoned as a racial group. Nor could it suspend the operation of economic laws or of human greed appearing in its ugliest form to take advantage of the dispossessed.

At the request of the Commanding Officer, the Treasury Department through its fiscal agent the Federal Reserve Bank established offices to aid evacuees in the disposition of their property. The Farm Security Administration cared for farm properties and other agencies (Public Health, Social Security Board) gave aid in their fields.

But these arrangements were made too late. At the Tolan hearings on February 21 it was emphasized that this need should have been met two weeks before. "Failure to appoint an Alien Property Custodian to protect the property of evacuees was one of the most deplorable features of the proposed evacuation," said Richard H. Neustadt, regional director of the Social Security Board.¹⁰ The Tolan Committee, in a wire to Washington urging prompt formation of such an office, said that it should have been operating before the evacuation of February 15.¹¹ Still there were delays resulting from interdepartmental protocol.¹²

Evacuees, bewildered by conflicting statements and scared by the rising gorge of hatred in the local press, tried to dispose of their property in the best way they could. When the Federal Reserve Bank got into operation, it scared evacuees away by emphasizing that any property it handled would be at owner's risk. This, to a people who had already suffered much from their government, implied an attitude of negligence. Those who did use the Federal Reserve facilities were generally urged to liquidate rather than conserve their property—and this at a time when values were obviously on the rise.¹³ So, because "evacuees were encouraged at all times to make such arrangements as they might desire with respect to their properties" as the Federal Reserve report puts it, they stored what possessions they wanted to keep in the basements of their churches, in farm outbuildings with only a padlock on the door, or in rooms reserved from properties they rented during their absence. Very few took advantage of government warehouses.

The impetus to get rid of their property would often come in this way. Someone would call on the telephone and say, "This is the FBI. This is just a friendly tip. You're going to be evacuated sooner than you think.

You better get rid of your property before it's too late."

Then by a remarkable coincidence the family would be visited an hour or two later by men who made niggardly offers for their property.

Yesterday two men came. They said they were our friends "trying to be helpful." They did not even take their hats off, and kept cigars in their mouths in the room. "We will pay a fair price for your household goods," they said. "Thirty dollars for the washing machine. Fifteen dollars for the piano. Twenty-five dollars for the furniture in the dining room. Twenty-five dollars for everything in the bedroom. Seventy dollars for the automobile."

It took us twenty years to accumulate all these. The car was a 1940 Chevrolet, worth a thousand dollars at least. We were speechless. My wife was sobbing. And the men still puffed cigars, and looked at us scornfully. . . .

I had no one to move my furniture. There was no time to get enough help. . . . So I said yes, and they gave me a few pieces of paper money. I held them in my hand. So this was all our thirty years' labor amounted to. One hundred and sixty-five dollars! ²⁴

Sometimes the evacuees had to abandon their property for lack of time and facilities to handle it.

Once the army had made up its mind, the total evacuation was planned and executed with machinal precision. Evacuees reported to control stations where they were registered, given physical examinations, advised (if they requested it) on the disposal of their property, aided if they were out of funds. They were advised when to return for transportation to assembly centers and what baggage they could carry.

The first civil control station opened at Winslow, Washington on March 24. From then until June 6 more than 100,000 evacuees were "processed" in 112 stations. Between July 4 and August 11, nine thousand more were evacuated from Military Area Number Two, the eastern part of California.

Assembly centers were hastily made ready to receive the evacuees at race tracks, fair grounds, abandoned CCC camps—all of these still in the vital coastal area. Most ironically appropriate of all centers was that known as the Pacific International Livestock Exposition.

The race track at Santa Anita was soon renamed Japanita by Nisei who for the first time in their lives were uprooted from all Caucasian contacts and set down in the midst of Japanese only. The largest group was the teen-agers, young people who even without the racial handicap were

in life's most difficult stage when stability and security are desperately needed. Those between thirty and forty were very few. This was the missing generation, the lack of whom was to bear so heavily upon the future behavior of the displaced. Among the evacuees were nearly 50,000 workers, half of them farmers, whose labor might have been added in the balance to hasten victory. The labor of many thousand others was diverted from war production to build, staff and manage the assembly centers and relocation camps.

Among the evacuees was Fred Korematsu who was so ashamed of his identity with the enemy that he had submitted to plastic surgery in order to change his features. Among them was Hideo Murata who had served in World War I. His most treasured possession was the Honorary Citizenship Certificate awarded him by Monterey County. When he heard that all Japanese were to be evacuated he went to see his friend the sheriff, to learn whether veterans and honorary citizens could be included in such an order. There were no exceptions, the sheriff told him. Murata hired a hotel room, paid for it in advance, took poison, and died with the certificate of honorary citizenship in his pocket.

Jimmie Ono was there, his mother, his brother and sister. But not his father, the hardware merchant. He had been interned a week after war began. Why, no one knew unless it was because he had once been a vice-president of the local Japanese Association.

A few people tried to hide themselves or end their lives. But most of them, like people everywhere, endured what they were forced to endure, did what they were told, spent sleepless nights looking down the darkened path of their destiny, liquidated their households, parted with lifetime possessions, separated from household pets who were not considered sufficiently tainted by Oriental contact to be eligible for evacuation, and with a few pieces of luggage waited at the control stations for the buses that would carry them away. They were once prosperous business men and subsistence farmers, sun-bronzed old gardeners and young mothers trying to keep their babies from crying, children looking solemn and somewhat bewildered, teen-agers pretending gaiety. There were doctors, lawyers, nurses, sales clerks, artists, maids and waitresses, newsmen, Christian ministers, Buddhist priests. There were orphans and aged people out of institutions. Being a war veteran or a citizen born of a citizen was no help. To remain behind, you had to be a hospitalized tubercular, or mad.

When the day for evacuation came, and it came variously depending on the area one lived in, Christian agencies mobilized to make the best

of a distressing situation. They furnished transportation. They served coffee, doughnuts and sandwiches at the points of departure. They prepared box lunches, looked after children, and tried to hold a bridge of friendship across the widening gulf. "The majority of the Japanese were grateful. Others felt that the churches' efforts were too little and too late. A few refused to take anything from the Caucasians."¹⁵

As the moment of departure arrived, a curious thing happened. The newspapers ceased their bitter tirades. The friendliest spirit prevailed in virtually every area. In more than one section this spirit verged on tenderness and remorse.

Editorials appeared in which the evacuees were wished *bon voyage*; complimented on their excellent behavior; assured of a warm welcome upon their return.¹⁶

With some the feeling was genuine, as with the Brawley High School which turned out en masse to bid their Nisei comrades good-by. But that with others it was only an unlovely variant of the tears shed by the Walrus and the Carpenter as they devoured the oysters was soon apparent. For the Japanese had scarcely departed, leaving the Coast clinically clean of all "dangerous elements," when a vitriolic campaign broke out against them. Former partners, associates, business colleagues began to urge that they never be allowed to return.¹⁷ The sentimental parting now exposed its ugly lining. Those who had benefited from the economic ruination of the Japanese were going to see to it that their victory was complete. Those who were beginning to enjoy the wartime profits accruing from Japanese property were easily persuaded that it was patriotic to "hate the Japs" and to keep them from returning to the Coast and to the possession of their property, much of it by now simply appropriated rent free.

The assembly centers into which the Japanese were moved from March until August were crude substitutes for human habitation, including stables still smelling strongly of their recent occupants. "What are you kicking about?" went the favorite rejoinder to any complaint. "Maybe Sea Biscuit slept here." The stables got so hot that the bed posts would sink into the asphalt floor. There was almost no privacy. Walls between the overcrowded stables were full of chinks and went only part way to the roof. The food was unappetizing, prepared as it was in great quantity. (Santa Anita race track, largest of the centers, had 18,719 residents at its peak.) There was nothing to keep the children busy. No system of education or recreation had been planned. Evacuees volunteered their services to supervise programs for the children. Even so, many families did

not force their children to go to school since classes were not taught by Caucasians! There was reason behind this self-prejudice, since Nisei had been barred from teaching and few had therefore been trained for it.

Mary Ohira, her two young sons and her partly Caucasian husband were removed to Santa Anita. They had never lived among Japanese before. Mary worried about the children, they picked up Japanese words and mannerisms so quickly. She worried most about the prison-like quality of the life and what it would do to the children. "In general," she wrote, "camp life is crude and primitive, inconvenient etc., but fairly tolerable. I think we could stand a lot of things and take everything in stride if only it weren't for the barbed wire fence, the searchlights at night, armed guards etc. The very sight of them irritates us no end, the fact that we are treated like prisoners and criminals when we have committed no crime. The barbed wire has a bad psychological effect on everybody and gives rise to all kinds of complexes, obsessions, neuroses, psychological cases etc.—frustration, defense mechanism, race-consciousness, political confusion, persecution complex, fatalism."

All kinds of people came to visit the dispossessed—well-dressed business men, humble Latin Americans, Negroes, soldiers in uniform, attractive co-eds. They shouted, laughed, gestured across the little intervening space, and the louder their noise grew the louder they had to shout. Some cried. Some people of part Japanese ancestry were inside the fence, some outside. What careful analysis of blood, what equating of it with loyalty the army had used as its guide no one could tell.

There was one couple the fence, the rail, the guard could not separate. When young Johnny Ohira's grandmother approached the fence she had with her the dog who had so recently been Johnny's. The dog threw himself against the fence, whimpering with joy, and Johnny ducked under the railing and stuck his fingers through the fence and the dog came and licked his fingers, his shoes, his face, leaping up every now and then as if to get over the barrier. And the guard did not prevent it. For man is not entirely sealed in by prejudice. He can uproot and dispossess a hundred thousand people, but he will let a dog lick the wounds that cannot be healed.

The losses incurred during evacuation, ruinous though they were to many, were nothing to what followed.

The owner of a prosperous produce business in Los Angeles left it in the care of an employee, requesting only a monthly payment of one hundred dollars and promising to make the man a partner on his return. But

the friend was clever. He got a letter from the Nisei stating that he was no longer owner—in order, he said, to convince customers that they were not dealing with a Japanese-owned firm in wartime. Then he simply appropriated the business and stopped remitting even the hundred dollars. As a result of the inflation of produce prices following the departure of the Japanese, this former hoister of boxes became a wealthy man.

Eighty families left their household goods in the Nichiren Buddhist Church in Los Angeles, giving power of attorney to a woman who was to act as caretaker in exchange for free rent at the parsonage. A year or two later she disappeared. Officials found the church littered with the contents of trunks ransacked for everything of value. All the valuable items such as refrigerators and stoves and radios had been removed.

In Santa Maria persons entrusted with Japanese holdings were charged with bilking the owners of half a million dollars' worth of property. In order to save something for the evacuees the Treasury Department clapped on a freezing order but was finally forced to lift it, so strong was the political pressure.¹⁸

A Legionnaire offered to care for the property of a Nisei friend who was unable to sell his drug store equipment before evacuation. The drug-gist gave complete power of attorney, but never received any accounting for his possessions. When WRA officials investigated in 1944 they found the Legionnaire—who had meanwhile been elected a Legion Commander—guilty of misappropriation and misrepresentation, not only in this case but in the cases of many other evacuees whose property he had sold, pocketing the proceeds. The facts were presented to the Los Angeles District Attorney's office which stated that it was not interested in filing charges.

This reluctance of public officers and officials to fulfill their functions in behalf of the evacuees brings us almost to the lowest mark of American conscience, exposing like an ebb tide the stinking mud that lies beneath the surface of a lawful society.

Indifference to vandalism and arson became a conspicuous attribute of public officials on the Pacific Coast during the war years. The few instances recited here are typical. Perhaps it was too much to expect that local officials, subjected to the opportunistic hatreds of the war years, should make any effort to enforce the law. But from federal officials certainly a cleaner record could be expected.

This is what happened to Mr. Nomura, a prosperous grower and business man.

On January 13, 1942 four Treasury officials came to his home, and with no search warrant searched his house. The Nomuras made no protest. For about a week a twenty-four hour guard was maintained. The Nomuras were not allowed to telephone, to go out, to buy food. The guard refused to telephone the grocery for them. Neighbors were not allowed to come in or even to leave food. When the guard was withdrawn, Mr. Nomura was warned not to use his credit in any way or to carry on any business. For three weeks the family lived on rice. Mr. Nomura lost twenty-four pounds. Finally, through the intercession of a United States Commissioner whom he happened to know, he was allowed to draw a hundred dollars a month from the bank for living expenses.

For weeks he was questioned every few days by anywhere from two to seven people. A friend told him that the difficulty could be solved, as he had done, by arranging with two of the Treasury Department officials to pay them five hundred dollars a month. When Nomura met the two men, he found that they were among those who had been questioning him. He gave them a written power of attorney and a promise to pay them twenty per cent of all the cash recovered from his various properties and transactions. He received in return a letter under the signature of which appeared the words, "U.S. Treasury Representative, Foreign Funds Control."

Nomura himself made all the collections on his business. The Treasury official did nothing but write checks to himself, taking one fifth of all the money Nomura collected. This official actually filed reports to the Treasury Department mentioning the arrangement with Nomura. Somewhat later the official withdrew in favor of another man whom he recommended to Nomura. This other Ponzi, after Nomura had been removed to Tule Lake, had his client's car repaired at Nomura's expense and then sold it either to himself or his predecessor, retaining twenty per cent. He transferred sums from one account to another, taking twenty per cent on each transaction. When one of Nomura's properties was destroyed by fire, the agent sold what remained to an unknown party for \$3,000. The buyer immediately resold it for \$8,500. It was for such services as these that Japanese felt themselves forced to pay bribes to American government officials.

When the Director of WRA brought the whole matter to the attention of the Director of Foreign Funds Control, he was told that neither of the officials "had solicited the business . . . and that both had acted in good faith, although in a manner not in accord with Treasury policy. We took immediate steps to discontinue [his] activities in behalf of the Japanese,

permitting him to receive certain compensation for services already performed." ¹⁹

The nadir of the public conscience had been reached.

The owners of farm property made out no better than those in the city. Even with good will—often lacking—losses would have been inevitable, for no one wanted to lease the two acres of flowers from which a Japanese family had made a humble living, or buy or sublease at a fair price land already planted, knowing that the perishable nature of truck crops would force the Japanese to sell at a sacrifice.

"In northern California," said one Nisei, "they let the Japanese put in all their crops, then three days before harvest discovered a military necessity." Indeed, if it had been so planned the Japanese could not have been more effectively ruined. In the months after war came, they had not known what to do. All their savings and a considerable loan were usually needed to raise the crop. When planting time came they were unable to get any assurance that they would be left to harvest it, but the army command stated that failure to grow vitally needed foodstuffs would be regarded as sabotage. So the Japanese poured everything they had into the land. Then most of them were evacuated before the harvest. The problem of finding farmers to take over was delegated to the Farm Security Administration.

At Livingston the Teraokas like most of their neighbors left their place in the hands of a Caucasian "big shot" in the community who together with three trustees was to manage the ranches (mostly in grapes) and remit the profits after expenses and compensation for himself and the trustees had been taken out. Prices skyrocketed. The produce of the ranches grossed over a million and a half dollars. But many expenses at fancy prices were added to diminish the sum. Alleged repairs to property were charged for but never made. Picking baskets which the Japanese had been forced to *sell* at two cents each when they were evacuated were *rented* back to them at two and a half cents a year. The owners finally received ten per cent of the gross. They did not complain. They wanted to return home and live in peace.

Up in Placer County the orchards which the Japanese had raised with such care were allowed to sicken under tenants who took out what they could without putting anything in.

Because Japanese holdings had been relatively small and intensely cultivated, it generally happened that at evacuation they were lumped together under corporations formed for the purpose of farming them.

These corporations were often set up by growers and shippers to whom the Japanese had formerly sold their produce. To these corporations the FSA made loans out of funds supplied in large part by the Western Defense Command. In spite of the fact that vegetable and fruit prices soared—lettuce from five to twenty-five cents a head, spinach from two to nine cents a bunch—the lessees could not repay these loans completely within the space of a year, since in most cases they had purchased a good deal of farm equipment from the evacuees in order to carry on. But as the first year drew to a close, FSA began to demand full repayment. Since this required more than the full assets of the corporations, the Japanese owners received nothing. Lacking income from the property, incarcerated by the government and unable to earn, they were often unable to pay taxes and thus lost what years of effort had built up. Even if the corporation made a profit on one man's land, the earnings were spread over all its operations and good land made to support poor. The Japanese could not possibly win.

Well in advance of the time when loans fell due, FSA made it clear that they would not refinance the farms another year. There was no inducement to put in another crop in view of FSA's announced determination to seize and dispose of chattels to make up the deficit in the loan before the crop could be harvested. Thus the Japanese lost their farm equipment and were left with no recourse but to a bankrupt corporation. The growers who had set up these corporations were meanwhile doing very nicely, and many, it is clear, stood to gain in the long run if the Japanese were ruined.

Insistence on full payment of the loan in one year took care of ruining the Japanese owners quite effectively. That such a short-sighted loan policy could have no other effect must have been clear to anyone who took three minutes to examine the facts. It was steadfastly held to despite everything WRA could do on the West Coast and in Washington. Why?

The FSA in its handling of evacuee property was responsible to the same commander who had declared that a Jap's a Jap and whose military decisions happened to harmonize with the interests of the large farm operators. If the command—which had put up the loan money—had been willing to permit a more flexible policy of collection, both the Japanese and the consuming public would have benefited. The policy pursued could have only one outcome—to pauperize the Japanese, to decrease farm production at a moment when full production was vital, to raise prices, to entrench the already well-entrenched farm industrialists who wanted to see the Japanese put out of business for good.

As a result of this policy, Japanese land holdings including leases were reduced to less than a fourth of what they had been, to a total of only 60,000 acres—two-tenths of one per cent of the farm land in all of the coastal states.²⁰

The Western Defense Command had warned the Japanese against sabotaging crops. Surely no greater act of sabotage was committed anywhere in the country than this willful destruction of farm produce through governmental manipulation.

By a very peculiar coincidence, the supporters of such native Fascist organizations as the American League and the Americanism Educational League which were demanding that no Japanese ever be permitted to return to California were owners and officials of the big growers' and shippers' outfits. The names are in my files.

In addition to losses caused by the failure of government to provide proper means of disposal, in addition to the losses caused by bargain hunters taking advantage of a harassed people and public officials taking their pound of flesh or turning their backs to pilfering and arson, the Japanese also suffered from a wave of vandalism unprecedented in any nation unencumbered by invasion or famine and allegedly existing under a regime of law.

"Neglect and destruction of evacuee property by substitute operators during the period of the owners' exclusion from the West Coast far transcends the ordinary carelessness of tenants," says a WRA report. "During a considerable part of the war period the public conscience was highly insensitive to pilfering and vandalism committed against the stored possessions or buildings of the exiled people."²¹

Only two of many hundred cases will be added to this dreary record of the abrogation of the American conscience.

The Miyoshi family of Vashon Island, Washington, owned a well-insured home in which they stored their furniture, clothing and farm tools. Soon after they left the insurance company cancelled their policy. No other company would insure them. (Japanese have always had difficulty getting insurance in the coastal states.) The two brothers who owned the property went from relocation centers into the army.

On February 1, 1945—after Japanese had been permitted to return to the Coast—the house was burned to the ground with complete loss of all property stored in it. In this case—an exception to the rule in California—incendiarism was not only proved but the arsonists caught, sentenced, and compelled to make partial restitution.²²

Mitaro Kabayama owned a small farm near Santa Barbara. When he came back he found it completely vandalized. Not only had furniture, fixtures, tools and the water pump been stolen, but even the irrigation pipes, the plumbing, the floor boards. Returning penniless as a result of the evacuation and with three young sons to support, his two oldest sons being in the army, he was unable even to get water. The only thing he could do was to lease his land to a neighbor, a Filipino who dug a well and replaced the pump for him. "I am a man with a heart," he said.

Yet to all these losses was to be added still one more, a form of legalized blackmail which after the war had ended would seize the lands of a returning war hero or force from him a payment running into thousands.

On August 1, 1942 the War Relocation Authority took over responsibility for evacuee property, and five months later in an attempt to save what was rapidly disappearing it authorized removal to government warehouses at government expense of goods stored in spare rooms, language schools, churches and farm outbuildings. The California Bar Association helped with legal counsel, and those who by now could not afford a lawyer were able to get free aid.

But for most evacuees it was too late. Some, having been publicly stigmatized, dispossessed, subjected to forced sales, urged by government officials to liquidate, no longer had any faith in government aid and advice. Unable, while incarcerated and with practically no income, to pay taxes on property that as a result of government policy was not bringing them any return, forced to give up insurance policies on which they had counted for security in old age, the Japanese in the relocation centers found themselves being pauperized. And there was nothing they could do about it. Not strangers only, but friends they had known and trusted for years—church connections, Legionnaires, people well established in the community—were doing these things to them. It was very puzzling, especially after having been told for many years that *they* were immoral, deceitful, untrustworthy. Could anyone understand the Occidental mind?

• There is one hero in all this miserable story. He is the man who, having appropriated his Nisei friend's income from an apartment house for four years, had the decency to jump off the roof and kill himself the day before the owner returned.*

* There is, of course, a difference between the seizures and losses here recorded, and the enterprises owned by firms and individuals in Japan which were quite naturally seized on the outbreak of war. While the Treasury Department temporarily froze the little grocery operated by an Issei, it permitted him to reopen again, until he was evacuated. The Japan-owned firms, 216 of them, were liquidated.

Was the evacuation legally defensible?

The Supreme Court thought so,* but the words of the dissenting judges ring with a far more American tone.

Said Mr. Justice Roberts in the Korematsu case:

I dissent, because I think the indisputable facts exhibit a clear violation of Constitutional rights. . . . It is the case of convicting a citizen as a punishment for not submitting to imprisonment in a concentration camp, based on his ancestry, and solely because of his ancestry, without evidence or inquiry concerning his loyalty and good disposition toward the United States.

And Mr. Justice Murphy:

The main reasons relied upon by those responsible for the forced evacuation, therefore, do not prove a reasonable relation between the group characteristics of Japanese Americans and the dangers of invasions, sabotage and espionage. The reasons appear, instead, to be largely an accumulation of much of the misinformation, half-truths and insinuations that for years have been directed against the Japanese Americans by people with racial and economic prejudices—the same people who have been among the foremost advocates of the evacuation. . . .

It was asserted merely that the loyalties of this group “were unknown and time was of the essence.” Yet nearly four months elapsed after Pearl Harbor before the first exclusion order was issued . . . and the last of these “subversive” persons was not actually removed until almost eleven months had elapsed. . . .

I dissent therefore from this legalization of racism. . . . All residents of this nation are kin in some way by blood or culture to a foreign land. Yet they are primarily and necessarily a part of the new and distinct civilization of the United States.

And Mr. Justice Jackson:

Korematsu, however, has been convicted of an act not commonly a crime. It consists merely of being present in the state whereof he is a citizen, near the place where he was born, and where all his life he has lived. . . .

Now, if any fundamental assumption underlies our system, it is that guilt is personal and not inheritable. Even if all of one's antecedents had

* Three cases were decided by the Supreme Court. The Hirabayashi case (June 21, 1943) sustained the legality of the curfew imposed by the commanding general. The Korematsu case upheld evacuation. In the Endo case the Court found confinement in a relocation center illegal, though even here it stuck to technicalities and avoided the constitutional question of deprivation of liberties. These last two cases were handed down on December 18, 1944, the day after the army revoked its exclusion orders.

been convicted of treason, the Constitution forbids its penalties to be visited upon him, for it provides that "no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted." But here is an attempt to make an otherwise innocent act a crime merely because this prisoner is the son of parents as to whom he has no choice, and belongs to a race from which there is no way to resign. . . .

So the Court, having no real evidence before it, has no choice but to accept General DeWitt's own unsworn, self-serving statement, untested by any cross-examination, that what he did was reasonable. And thus will it always be when courts try to look into the reasonableness of a military order. . . .

A military order, however unconstitutional, is not apt to last longer than the military emergency. Even during that period a succeeding commander may revoke it all. But once a judicial opinion rationalizes such an order to show that it conforms to the Constitution, or rather rationalizes the Constitution to show that the Constitution sanctions such an order, the Court for all time has validated the principle of racial discrimination in criminal procedure, and of transplanting American citizens. The principle then lies about like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need.

Eugene V. Rostow, professor of law at Yale, judging the evacuation on legal grounds, called it "our worst wartime mistake." "Its motivation and its impact on our system of law deny every value of democracy," he says.²³ "The case of the Japanese Americans is the worst blow our liberties have sustained in many years. . . . The evidence supports one conclusion only: the dominant element in the development of our relocation policy was race prejudice, not a military estimate of a military problem. . . . One hundred thousand persons were sent to concentration camps on a record which wouldn't support a conviction for stealing a dog."

The exclusion program rests "on five propositions of the utmost potential menace," says Mr. Rostow. Protective custody is a permitted form of imprisonment; political opinions rather than criminal acts justify such imprisonment; American citizens of a given racial group can be presumed to hold such opinions; the military can decide what political opinions require imprisonment; and their decision can be carried out without indictment, trial or any of the safeguards of the Bill of Rights.

Raised to this plane, the evacuation has a vast meaning, and one not limited to the Japanese. As John Donne, in words now familiar, expressed it: "No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the con-

tenant, a part of the main. . . . And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." *

* Readers who, quite plausibly, doubt the truth of some of the events described in this chapter are referred to a government publication, *The Wartime Handling of Evacuee Property* (available through the Superintendent of Documents at thirty-five cents), *The Case for the Nisei* published by the Japanese American Citizens League, Salt Lake City, and Carey McWilliams' *Prejudice* (Little, Brown, 1944) which gives additional evidence of the pressures brought to bear on General DeWitt. A *Harper's* article (October 1942) by a naval intelligence officer gives some of the evidence regarding the navy's attitude toward removal of the Japanese. Names of some of the growers supporting anti-Oriental groups like the American Educational League can be found in *Prejudice*, pp. 235 *et seq.* In addition to these and other printed sources I have, of course, collected a good deal of information by interview and inspection.

XXI

EXILE

Out in the waste lands, the desert lands of Arizona and Idaho and Wyoming, rows of tar-papered barracks sprang up, quickly raised, quickly thrown together, but not quickly enough to shelter the floods of refugees streaming in from the assembly centers. Beginning in May, the movements were not completed until toward the end of 1942.

Before the buildings were finished or the pipes laid the people came, trainloads of them, their faces black with soot after twenty-four hours or more in desert-baked cars, sweat running off their noses, clothes crumpled and dirty, hungry but almost too tired to care.

A wind began to blow. It blew into the mess hall where the people were registering. It threw clouds of dust about the room, scattered papers, left heaps and ridges of dust on the floor, creating in miniature the surrounding desert. The dust was there to meet the evacuees and it was there when three and a half years later the last of them went away. It was the dominant tone and symbol of life in a relocation center. It came through the windows, through wide cracks in the floor. It settled on food even while you were eating and stuck to ears, neck, forehead. It filled your nose and made a grit between your teeth. It got between the sheets. It kept typewriters and sewing machines from working, it clogged fountain pens, wore out phonograph records, left eyes sore and inflamed. Sometimes it blew so thick no cars could move. Then it stood like a yellow-brown wall until the world's borders had drawn in almost as close as the arm could reach. The people made masks and put them over their mouths and noses. They made plugs for their ears and wore dark glasses to shield their eyes. Still the dust came, its unconquered seepage an evidence everywhere of their helplessness, their impotence.

The buildings all looked the same, each one a hundred feet long, covered with black tarpaper held on by lengths of lath. A dozen barrack buildings, each containing from four to six rooms, were grouped around the service buildings—mess hall, toilets, laundry and a building intended

for recreation though the space was usually needed for something else. Four of these units made a ward, and the wards (their number varying with the size of the camp) were separated by wide firebreaks.

The ten camps * were chosen after consideration of several hundred locations and aerial surveys of many. The majority were on public lands—reclamation projects usually, or Indian reservations. For economy of operation the areas chosen had to be suitable for a minimum population of five thousand. They also had to be distant from strategic spots, and they had to have land capable of supplying some of the food requirements.

When the War Relocation Authority, established by Executive Order on March 18, 1942, began to plan its program there was no thought of dumping the whole 110,000 into camps for the war's duration. Milton Eisenhower, the first director, and his associates planned to relocate the evacuees where they could contribute their skills to the war effort—in industry and agriculture. But on April 7 they met with the Western governors at Salt Lake City. The hostility of the Western states to having any evacuees "loose" made it necessary to abandon plans for placing them in private industry and farming and to get them all into camps. Such was the effect of West Coast propaganda. From this time on the evacuation, to which the Japanese had submitted out of loyalty to their country's demands, was used as *proof* of their disloyalty.

Out of the dust and confusion, out of the heat, the shortages and the misery of a barracks existence, the minimum requirements for a community gradually took form. Evacuees under supervision of Caucasian-appointed personnel became firemen and policemen. They stoked the fires, cleaned the public buildings, disposed of garbage, prepared meals and performed all the other services a going community required. Evacuee nurses and doctors staffed the hospitals as far as they could, though

* The ten relocation centers were:

CENTER	STATE	POST OFFICE	FIRST	PEAK POPULATION		LAST RESI-
			ARRIVAL	Date	Population	DENT LEFT
Central Utah	Utah	Topaz	9-11-42	3-17-43	8,130	10-31-45
Colorado River	Arizona	Poston	5-8-42	9-2-42	17,814	11-28-45
Gila River	Arizona	Rivers	7-20-42	12-30-42	13,348	11-10-45
Granada	Colorado	Amache	8-27-42	2-1-43	7,318	10-15-45 ²
Heart Mountain	Wyoming	Heart Mountain	8-12-42	1-1-43	10,767	11-10-45
Jerome	Arkansas	Denson	10-6-42	2-11-43	8,497	6-30-44
Manzanar	California	Manzanar	6-1-42 **	9-22-42	10,046	11-21-45
Minidoka	Idaho	Hunt	8-10-42	3-1-43	9,397	10-28-45
Rohwer	Arkansas	Relocation	9-18-42	3-11-43	8,475	11-30-45
Tule Lake	California	Newell	5-27-42	12-25-44	18,789	3-20-46

** Used as assembly center before this date.

there were not enough to go around. Manzanar had an orphans' home. Cooperatives were set up to supply daily needs. Controlled by the evacuees, they afforded almost the only outlet for action independent of WRA, and an active example of economic democracy.

Evacuees performed the required community services, but they did not have to like it. The wage scale provided \$12 a month for unskilled labor, \$16 for skilled and \$19 for professional or supervisory work. This was in spite of the Tolan Committee recommendation that evacuees be paid going wages for such productive work as food growing and manufactures. Worse still, an evacuee doctor working for \$19 was often doing the same work as a Caucasian doctor in the same hospital for around \$500. Such disproportionate conditions could not fail to arouse bitterness—especially as the supervising doctors, nurses, stewards and others were often clearly less competent than evacuees working for them.

Even if the evacuees were willing to perform community services at such token rates, they did not see why they were expected to make camouflage nets or clothing at such wages. For this reason, and because the most employable workers soon began to resettle, the original plan for widespread manufactures soon petered out, though not before the evacuees had made model ships and posters for the navy, camouflage nets for the army, work clothes and Japanese foodstuffs for the residents, and had conducted valuable experiments in the use of guayule plants as a source of artificial rubber.

The largest single industry was farming. Acreage suitable for cultivation varied all the way from five hundred at Manzanar to forty-one thousand at Poston. All the centers raised vegetables, some raised cattle, hogs and chickens. The agricultural program had to be pared down, however, as workers resettled.

Before the evacuated people could be shifted from assembly centers to relocation camps the need for their labor began to be felt in Western agriculture. Under the influence of the sugar beet interests a number of politicians who had been demanding internment of all Japanese changed their tunes and demanded that WRA provide evacuees for thinning and harvesting. By the end of 1942 nine thousand workers had saved the beet crop and added 265,000,000 pounds of sugar to the arsenal of democracy. Meanwhile California, while steadfastly refusing the Japanese, had forced the federal government to import thirty thousand Mexican farm workers at public expense.

The industry for which the Japanese were famed did not display itself

in the camps. Men forced to abandon their farms to Caucasians after years of effort just when they were becoming profitable were in no mood to sacrifice themselves again. They would work with tireless energy in the little gardens they planted before their barracks, but they took their time at WRA work. "What do you expect for \$16 a month?" many of them said.

Under these conditions work stoppages occurred not merely as a complaint against the administration but as a means of inconveniencing the community which was felt unappreciative of the work being done for it. In time the community made special gifts to doctors and others whose work contributed so much for so small a return.

There was one vital community service that could not be adequately supplied by evacuees—the teaching of the children. Because Nisei could rarely get teaching jobs on the Coast, few had prepared to teach. So teachers were imported. They found schools that were nothing but bare rooms scattered all over the camp. The children had no seats or desks for weeks. Books and supplies were inadequate or lacking.

In time, however, everything from American history to artificial flower making was taught. Adult education prospered in spite of such attitudes as that of President Alfred Atkinson of the University of Arizona who refused extension services with the argument, "These people are our enemies."

In three years of operation the center schools enrolled 30,000 and graduated 7,220 from high school, doing the best they could in the three areas of greatest need—English speech, social adjustment, and preparation for jobs.

Lost somewhere in this truly great achievement were a dozen children whom the state of Oregon refused to admit to its School for the Deaf.

The people thrown together in the intimate, crowded living of the blocks were no more homogeneous than any group of people who might be brought together on so random a principle as that of race. They had been assigned so far as possible in groups of their own choosing, people coming from the same home area settling down in the same block. Even so, they came not as an integrated community but as families. The community had to be made. The job would have been difficult enough no matter what people were faced with it. It was especially difficult for a people who had suffered many frustrations including the loss of home, liberty, livelihood and property, who could get no clear view of any fu-

ture for themselves in America or anywhere else, and who felt a surrounding atmosphere of hatred from the newspapers they read and the radio programs they heard.

But because men cannot live unorganized, communities soon began to take shape. Even while the administration was still thinking and planning for a camp-wide organization, the little cells of organized activity began to shape themselves to the needs and compulsions of the people in the blocks. The pattern in which they formed was an old one, that of the Japanese *mura*.¹ The block leader, though appointed by the administration, was like the village headman. The people cooperated in labor for the common good, made decisions affecting the whole, and collected and paid out funds for civic use. Even the *omawari-san*, remembered with nostalgia by anyone who has lived in Japan, was not lacking. In Japan he walks in the dark of night through every street and lane in search of fire, striking his staff upon the roadway and jingling the rings that surmount it. Similarly the blocks had their night checkers, making their rounds to see that everyone was safe and to inquire if anything was needed.

The block leader was usually an Issei and the attitude toward him was ambivalent. The favorite term for him among the Nisei was "block-head"; among Issei he was often accused of being an administration stooge. Still he was respected for the power he possessed as dispenser of brooms and other essentials and as mediator between the people and the administration.

Just as every Japanese political arrangement must have its power behind the screen (or American city government its "machine"), the block had its chef. Food became a symbol of the general insecurity of the evacuees. They feared that supplies would run out, that transportation to these desert areas would break down, even that the government would willingly starve or at least underfeed them. Master of the food supply once it reached the block, the chef therefore held the most potent source of power in a community where money no longer mattered much. He and his helpers could punish with small portions any who disagreed with him, while passing out favors to his henchmen.

Because the block managers were appointive and because they were usually Issei, WRA wanted another body which would be elected by the people to represent them, sharing with the administration the responsibility for governing the centers. In an effort to forestall Issei taunting of the Nisei as Americans whose citizenship had been discounted, WRA decreed that members of the elected council must be citizens. Competi-

tion between the generations, already the source of discord before the war, was thus intensified.

Everyone knew his block manager and the chef; fewer knew the block councilman. But very few of the residents had any contact with the real government of the centers, the WRA administration. The administrative structure was something that had grown up without the help of the people. It was not a community, but it governed the community. The few evacuees who had had a hand in building it were those least in touch with their people—volunteers, young men entirely oriented toward America who had come to open the centers and who had inevitably become advisers and confidantes of the administrators. These young men, unknown, gained prominent places in the administrative structure while once prosperous and influential Issei business men served as janitors.

Because the WRA staff members, the "appointed personnel," were Caucasian, a caste system existed in the centers from the very beginning, and this fact the evacuees never forgot. The Caucasians were well paid, they lived in an area of their own in better (though still very simple) quarters, they ate better, they "had the say," and of course they could come and go as they liked. Evacuees who cooperated with this upper caste were suspected by the other residents.

Starting out with this initial and perhaps inevitable disability, the staff soon fell into two types, the "stereotype-minded" and the "people-minded,"² those who thought of all Japanese as deceitful and sub-human and those who were able to think of them as people containing among their numbers good and bad in the usual proportion of mankind. The conflict between these two points of view exposed itself when trouble broke out.

Standing at the top of the administrative pyramid was the project director—mayor, business manager and judge rolled into one, a man who had not only to control the basic services for five or even fifteen thousand people but to impose some kind of uniform policy and conduct upon his heterogeneous staff. The very difficulty, the challenge of the task caught the imagination of most staff workers in the early days, and most of them agree that there was greater unity of purpose between staff and evacuees in the chaotic first weeks than later when the roughest edges had been made smooth.

Yet it is doubtful whether any amount of good will could have glossed over the facts which sooner or later would be bound to make for friction—the unresolved anxieties of the residents regarding the future, the hurts of the past, the caste system.

Still more, it was obvious as time went on that the Issei, who were still the majority of family heads, thought of the centers as places where they could settle down until the war was over, making the best of the limited facilities, preserving the peace, husbanding what strength and resources might remain for life after the war.

WRA, meanwhile, was shaping a different policy which saw the centers as mere stopping places, unnatural communities at best from which the evacuees should be moved to real American towns and farms as soon as possible. The Nisei tended to agree with WRA.

The two policies could not avoid meeting head-on. Out of the conflict unexpected issues arose.

To most of the Issei the pother over self-government was just one more notion of a quixotic government which had promised going wages and backed down, promised decent living quarters and failed to provide them, promised stoves and been late with them, promised linoleum to keep out the dust and never delivered it. They were content to let the administration worry about running the camps. To many of them center life was a vacation from responsibility and from a lifetime of hard labor ending in the loss of everything they had gained.

Not only from work but from assimilation was life in the centers a vacation. Ever since the arrival in America the Issei had tried to get along with the Caucasians. Maybe they had not done too well at it, but they had tried. Anyone who has lived or travelled in a foreign land knows the tension which exists as a result of not knowing the native language and never being quite sure what goes on around him. That tension had always troubled the Issei, and it had been increased rather than lessened by the fact that the children with their preference for English brought the American world even into the home.

Now that they had been rejected by America, bitterly as they felt the rejection there was a sense of relief in not having to be like the *hakujin*. More than half of the Issei lived entirely within the blocks. They saw no Caucasians for weeks at a time. They spoke only Japanese, they could live Japanese.

But for the young, the Nisei, camp was no vacation. Some worked hard and unselfishly for the community. Because they felt deeply the discounting of their American citizenship, some in defiance took it out in loafing. Some became delinquent, though delinquency in the centers was extremely mild compared with what was going on in wartime American cities and decreased further as positive social programs used

up youthful energies. In their relaxation they scorned the Issei notion of entertainment, for their world was the world of American movies, comics, radio programs, dance music, books and magazines. The youngsters, generally better off than the adolescents, had clubs (The Sagebrush Clan, The Starlites) to draw off their energies. Those from the country found life more exciting than it had ever been before. The older ones learned to dance, more of them than would have learned in California. There were parties, there were plenty of chances for boys to meet girls though little privacy for them once they had met.

Richard Teraoka from Livingston, twenty-one years old when evacuation happened, met James Ono's sister Toshi at camp. Evacuation had broken into his college career; he had thought of transferring to an Eastern school but he wanted more to get into the army if they would take him. Toshi had been going to secretarial school. Now she worked in the project attorney's office, Richard in the recreation program. Discovering each other, they planned the future, walking under the distant stars, walking beside the barbed wire fence. They went to dances together, and to the outdoor movies, and because they would never have met but for evacuation, they could not find it entirely evil.

Though the Issei despised social dancing and the Nisei thought *engei-kai* (dramatic entertainment) ridiculous, there was one common meeting ground. Everyone liked baseball. Every evening and most of Sunday the firebreaks were full of the noises of the American sport—the crack when bat hit ball, the shout of the crowd, the upsurge of triumph or the double-bass grumble of failure. Athletic clubs were formed around ball teams. Old men played as well as young, and when it was too dark for playing, whole evenings would be spent discussing every play of a game concluded.

To modify the sense of isolation, units of national organizations were encouraged. During 1943 the growth of Red Cross chapters, Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops, YMCAs, Parent Teacher Associations and USOs was rapid. Games exchanged with nearby high schools also helped.

A language grew up among the Nisei that could have been found nowhere else in the world, a murderous mishandling of Japanese roots in English forms that gave results like this.

"Nani tsukuttoring?" (What are you making?)

"Sweater. Don't come out right, though."

"Donchu sodan me? I finished mine." (Why didn't you ask me? . . .)

"It's jan jan now. Let's go over to the store and see if Mary's still matorring." (It's no good now . . . still waiting.)

"No—too many yogote and sukebei over there." (Too many toughs and wolves . . .)

"No shimpai—my brother's there." (Don't worry . . .)

"Anyway my wallet is pechanko." (I'm flat broke.)

"The mean! O.K., I'll treat. Shall we went?" (You don't say . . . Shall we go?)

"Nanchu say?" (What did you say?)

"I said let's go."

More than any other force, the Christian churches helped maintain a bridge to the outside. The residents had their own ministers, and to make them most fully available the centers were divided into parishes with all Protestant denominations united. Church folk from nearby towns came visiting and invited evacuees to their churches in return. A Minidoka choir gave concerts in surrounding towns. District young people's meetings gave the Nisei a chance to re-enter American life. Through the efforts of the churches thousands of toys were sent in to take some of the sting out of an imprisoned Christmas.

When the time came for resettlement, the Christian church encouraged it and helped find homes and jobs. The Buddhist sects, on the contrary, encouraged their members to remain in the centers. This was natural since Buddhism had no fostering organization outside.* Many of its priests were interned. Others could not or did not want to resettle. Three-quarters of the Buddhist evacuees were Shinshu and most of the remainder followed Zen. Like the Christians they joined ranks in the centers though in some cases the joint did not hold.

School, church and social clubs were important, especially so to a people uprooted, but the institution that had most to give and most to suffer was the family.

The family was badly upset by evacuation. The family meal with its unspoken ritual of unanimity disappeared. Children ate with their age mates, infants could not be trained for fear of disturbing other eaters at the long, bare-board tables. The lack of a regimen of household tasks and the lack of space for anything but the necessities of existence in the one-room home were also disintegrating. Then relocation and induction removed adult children. Because the father was no longer, in many cases,

* It is worth recording that some Christian ministers helped Buddhist temples to get established in "outside" communities to which the Japanese were moving.

the principal breadwinner, his status dropped. Because the wife was more independent, she rose.

Life in the centers both encouraged and discouraged the traditional form of the family. Some youngsters said to their parents: "You don't have to pay for my board and room and clothes. I don't have to do anything you say." Yet many were thrown back upon the family because nothing else was left—their friends, school activities, everything but the family lost. Such rejection as the evacuees had suffered always throws men back to a former security. In the case of the children this was the family; for the parents it was Japan and the Japanese code of virtue. If the press could have understood this, the great cry over "disloyalty" in the centers would have been avoided.

Though the family showed signs of Americanizing as it had in the past—the dying out of the special role of the elder son, the growing freedom of women—yet in the main there was no violent change. The Japanese family retained its great solidarity.

It was the strong moral symbol of the family which made Nisei willing even to renounce their allegiance to the United States, to face the prospect of living after the war in an unknown land, the country of their fathers. And it was the strong sense of family duty which prevented or slowed down resettlement.

Many young adult Nisei planning to resettle feared to tell their parents until the eve of their departure, and even then they were sometimes overcome by suasion—by the tears of a mother or by appeal to the virtue of family loyalty. One girl was so constrained three times to give up her departure. The Issei generally, their savings lost and the future unknown, tried to keep the one thing that, though not destroyed, was threatened—the united family. And though their influence was often not strong enough to keep the family together in the center—they even lost their conventional control over the young women who for the first time went out on their own—it was strong enough to draw the scattered family group together again when the West Coast was reopened.

The evacuees brought with them heads full of fears and resentments to which they had surely earned a clear title but which were to plague every effort to organize the centers and later to resettle the people throughout the country.

The family heads especially feared for the future when they would have to earn a livelihood again. This fear was the stronger because many

fathers were reaching old age. Having made a living against odds and only with great labor, they could not shoulder such burdens again. More than this, they feared for the future of their children, equipped to live nowhere but in America. They feared discrimination and they feared the "outside" where hatred of "Japs," fostered by cheap irresponsible newspapers and malignant pressure groups, made them feel that the only course open was to return to Japan.

In addition to these larger fears were all the immediate concerns over the food supply, the lack of stoves or coal, the possibility of fire or disease—all magnified by the underlying insecurity.

There was bitter resentment against the fence which had become the prevailing symbol of their isolation, hopelessly immobilizing them in a present which led nowhere and had no relation either to the life they had lived or to the future. At Minidoka it was three months before the fence was built. During that time the residents felt that they were on their honor to follow the rules, and followed them. With nothing but miles of empty land beyond, the erection of the fence seemed not only foolish but a great waste of funds. They believed it had been ordered only to line someone's pocket. And because the fence was built athwart roads to the garbage dump and to other used areas, they cut it and pushed over posts and fought it like a living thing.

They resented the evacuation and the prejudice which had produced it. They resented the loss of their hard-earned goods and livelihood, especially at a moment when they stood to profit. They resented the mockery of school-taught American ideals and they resented the *inu* (dogs) who they felt had turned in innocent people for money. They had it in for the Japanese American Citizens League because it had counselled evacuation without resistance.

A special pocket of resentment was full of the things the government, usually the WRA administration, had done or left undone. First there had been a promise of no general evacuation, then of good housing, then of going wages, then of protection for their property: all broken. They remembered how after reaching camp they had received pamphlets intended for them before their departure, and how these pamphlets said that in the centers there would be banking facilities, special food for babies and invalids, adequate hospital facilities, never more than five people to a room. And when they looked around them several months after their arrival and found none of these things, they said that the government had betrayed them again. At Poston many people devoted

weeks to launching the center industries. When WRA announced that the manufacturing program would be abandoned, they saw another instance of official caprice. Whenever a new policy was in prospect, it seemed that WRA was always in too great a hurry to allow them time for adequate discussion or to consider how it would affect them.

Evacuation, by reducing the ties with America, disturbed the balance necessary for judgment. Cut off from Caucasian friends, their economic stake lost, their children's security in doubt, the Issei hoped for a Japanese victory, one which would leave America chastened though unharmed and restore their losses or improve upon their former positions.

While the Issei were thrown back upon faith in Japan, as men rejected always fall back upon a former symbol of allegiance and strength, the Nisei grew bitter about America without being able to ally themselves emotionally with Japan. Enforced idleness—for many who wanted work could not find it in the centers or had to work at tasks far below their training, slum quarters, indifferent food, unbearable heat or cold for which they were not equipped, all these but most of all the bitter taste of rejection tended to sour their faith in America.

Only the tough-minded could steer between resentment and disillusionment, softness and resigned acceptance. They were the ones who, refusing the Issei point of view that the centers offered a safe haven, got out as soon as possible.

As the fence was a symbol of unjust imprisonment, the gate became an ambivalent symbol of hope and despair. Harvest workers went through it, people went out to relocate, but trouble makers were taken out to internment and sons to the army. New arrivals came in through the gate, and boys on furlough, but also FBI agents and other investigators. It was the scene of formal farewells, it was the window opening upon the world. But to most evacuees, what lay beyond offered in 1942 no encouraging invitation.

Other symbols etched themselves deep in the minds of the residents, aided by the corrosive acids of loss and rejection. The dust became a symbol of helplessness and ever-present injustice and discomfort; the outdoor fires of a return to deep bonds of cultural unity and the primal grasp on life. The administration area kept alive the restrictions which had forced them to live apart from American life, and plenty of intolerant Caucasians were around to symbolize the racial discrimination which had plagued their lives. Where life becomes institutionalized and regimented,

it seems, such basic symbols loom large in a man's thinking. Where living is crammed into unvarying patterns, thought itself takes a similar direction.

When trouble came, new symbols developed to interpret it.

On the night of November 14 (1942) a group of men entered one of the bachelors' barracks at Poston, dragged out of bed a man suspected of being an informer, and beat him with a pipe until he was unconscious and nearly dead. The administration picked up two evacuees without stating any grounds for suspicion. A general strike was announced. The residents were told to assemble near the jail where the men were being held. The incident—the first of any importance in the year that had passed since the outbreak of war—was picked up by the yellow press as sure evidence of Japanese nationalism.

Yet there was nothing surprising about this eruption of aggressive attitudes toward the administration. The wonder is that a hundred thousand people, victimized, removed from home, uncertain of the future, uncomfortably crowded and afraid of informers within their midst, had not turned to outward expressions before this. There were other causes too. There had been friction with staff members. There was resentment over the exclusion of Issei from community government and the placing of young and untried Nisei in responsible positions. There was dissatisfaction over wage delays, visits by FBI agents, the presence of armed guards, and the lack of a deep bath—the latter a psychic as well as a physical blow.

If the administration had realized how deep the current of resentment ran, it might not have picked up the two men on mere suspicion. But because it had been doing its best to provide satisfactory services, it assumed, mistakenly and perhaps naively, that the evacuees must be appreciatively aware of its efforts. This was an unfortunate miscalculation of the bitter effects of deprivation on human character.

The strike was conducted without violence. During the period of negotiation after the council and the Issei advisers had resigned, the people remained orderly though crowds still milled around the jail. In the evening a carnival air prevailed, with movies and other entertainment to keep the crowd occupied. The meaning of the strike was emotionally clarified for the residents by the emergence of three symbols—the dog, the martyred man, and Japan. The dog was an old Japanese symbol for an informer. The judo instructor, when the other suspect was released, became a symbol in which the people saw themselves, yet also their

champion who had risked himself to destroy the dog. In these two symbols the people felt themselves united. But the third symbol, Japan, contained the seeds of disintegration. To the Issei it was emblematic of their one remaining hope where everything else had failed; it was a psychic, not a political thing. Even so, the Nisei rejected it. They tore down the flags on which the rising sun emblem had been drawn. From the moment of its appearance the unity of the strike was broken.

The strike ended when the judo instructor was released to his attorneys. Some time later, as a result of outside pressure, he was quietly taken to the Yuma jail and as quietly returned after a couple of days when the U.S. attorney decided not to press charges.⁸

Less than a month later a similar incident developed at Manzanar when six masked men beat up a suspected informer on December fifth. It is of greatest significance that trouble arose in the West Coast centers, never in those of the mountain states. (Tule Lake, also on the Coast, had its major incident much later.) The evacuees in these centers felt the surrounding hostility and resented the necessity of a Caucasian guard whenever they moved outside. The freedom to go to nearby towns and the friendlier attitude of those communities was a sufficient safety valve to prevent similar outbreaks in the other camps.

The disturbances gave opportunity to those who wanted to attack WRA for political reasons.

While there was little or no appreciation of what WRA was doing, the agency had been free of attack except from a few West Coast papers. But once the special subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs began its investigation early in 1943, WRA was in hot water almost until the closing of the centers in 1946. As head of the subcommittee, Senator Chandler of Kentucky was to determine whether the centers should be transferred to the War Department as a bill before the upper house proposed. He breezed through the centers, asking a few questions and driving quickly around, and then departed. His statements regarding the loyalty of the residents, made without explanation, helped launch the campaign against WRA. But his recommendations were mild, containing only items already inaugurated or approved by WRA, and they did not include transfer to the War Department.

Senator Chandler had no sooner ended his safari than a subcommittee of the House of Representatives Special Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities (Dies Committee) stepped boldly up to the breach and began firing false and malicious accusations before it had taken a

word of testimony. When it got around to listening, it heard first disgruntled former employees of WRA—many of whose statements were immediately proven false, though not until they had been played up in the press. The subcommittee investigators sent farcical telegrams of “information” back to Washington at public expense (“JAPANESE PREFECTURAL SOCIETIES ARE CALLED KENS,” read one) and made claims they could not substantiate. When urged by WRA to supply evidence of an alleged 25,000 known subversives in the centers they finally produced a list of 600 suspects, all of whom on investigation were proved to be without incriminating records.

When he was finally allowed to testify before the Committee, Dillon Myer, WRA Director, said:

The program of the War Relocation Authority has been under investigation for the past eight weeks in such a manner as to achieve maximum publicity of sensational statements based on half-truths, exaggerations and falsehoods; statements of witnesses have been released to the public without verification of their accuracy, thus giving a nation-wide currency to many distortions and downright untruths.

In California the campaign against WRA was supported by the usual anti-Japanese groups who hoped to disrupt the relocation program, keep all the Japanese—citizens and aliens alike—locked up in camps and ultimately get them deported to Japan. State Senator Ward of Santa Barbara toured the state outlining such a strategy. State committees browbeat reputable citizens who had the courage to stand up for traditional American principles of democratic fair play. Anti-administration forces tried to discredit WRA simply as a means of building up sentiment for the 1944 political campaign.

Race baiting, which we had taken up arms against, had now taken root at home.

Those who wanted to see the Nisei get a square deal had been using their influence to open the army to them once again. This was finally done on January 28, 1943, when Secretary of War Stimson announced that volunteers would be accepted for a special combat team.* Some Nisei felt that they should have been spread out through the army like men of any other ancestry, but the subsequent record of the 442nd and its effect on the treatment and reputation of the Nisei has proved that the decision was a wise one. Among the Japanese themselves arose the feeling that such segregation was part of a plot to kill off all the Nisei.

* See Chap. XIII for the volunteers in Hawaii.

The campaign to get volunteers from the centers would thus have raised enough issues by itself among a people who felt that everything the government had done had worked them an injury and that to deprive them of their sons was the last stroke in a planned campaign to pauperize and destroy them. Their suspicions were further confirmed by a sudden decision of WRA to combine a general registration of the whole evacuee population with the army recruiting campaign. So when the recruiting teams came to the centers they had to make headway, if they could, in communities thrown into a turmoil of fear over what this latest government move might mean. The WRA forms were headed "Application for Leave Clearance." To the people this implied that anyone who filled out the form was asking to be expelled from the center—the last thing most of them wanted. Further evidence of haste was seen in the fact that aged male aliens were asked whether they would be willing to volunteer for the WACS (Women's Army Corps).

Yet in the centers where intelligent administrators carefully laid the groundwork with representatives of the people, results were surprisingly good. Where no such preparations were made, such resistance to registration was built up that some hundreds of the people never did fill out the forms even though expecting to be interned for their refusal.

Chiefly the controversy arose over two questions concerning loyalty to the United States and willingness to serve in the armed forces. Even aliens were at first asked to swear loyalty to the United States and forswear loyalty to Japan—a manifest absurdity since we had been pointedly refusing to admit the Japanese to citizenship. When this error was corrected most of the aliens promised to abide by the laws of the United States.

But it was the Nisei eligible to fight for their country who had the hardest time. Most of them wanted to find a way to state their loyalty while protesting against the injustice done them. They plied the army recruiting teams with questions showing clearly enough what was on their minds.

"Why can't my two brothers in the army visit my dying father in Los Angeles?"

"Why won't they let Nisei in the army visit the camp here? Are they afraid they'd find out how we're treated?"

The old feud between the generations broke out anew, this time with a bitter intensity as the principals realized what was at stake: family loyalty as against loyalty to a nation which had already been disloyal to the Nisei, treating them differently from all other citizens. Many of the Issei, unable to see any future in America, felt that they would be sep-

arated from their children forever unless the children renounced loyalty to America. The children, wanting to protest the treatment they had received while remaining loyal both to their parents and to their country, were faced with the dilemma that provides the conflict of all Japanese drama—the choice between the two loyalties of family and nation. The choice was far more serious to them than it would be to most Americans. For nothing is more important to a Japanese than loyalty, and no one more loyal than a Japanese who has committed himself. Enough of this training had passed into the Nisei to make their choice bitterly hard.

"I suppose you know," one of them said, "that if there is one thing the Japanese respects, it is integrity. I have to tell the truth. If these questions were just man-to-man talk, it might be all right to say 'yes.' But if it is put down as a record, I want it to be just what I feel. If I feel one per cent different I don't want to say 'yes.' That's how hard it is for us to answer that question. . . . These Japanese would have been the most peaceful group in the country and the most cooperative if they had been left alone instead of being badgered this way." ⁴

In some centers the young men were instructed to answer no to the question about willingness to fight if they did not intend to volunteer immediately. Those who were either too bitter to volunteer, or who felt the necessity of staying with their family, therefore answered no even if they would have submitted to induction as distinguished from volunteering. And some thought that having said no to this question they must say no to the question of loyalty as well. Others refused to pledge loyalty to the United States because the statement also obliged them to forswear allegiance to the Japanese Emperor—an allegiance which, they pointed out, they had never had.

The reasons for answering yes or no were almost as many as the people who answered and the personal problems they had to face. And sometimes the distance separating a yes from a no was not apparent to any measurement. A son would weaken after days of resistance and hours of bitter argument, because there was a bit of property in Japan to which he would fall heir and which the family looked to as its only security. Among a people to whom family loyalty had been the cornerstone of morality, son raised his hand against father and blows were struck.

At Minidoka the administration consulted Issei advisers and laid a groundwork through meetings at which evacuee leaders sympathetic to the registration set the tone. Minidoka produced twenty-five per cent of the volunteers with only seven per cent of the male citizens. At Manzanar, recently torn by internal conflict, only forty-two volunteered. In all

the camps 1,200 volunteered, as compared with Hawaii's 10,000.

At one center three hundred Nisei came with towel and tooth brush demanding to be jailed. They not only refused to register; they wanted to be known for their refusal. Yet in spite of such small groups of the thoroughly disillusioned, in spite of the bitterness and the family solidarity which persuaded many to say no to the question of loyalty, fewer than one out of every ten qualified males made a negative answer. No group of Americans had ever faced a test as bitter, nor maintained their faith in the face of such trying circumstances.

Yet there went up at the time a great cry over the many disloyal Americans in the centers and a demand that something be done. What the statistics did not reveal were facts like these:

Fred Hoshino knew what kind of a world he was living in. He watched what was going on in Europe and Asia, and in 1941 he joined the army because he knew that fascism, if it conquered, would make him a victim too. Soon after the Japanese attack on Hawaii he was thrown out of the army. Later he was evacuated. When the army came around to the center where he was cooped up, he answered no to the question whether he would fight, and later he went to Tule Lake—a man who had been too American too soon, a man condemned as other lovers of freedom had been, here in America, for being “prematurely and excessively anti-fascist.” *

Another Nisei who said no explained himself this way. “When they treat me like a citizen,” he said, “they can ask me questions that a citizen should answer.”

Many answered the loyalty question negatively because they feared to be driven out of camp into a hostile America. For them the choice was not between America and Japan but between a temporary safe haven and a dangerously hostile world. They thought the government, having pauperized them by evacuation, now intended to throw them out into a world that would not employ them, where they could find no housing, where they would be despised, assaulted, left to starve. This was the thing that had happened to their minds; this was the fruit of their insecurity. Freedom from resettlement and freedom from induction were the rewards of “disloyalty.” Nothing so tangible or attractive was offered those who answered yes: only separation, indignity, death in battle or from starvation. That is how it looked from inside.

How little a part patriotism or politics had to do with their decisions

* This charge was actually used by a federal agency as a bar to government employment.

is seen in this sample of hundreds of interviews with residents who had requested segregation.

Q. Are you disloyal?

A. Yes.

Q. Why?

A. Well—no reason. If I say "loyal" will they take me or leave me here?

Q. We don't split families. . . . This hearing is just to determine your loyalty.

A. Then it doesn't have anything to do with staying?

Q. No, you'll just be given the choice of following your husband or not.

A. Then I'm loyal.⁵

In July 1943 the United States Senate passed a resolution urging segregation of the "disloyal" residents. WRA had been planning such a move, for which the registration had in part been a preparation. Meanwhile those who had too quickly said no to the loyalty question were given a chance to reconsider. Tule Lake was designated the segregation center and to it were sent those who (1) had requested repatriation (or expatriation) to Japan, (2) held to their negative answers, (3) had been denied leave clearance as potentially dangerous, and (4) wanted to stay with their families or were too young to be separated from them. This time the separation was to be final, for it was understood that everyone who went to Tule would end up after the war in Japan.

The tragedy of separation once recounted by Longfellow in *Evangeline* was re-enacted with far greater numbers and with the same rending of hearts. Perhaps it too will some day find a poet.

A father with two sons in the army went to Tule because he had two small daughters in Japan. At Topaz a fourteen-year-old boy held out against his whole family until they agreed to leave him behind. After they left he was taken to the hospital in a psychic collapse. One couple took their daughter to Tule in order to separate her from a suitor they did not approve. Many moved because they were weary of moving, because they understood that by doing this they could not be forced to resettle nor would they be urged to. To become a segregant thus appeared as near to earthly Nirvana as a man could come. And since relatives were permitted to accompany segregants it was necessary only for one member of a family to be "disloyal"; the rest could achieve Tule (Ultima Thule, it seemed), upon his record. Thus the pressure was strong upon a boy of draft age to declare himself negatively, avoid the draft and open the gates of Tule to his whole family.

Other factors, factors of assimilation, strongly influenced choice. It was

the least assimilated who as a rule chose segregation: the poor from rural areas, the unmarried farm laborers, those who had failed to make a go of things. Buddhists were more likely to be segregants than Christians, Californians than folk from the Northwest (because they had been more victimized by discrimination), Kibei rather than Nisei. Yet those who stayed considered those who went heroes in a sense, because they were acting in protest against being pushed around.

From mid-September to mid-October (1943) thirty-three trains moved the segregants to Tule and the "loyal" residents of Tule out to other centers—6,250 from Tule and 8,575 in. Three-quarters of the segregants were American citizens, many of them simply accompanying parents who had decided to return to Japan. One quarter of the population were minors. Many old Tuleans became segregants only to avoid being moved out. Of the six thousand former residents remaining after Tule became a segregation center, only two thousand deserved to be classed as segregants.

Tule was soon in a turmoil as new arrivals began the battle for control. People who had come out of no conviction but only to be with their families now began to be under the influence of men who either out of long preference or recent embitterment were noisily pro-Japanese. The peace people had hoped for, and for which they had come to Tule, was farther away than ever. In October (1943) an accident in which a farm worker was killed offered a pole around which the would-be leaders could spin their web. The disorganized state of the center, general dissatisfaction with their uprooted lives, the tensions of restriction and fear all played into the hands of men who were ready with a plan and who wanted to become leaders. There was a work stoppage at a moment when crops had to be harvested. Evacuees brought in from other centers were paid a dollar an hour—as much in two days as the residents got in a month. Food to feed them was taken from Tule warehouses. In an attempt to prevent food from being taken out, gangs of young men moved into the administration area and threatened members of the staff. The army, called in, began patrolling with light tanks when most Tuleans had gone to bed and knew nothing of what had happened. When they awoke, they were under army rule, those involved in the affair or suspected of being ringleaders were isolated in a stockade (many of them not released until eight months later when an investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union began to investigate and was ordered out of camp), and a period of passive non-cooperation followed during which the resi-

dents performed only those minimum services necessary to their own existence.

For many, idleness and impoverishment were the only tangible results. The children of those without savings began to go without shoes. A heavy and hopeless atmosphere settled upon the people. Finally in January 1944 the strike was called off, plans were made to return workers to their jobs, and the army moved out except for the stockade which it continued to control. Despite the claims of the West Coast press, the trouble at Tule was no more political and pro-Axis than it had been a year before at Poston. But it was soon to be.

The Coordinating Committee which had come into existence to act as intermediary between the administration and the people made recommendations to re-instate residents in their former jobs which the administration was unwilling to enforce upon its Caucasian supervisors. For this reason, and because the Committee was unable to get the men released from the stockade, it lost prestige with the people. Ultimately it resigned. When the administration asked for an election in May 1944, the people were apathetic. Their leaders had been jailed before. What was the use of marking another group for similar punishment?

Meanwhile the old Daihyo Sha Kai (Representative Body), many of whose members had been held in the stockade, continued an underground existence the chief purpose of which was to press for another sifting of residents to separate those really loyal to Japan from those who continued to be loyal to America. That this should have been felt necessary is evidence of how many pro-Americans there were in this theoretically "disloyal" group. But the agitators could not win a majority for such a move, though they threatened physical harm.

On August 12 was formed the Sokoku Kenkyu Seinen-dan (Young Men's Association for the Study of the Mother Country). Its members began early morning drill and physical exercise accompanied, unfortunately for the residents, by bugling. Uniforms of a sort made their appearance. The bugling was extended to midnight, to four in the morning. Immediate expatriation of all Nisei was urged. Nisei who did not join the movement were intimidated, threatened, and finally urged to join by parents who feared what might happen to them if they did not fall in line. Meanwhile, remember, the camp was a home for thousands who had not renounced America and did not intend to renounce it. To subject them to such anti-American pressures was the bitter end of that American policy which had begun with evacuation and extended through such testings of morale and loyalty as no Americans had ever before been asked

to endure. Now it was sanctioning (by not preventing) the use of force to make American citizens renounce their birthright. Passage of the Denationalization Act in July 1944 gave the pro-Japan gang the final weapon it needed.

The pro-Japanese now proceeded to make wonderful copy for the anti-Oriental press by outright demonstrations of loyalty to Japan. Driven to desperation, the Japanese were now being irrevocably removed from America, which was precisely the goal the anti-Orientalists had set. But better than they had planned, the Japanese were doing it to themselves. The anti-Orientalists looked at Tule and raised a howl. But behind the howl was a very broad grin.

When at the end of 1944 the Western Defense Command announced the reopening of the Coast to the Japanese, and WRA announced the closing of the centers within a year, sympathy for the extremist group spread throughout Tule. For at this time the end of the war was not in sight, and the people at Tule had come there because they had felt sure of being able to stay until war's end. Now it looked as if families were to be torn apart again since those who had come as voluntary segregants would be required to resettle. The result was a wave of appeals for renunciation of citizenship.

Belatedly both the Justice Department and WRA became alarmed. On March 16, 1945 WRA announced that acts of coercion and anti-American activities were unlawful and would be punished. Bugling, Japanese emblems, drilling were prohibited. But it was too late. Seven out of every ten citizens at Tule had lost their American citizenship.*

Tom Haratani summed it all up in the brief story he wrote of himself, compressing a life's failure—and America's—in his statement.

Hundreds of loyal Nisei who were Americans and were willing to join the armed forces were misled and sucked in by the whirlpool of false rumor and never-ending pressure within the camp.

Being raised up in a thoroughly American surrounding, the American way of life was firmly entrenched in my mind. I knew that no other nation in the world enjoyed personal freedom and rights as it existed here. The Fascism and tyranny of Japan and Germany was hated by me as any other American.

Although I lived in a poverty stricken home, on the other side of the tracks, I finished grammar school with top honors, winning both honor

* The Justice Department approved 5,589 requests for renunciation.

and respect from the faculty members. The high school years saw my efforts being doubled, and due to hard work and effort, I again finished on the top of the class with a high average of about A minus.

Not only was I working toward a higher scholastic standing, but also toward the goal of good citizenship. Taking part in extra-curricular activities and being class officers were part of the education one received toward better understanding of the American way of life. I took part in sports as basketball and track, and in many other minor sports indulging in activities that were the interest of the average American boy. To top off the activities, the honor of the School Editor of the Annual was bestowed upon me during the senior year. It was a thrill to me to be chosen editor, since I was the first Japanese to ever edit the annual at our school. The theme used throughout the annual was "The American Way," and the feeling of the theme was carried throughout.

With such background behind me, the sudden war in 1941 seemed to shake the very foundation that we citizens stood on. We as a family unit were sent to assembly centers, regardless of being citizens or aliens. The bewilderment confronted by the Nisei during those trying days was one of utter disgrace and shame. Why? we asked. Why were citizens placed behind a barbed wire fence?

But still, my belief in America stood fast. During the registration period I answered affirmatively the loyalty question. And there was the beginning of my tangle with the family problem. As in many Japanese families, the difference in opinion about political and domestic matters between father and son was very noticeable. Father who came to America when he was 16 and lived here for many long years went through hardship and suffering to raise our family which at one time included 11. During his unsuccessful attempt of running a business here, he grew to dislike and hate Caucasians whom he thought responsible for his business failure.

He naturally wanted to return to Japan and start life there again, not knowing the present Japan, a despotic and militaristic nation. In almost every question or problem, I am sad to relate that father and I differed in opinion. In many instances it reached the point of entering into blows. As a son I was ashamed of my actions, but did not want to give in and agree with something I did not believe in. Such was the condition that existed between my beloved father and I, because of the war.

When the opportunity to relocate came, I left camp in Jerome for work in Minneapolis, in opposition to my father. Since I was the only son of a family of six girls, I must have hurt my father more than I realized, for after three months he passed away, leaving me the responsibility of the family. The grief I suffered during those days was almost unbearable. I blamed myself for his death, and it haunted me day and night. People

within the block also seemed to blame me. No matter how I tried to say that my loyalty was to America, it was no avail. The general feeling was, "I killed my own father."

My work in Minneapolis was very interesting, and I got along with all the Caucasian friends there. I was never mistreated or discriminated against. We used to work together and play together, going to movies and recreational centers in a group.

But upon the news of father's death, I immediately returned to Jerome and joined the rest of the family. The responsibility of looking after the family rested squarely upon me. Mother was bewildered by father's passing and only wanted to go to Japan. She said, "When father died, his last words were for us to return to Japan." She refused to listen to me or to any of my friends who spoke to her.

At last I decided to accompany the family to Tule Lake Center, since the family was on the list to be sent there. After days of thinking and pondering and crying I gave in against my own wish. That was the beginning of my real trouble.

For a while, I thought that I could change my mother's mind, but it was no use. The atmosphere of this segregation camp where all the pro-Japanese elements gathered was such that mother's mind was more set on returning to Japan than ever.

I don't know how many times I said I was going out, but the thought of leaving the family here without any guardian would always win out and I would stay. But as time went on, I became apathetic and got the "I don't give a darn" idea. By constant prodding and threats from my brothers-in-law and family friends, this idea of leaving camp gradually died away. I just lost hope and decided to let fate take its course.

Under constant pressure and threats from friends and relatives, the will to resist disappeared. And under such conditions did I lose control of the sense of right and wrong and even went so far as to renounce my U.S. citizenship. I felt like a criminal. I wanted to commit suicide, but my family needed me. It was the family loyalty question that faced me, more than loyalty to any country. I am and always will be loyal to America, and I wish that I could be given another chance to prove myself.

In Tule the Japanese-oriented influences were strong and overt, until belatedly the government defined the difference between cultural activity permitted repatriates and coercion of American citizens. But in other centers Japanizing influences were at work too—not those of a political or nationalistic bent but those resulting from the mere fact of segregation by race and the resulting search for positive values out of the past on which some kind of life could be built.

The influence was increased by the fact that the independent-minded

Nisei were relocating, leaving oldsters and children behind. Thus the young tended to be "reabsorbed into the culture of the core."⁶ They learned more Japanese. They conformed more closely to their parents' image of filial behavior. Nisei of marrying age showed more disposition to marry non-English speaking Kibei. "The blocks seemed farther away from the administration buildings."⁷ Yet even the world of the Issei was not the world of Japan. Rather it was the world of truck farms and Nihon-machi on the Coast, a world not basically different from that made by immigrants of any strain. Even to this world the Nisei belonged only in part. They knew a few childhood songs, they were familiar with a few Japanese holidays though not knowing exactly what they stood for. Japanese culture was alien to them. They had not even—the Issei saw this with helpless sympathy—the pride in being Japanese which had supported their parents through years of discrimination.

Their pride was in being American, and that pride had been critically wounded. It began to revive, though, as their brothers volunteered and then began coming back to the centers in the uniform of the United States Army. At some centers a formal send-off ceremony was held for volunteers. It gave tremors of solemn emotion to everyone who saw it and who had an imagination generous enough to understand all that it meant.

I was at Manzanar when the first group of volunteers left camp. After the Selective Service man had given the group their instructions, the inductee chosen to lead them stood up.

"We're going out of here," he said, "and we've got to remember people are going to judge all Japanese Americans by the way we act. The thing we got to remember is that we are full-fledged Americans. We'll meet intolerance—we expect it. But from now on we're soldiers in the U.S. Army. Whatever happens, we're going to act like soldiers."

At Granada volunteers impatient over the delay made up a special form waiving the usual ten-day notice. Richard Teraoka was one of the volunteers. The thought of leaving Toshi—they were secretly engaged—gave him a strange empty feeling. But he wanted to go quickly and get it over.

On January 20, 1944, Nisei were finally made eligible again for induction (not volunteering only) like other citizens. In some camps this raised all the old grievances again, built around the embarrassing question whether a man detained by the government and treated as a "second-class" citizen could in justice be required to give a first-class performance. In two centers groups formed to urge mass resistance before the majority supporting the move could get organized. But the announcement had a

good press and helped lead the way back to a fair deal for the Nisei in most American newspapers.

And as the public attitude changed, so did that of parents who had once resisted their sons' volunteering or induction. Feeling the warmth of praise publicly bestowed on their children, the women in the center laundries talked less about their discomforts and the arrogance of WRA officials, more about the fighting in Italy. Some who had tried to discourage their sons from joining up admitted that they had been wrong.

With the holding of memorial services for those killed in battle, the war came home to the centers as it came to every American community. The Issei once again, whether they would or no, had a stake in America—one that could not be stolen or foreclosed or legislated away.

Compared with the people who were thrown into the centers in 1942, those who still remained two years later were settled and calm. And though the peace they had achieved was a temporary thing having little to do with their real lives outside the anaesthetic period of concentration, it was probably the best psychological atmosphere that could under the circumstances be devised.

The people had gone through several stages: first the hardship of the early months, then a period of intense organization toward the end of 1942, then confusion and conflict in early 1943 as a result of the stresses introduced by registration, then a period of constructive organization and preparation for segregation (March to October 1943). The winter of 1943-44 saw the height of social and community organization. The year 1944 was one of relocation, a drawing off of the ablest Nisei and of the emergence of Issei leadership resulting in a period of harmony. In 1945 the fear of being once more driven out was dominant, and as more and more people moved out, the organism broke down until no real community was left.

On July 1, 1945 there were still 45,000 people living in the eight remaining relocation centers. Six months later there were eight ghost towns where these had been. The dust sifted down upon the floors and doorsills but no one cursed it, no one set the mark of his foot in it, no one swept it away. The gophers and rabbits came in from the desert and sunned themselves on doorsteps or burrowed under buildings. Housing was short everywhere else, but no one thought of trying to live in these inaccessible slums. Much as they had hated them, many of the last evacuees to leave felt a pain like that of homesickness as they looked back from

the buses and saw the buildings drop behind a curtain of rising dust. To many it was the scene of their life's summit: first love, childbirth first experienced, the first relaxation after a lifetime of toil. Here 1,862 lives had ended, 2,120 couples had been joined and 39 separated. Many remembered no other life and many (5,981) would for the rest of their days carry birth certificates from places the dust had covered over and men forgotten.

As for those at Tule, there was still one final irony for the renunciants.

When the war ended the Issei were free to return to their coastal homes. In fact they were obliged to go. Those who, without plans or housing, refused to budge, had their goods crated and were put on trains that would take them to their former home areas. But the Nisei—the young who had been persuaded to give up their citizenship—could not be released. They were the “dangerous” ones now. The Department of Justice, afraid that it had overstepped its bounds and that the constitutionality of the renunciations would be questioned, held hearings to restore citizenship to those who could prove coercion or other mitigating circumstances. Even so there remained 3,000 men and women without a country—“the spoilage,” in Dorothy Thomas’ phrase, the irreducible precipitate of America’s worst wartime mistake.

The agency which had been saddled with the relocation job suffered attack from all sides throughout most of its career. It was accused of pampering by the Hearst press, it was accused by liberal sheets of mistreating the evacuees. It was used as a roundabout means of discrediting the administration in wartime when direct and honest attacks would have been cried down. It was investigated, accused without hearing by Congressional publicity seekers, harried and threatened and shouted at.

Of course it made mistakes—though rarely the mistakes it was accused of. No organization of its size undertaking so unprecedented a job could avoid making them. It was at times too cautious in pressing the case for the Nisei. When for instance three veterans were stoned in an Arizona town it suppressed the story, whereas nation-wide publicity would have brought general sympathy and support, as the later case of the Hood River veterans proved. Though it had to recruit staff at the worst possible time, it managed despite plenty of “tough-minded” supervisors in the centers to get high calibre in many positions. Also the contribution of teachers, recreation supervisors and others who provided the meager day-to-day contact the Japanese had with the “outside” is beyond estimating.

Granted the hopelessness of its task, it did a job beyond praise, being swayed neither by the "get tough" advice nor by excessive sympathy. If the best of the WRA staff could have been placed in positions of importance in Germany and Japan, the quality of our military government would have been greatly improved.

There is probably no way to convey in its fullness the lessons they learned about the governing of men in such artificial communities. But there is one pretty sure conclusion: "Inefficient self-rule, charged with good will, sloppy as it may be, seems to be better and more economical than anything else obtainable." ⁸ They learned too that men cannot live disorganized, but must find some principle of control, some symbol of belief, some rock of certainty, and that to be merely of one race is not enough. And they learned above all that the Japanese were people, having in their emotions, desires, reactions, hopes and fears more to unite them to the rest of mankind than differences to separate them. No lesson in government could be better than this.

And in Chicago or Minneapolis or Denver, in a New York office or on a Nebraska farm, or even back on the sacred soil of California there live now people into whose memories forever are inscribed the feel of the breeze across the wide firebreak, the muffled clump of wooden sandals outside the barrack, the noises of the family in the next room vibrating on the single wooden wall, the clang of the mess hall bell, the smell of the toilets, the grit between the teeth, the smarting eyes, stale food odors in the mess hall, great heat and great cold, and the great stretch of desert beyond the barbed wire. And the dust, always the dust.

Yet like most things the memory holds, coating them until sand becomes pearl, what may once have been a hurt pulls at the heart until it becomes as much like longing as pain. The old folk remember the rest they had and the young folk remember the parties, the sense of being in a group where they wholly belonged. So in Chicago and Minneapolis and Cleveland they began to build little Manzanars and Postons. And this is a problem no one has found an answer to.

The dust may somewhat have quieted now among the barracks as the sagebrush creeps back in. But that fine dust which bound the people together in the sense of a misery shared still sifts, still falls silently between themselves and their American world. This is their wound of war for which no ribbons are given.

XXII

OUR BELOVED COUNTRY

Sergeant Ben Kuroki, veteran of thirty bombing missions in Europe and twenty-eight more over Japan, was back home. He was twenty-seven years old, but he felt like forty. From the day when he had forced his way into the army—they wouldn't take him at the first recruiting station because of his ancestry—it had been an uphill fight. His own messmates refused to have anything to do with him because he was Japanese. He was left behind whenever his unit moved on, he was always being assigned to menial duties. In spite of the discrimination which would have made it easy for him to sit out the war in some dull but safe job, Ben had fought his way into an overseas assignment and finally into a gunner's place on a Liberator bomber. He had operated out of England and North Africa. He had been downed and interned in Spanish Morocco. He had been smuggled back to England through Spain. And he had gone through the hell of the Ploesti attack from which few returned. The next mission after that was his twenty-fifth. He was through. Only with a plane seat ready to take him home he begged to stay for another five missions.

Then when he did get home, enjoying for a while a hero's notoriety and a small-town boy's dream of homecoming in his native Hershey, Nebraska, he still wasn't satisfied because despite all he had been through, instances of discrimination kept slapping him in the face. He asked for duty in the Pacific, was refused but finally taken on when prominent people intervened on his behalf. There followed the twenty-eight missions over Japan. Ben Kuroki was about worn out when the war ended. It was a miracle that he still lived, that he had never been seriously wounded. Out of sheer grit he had forced himself to endure more than any man had a right to ask of his nerves. He looked forward to a good long rest on his father's potato farm.

But on the West Coast he was pulled out of line and put on a plane for New York. General Marshall wanted to see him. He appeared on the

Herald Tribune Forum with the General. He met other generals—Jimmy Doolittle, Spaatz, Wainwright, Bradley. He was famous. He was one of the great heroes of the war. Everyone knew about him. There were hundreds of letters, requests for speeches. Still he couldn't walk into a barber shop in California; he couldn't be sure of getting a hotel room in New York. He was tired, he was confused. He wasn't through fighting, he discovered, after all. His fifty-ninth mission was the hardest of all—to fight the prejudice and blind ignorance and hatred that set him apart, refusing him the acceptance any Caucasian American could take for granted. He made hundreds of speeches, travelling all over the country, helping to make America into the kind of country he had fought for.¹

Even Ben Kuroki's record, humble as it should make any civilian and most soldiers feel, is not unique among Japanese Americans. There is, for instance, Staff Sergeant Kenny Yasui, known to his buddies on the Burma front, because of his small stature, as "Baby Sergeant York." Yasui volunteered to go after a group of enemy Japanese on an island in the Irrawaddy. Leading three other soldiers, he stripped and swam out, then impersonating a Japanese officer he ordered the enemy to come out. A Japanese officer jumped from the bushes and threw a hand grenade intended to blow up both Yasui and himself. Yasui ducked into a hole. In the fracas that followed, three more Japanese died. But Yasui persuaded the remaining thirteen that he was a Japanese colonel. He put them through a close order drill. Then he solved the problem of getting them back by seating himself on a raft and ordering them to push it. Afterwards he learned that the men had twenty rounds each and had only held their fire because of his convincing use of Japanese commands.

T/5 Terry Doi spoke Japanese better than English. A dual citizen, he had once been inducted into the Japanese army, thereby losing his American citizenship. Military intelligence was cautious about using him, but finally he got his overseas assignment—and his American citizenship. He was one of the first to land on Iwo Jima. Armed with nothing but a flashlight and a knife he went into cave after cave, persuading the enemy to surrender and saving many American lives at the risk of his own. Nisei did that sort of thing in all the islands of the Pacific. Many who volunteered for such hazardous missions were Kibei.

The men who did these things had been dentists, lawyers, farm hands, domestics, fishermen before the war. Some had fought in the other World War and were now in their forties. Some, Japanese-born, gained a long-cherished American citizenship when the army accepted them.

At the OWI office in Honolulu I employed a young Nisei, Paul Toda, who had done his best to get into the army and been turned down on physical grounds. He was delighted to work for us, but that work never seemed to him to be enough. When we opened an advance post on Saipan he begged me to send him there. On Saipan he made himself invaluable as an interpreter in dealing with Japanese prisoners of war, as translator, as odd job man. Nothing was too arduous or too menial for him. When the war ended and he returned to Honolulu he had to spend more than a year in the hospital. He had known that would happen before he went away. It was only recently that I began to understand the urgency of that sacrifice.

"There were times when old Japanese in Honolulu spread rumors that I was a spy," he wrote me. "It was in line of duty that I served Uncle Sam. Before I left Japan in 1939 my dad clearly told me that if America and Japan ever went to war, he wanted us three boys in America to do our share and show our loyalty to America. So as soon as war was declared we knew exactly what to do. My two brothers joined the army, but I was not accepted. Then I got a chance to work for OWI. Still I was not satisfied, so I kept bothering you to send me to a forward area and I finally made it and had my small share."

No Nisei soldiers ever deserted from the front lines, though fifteen per cent of all other troops do. They rarely got sick to avoid combat. They had more than their share of real heroes like Ben Kuroki. What gave them that heroic quality?

It was the conception of loyalty as the central virtue, the influence of family pride, and the Japanese moral code requiring a man never to stop paying the debt he owes to his nation and his family. And if the source was alien which produced such acts of self-denial as we associate with Valley Forge, should we not be the more happy to welcome it as part of a heritage which is great because of such borrowing? If the Nisei war heroes did nothing else, they widened our American horizon by bringing to it a virtue America was in need of: the putting of duty before personal indulgence.

When the 442nd by right of pre-eminent service led the V-J Day parade of the Allied forces in Italy, it (and the 100th which had been joined to it) had won more than 3,600 Purple Hearts and 500 Oak Leaf clusters to that medal, 810 Bronze Stars, 342 Silver Stars, 47 Distinguished Service Crosses, 17 Legions of Merit, 123 divisional and army citations, 6 distinguished unit citations and many other decorations and honors. Its

casualties had grown to three times its original battle strength.² Though many of the men remained in Europe and were assigned to other units, a token force returned to the United States on July 2, 1946. From the fire tugs in New York harbor to the march down Pennsylvania Avenue and a review by the President, the men of the 442nd got all the attention custom grants returning heroes. When the President reviewed them he affixed another regimental citation streamer to their flag. Then the Hawaiian-born went home for another reception and the 442nd was formally deactivated in Honolulu.

In spite of their exceptional record, only twenty out of two hundred and fifty commissioned officers in the Combat Team were Nisei. Only one Nisei, so far as I have been able to discover, got as high as Lieutenant Colonel during the war. He was Robert Saibara of Webster, Texas. I have never heard a Nisei complain of this. Yet they must wonder why, where casualties were so high and bravery so conspicuous, they were not more frequently commissioned in the field.

The faint breath of prejudice blows across even their bright field of valor.

Several hundred Nisei girls volunteered for the Women's Army Corps. They had extraordinary hurdles to jump in order to get into uniform. To alien parents the idea of women in uniform was repulsive, entirely at odds with the idea of woman's place. Somehow the idea of immorality got attached to women in military service, and determined young women had all this to overcome once the army had opened its ranks to them. Men's place was to serve the nation, but woman's place was to serve the man.

Women during the war years were getting into industry too. Nisei girls became lathe operators and technicians. They were nurses, garment workers, secretaries.

The need for manpower drew both men and women out of the relocation centers into war production. Also, as war jobs attracted men away from other work, the Nisei filled the empty places. They maintained railroads, dug in mines, worked in frozen food plants. They worked on farms from Utah to New Jersey, and in canning factories all over the nation.

The federal government needed Nisei to fill jobs for which no one else could qualify. The Office of War Information needed them as research workers, translators, announcers for radio programs beamed at Japan. The Federal Communications Commission needed them as moni-

tors to pick up vitally useful broadcasts intended to be heard in Japan alone. The Office of Censorship used them to read internee mail. Nisei with stenographic skills were also in demand. Yet the federal government made it difficult and humiliating both for the officer who wanted to employ a Nisei and for the Nisei who was willing to work, by applying a special set of rules. Other Americans were employed immediately, subject to a later security check. Nisei had to wait weeks, sometimes months until such a check had been completed—despite the fact that the intelligence agencies had already checked and rechecked the Japanese population. Then they were sometimes turned down on grounds that would scarcely have excited even a Dies Committee investigator. Candidates for OWI positions were turned down by Civil Service without being given a chance to defend themselves and not even the officer who wanted to employ them was told why. This in spite of the fact that even if they had desired to obstruct the war effort, the worst they could have done was to mistranslate a passage which would immediately be corrected by an editor, or to misphrase a recording that was never released on the air until it had been checked by Caucasian monitors.

Despite these restrictions the Nisei—and a number of aliens as well—formed the backbone of our intelligence and propaganda work against Japan. They taught in the navy language school which was preparing (Caucasian) officers for combat intelligence in the Pacific. They were our only saviors from an ignorance of enemy activities which would seriously have slowed down our victory over the Japanese. Most of them came out of concentration camps to perform this service.

Long before the army called for volunteers to form the 442nd, it had combed the relocation centers for men with a knowledge of Japanese and had asked them to volunteer. It had taken them to Camp Savage (and later to Fort Snelling in Minnesota) where the Military Intelligence Service Language School, operating with a teaching staff composed mostly of Issei and Nisei, prepared them for the work they were to do. Over four thousand graduates (85 per cent of whom were Japanese) left the school to take part in every campaign in the Pacific.

Arthur Komori of Honolulu was in the Philippines with Wainwright. Ordered out before the fall of Bataan, he helped establish ATIS, the Allied Translation and Intelligence Service, which came to have over a thousand Nisei and which translated between two and three million pages of documents. American Nisei were in demand not only by our own forces, but by the British, the Australians, and all our other allies

in the Pacific. We were the only ones fortunate enough to have Japanese among our own people.

The enemy had no inkling of the extent to which we were able to decipher their messages. Relying on the supposed security of their difficult language, they took inadequate precautions. But even their codes we were able to break.³

Admiral Koga, then Commander in Chief of the Combined Fleets, was captured when his plane was forced down in the Philippines. From him was taken the complete Japanese battle plan for the naval defense of the Philippines, in code. Nisei deciphered it. The fleet was disastrously defeated, practically annihilated.

Japan's whole plan for the land defense of the Philippines was learned from captured documents before our troops ever set foot on Leyte.

It became almost routine for Nisei translators to work so quickly that artillery was dropping shells on enemy command posts and emplacements within twenty minutes of the receipt of a document revealing their position.

From one sheet of carbon paper used three times translators were able to obtain the course of a movement of warships, the strength of a Japanese regiment, and the current issue and dosage of malaria preventive.

Fourteen Nisei were with Merrill's Marauders in Burma. During battles they would crawl close enough to the enemy to hear the commands of the officers. They tapped wires behind enemy lines. Operating with the OSS they made parachute jumps deep into Kachin territory and miles inside the area the enemy was supposed to be holding.

Regarded at first with hostility and suspicion by the units they were assigned to, in danger always of being mistakenly shot as enemies, the Nisei gained respect and prestige once men learned how their own lives depended on what the Nisei could learn. Those who at first opposed their use became their most enthusiastic supporters.

General Charles Willoughby, MacArthur's Chief of Staff for Intelligence, says their work shortened the war by two years. Handling top secret information, they uncovered data on the real strength of the Japanese army which led to a complete revision in our plans for ship-building at a saving of billions, and saved a good many men from the draft by a downward revision of the Selective Service program. In Europe they tapped sources revealing the extent of Japanese liaison with the Germans.

Never before in history, say military officers, did one army know so much about its enemy prior to actual engagement as did the American

army throughout most of the Pacific campaign. The Nisei were our secret weapon.

I suppose there is no harm in revealing now the fact that practically every Japanese soldier kept a diary. When the Japanese command learned that we were getting valuable information from captured diaries, it forbade soldiers to keep them. But they went right on doing it. Some inner compulsion forced them to get their fears and worries down on paper. The diaries gave us more than military information of immediate value. They revealed conditions at home, the feeling of the men toward their officers, the state of their morale. Some of this material was put to immediate use in breaking down enemy morale, through the preparation of leaflets or through loud speaker appeals across the lines—again by Nisei. A good deal more could have been used in our overall propaganda campaign—to let the Japanese at home know what their troops were suffering, to carry to their officials and newsmen the true story of the war which the militarists were hiding. But we were never permitted to use this material in any significant amount, even after the Japanese were well aware that we had it.

When areas had been taken from the enemy the Nisei became as important to military government as they had been to military intelligence. They served as interpreters in the hundred phases of occupation when community life was being restored to a people generally left with nothing but the rags they wore. By earning the confidence of the people they made the task of military government easier throughout the Pacific islands.

In the occupation of Japan they were indispensable. Here indeed Louis Adamic's idea of the "two way passage" worked out to a remarkable degree. They were the bridge on which the occupying authorities met the Japanese people and government. They monitored radio programs, read and checked newspapers, assisted in the recovery of war materials and gold stocks, arrested war criminals, interpreted at the war crimes trials and wherever else they were needed. In converting war plants to peacetime use they were, said one commanding officer, "three men in one—soldiers, interpreters and technicians, and worth their weight in gold in every category."

I saw enough of the occupation myself, beginning five days after the surrender, to know that we would have been hopelessly lost without the Nisei. In 1947 MacArthur was still calling for more of them. He knows, as the public in America does not, that much of the credit for an incredibly smooth and orderly occupation should go to the Japanese Americans

whose very presence was reassuring to the Japanese—a living proof of the interracial quality of American democracy, a guarantee that they would not be mistreated because of their race.

Though the navy refused to admit Nisei until the war was over, it borrowed as many as it could get from the army. But at least one Nisei, evading the discriminatory rule, got to the Pacific as a Marine. When the war ended, the navy announced that it would accept Nisei in all branches.

While the Nisei were dying in Italy and saving thousands of American lives and dollars in the Pacific, West Coast Fascists were busily trying to inflame public opinion against them. In December 1944 the American Legion in Hood River, Oregon, removed from the honor roll the names of the sixteen Nisei who were fighting fascism overseas. This time racism had gone too far. A wave of protest swept the country. Even the Legion National Commander, though the Legion had been anti-Japanese from the beginning, felt obliged to disavow the act. But Hood River held fast. Frank Hachiya, one of the sixteen, died of battle wounds on Leyte. The Hood River papers ran ads stating that now was a good time for Japanese to sell their land in Hood River since no one wanted them back.

In the face of this shameful display of greed and ungratefulness the nation was aroused until finally the pressure was great enough three months later to force those names back on the honor roll.

One of the great men of the war, General Joseph Stilwell, summed it all up when he said:

The Nisei bought an awful big hunk of America with their blood. You're damn right those Nisei boys have a place in the American heart, now and forever. And I say we soldiers ought to form a pickaxe club to protect Japanese Americans who fought the war with us. Any time we see a barfly commando picking on these kids or discriminating against them, we ought to bang them over the head with a pickaxe. I'm willing to be a charter member. We cannot allow a single injustice to be done to the Nisei without defeating the purposes for which we fought.

Wilson Makabe came home on a hospital ship from Europe with only one leg, and that broken in five places. A few days before Christmas he got a letter from his brother. It said that their home in Loomis, California, had been burned to the ground by hoodlums.

Minoru Ohashi, honorably discharged, returned to his farm near Fresno. One night five shots were fired into his house from a car. One bullet missed him by six inches. Another nearly struck his brother-in-law, also a veteran.

The Sakamoto family, the parents and three daughters, returned from a relocation center to find their home destroyed by fire. Three of their four sons were in the United States Army fighting for freedom. The fourth son had died fighting in Europe.

Mary Masuda, sister of four GIs, one a hero who died after walking through two hundred yards of enemy fire to set up a mortar position, came back to Talbert, California, to explore the possibilities of returning home. She was threatened by local farmers, told that her life was in danger unless she got out and did not come back. But Mary thought about her brothers who had been willing to risk their lives for freedom. She reported the threat to the sheriff's office. When in spite of the threats Mary came back with her parents, General Joseph Stilwell visited their plain, weather-beaten little home to pin the soldier's medal on Mary, a posthumous award to her brother.

And Mary, with tears filling her eyes, said: "I know he would want me to say that he was only doing his duty as a soldier of our beloved country."

XXIII

RETURN FROM EXILE

When the army first planned the evacuation of the Coast, it expected the people to find their own homes in states to the east. But even the few thousand who tried to make new homes for themselves were threatened with violence, refused service in restaurants, turned away from filling stations, jailed, or forced to turn back. If the Japanese weren't good enough for California, they weren't good enough for Nevada, Arizona or Utah.

When voluntary evacuation was given up and WRA established, the first Director, Milton Eisenhower, expected that the people could be temporarily housed in CCC camps throughout the country in order to work on nearby farms, and that others could be sent to camps designed to hold a thousand people or so, until jobs opened up for them in industry.¹

But Eisenhower's meeting with the governors of ten Western states forced a complete change of plan. The governors, with the exception of Governor Carr of Colorado who retained a creditable sense of balance and a belief in American principles, rejected any plan which would bring Japanese into their states except as residents of detention camps under armed guard.

The conference had scarcely dissolved before the same states were clamoring for evacuee help. A plan was drawn by which evacuees in the assembly centers could be released for seasonal work. The response of people who had already been kicked out of most of these states and who read false charges against themselves in every day's paper was not wildly enthusiastic. When Idaho beet sugar interests sent recruiters to the Puyallup center in Washington, they found a clipping of Governor Clark's anti-Japanese speech posted on the bulletin board and discovered that evacuees were not at all anxious to work in Idaho. Still, by the end of June (1942) about 1,500 workers had been recruited. The demand was many times greater. Loud cries of protest arose from aggrieved would-be

employers who now smelled sabotage. Yet more than 10,000 workers responded. They saved the sugar beet crop.

Meanwhile some people, including the American Friends Service Committee, had begun to wonder what would happen to the 2,500 Nisei students who had been going to college in the proscribed area. Their reputation for high scholarship was well known. Detained in desert camps, their careers would be permanently spoiled and their talents lost to the nation.

So in May (1942) the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council was formed with the backing of WRA, the War Department and prominent college officials. But by this time the country was alarmed over the "Japanese menace." Colleges which had never had Nisei saw no reason to begin taking them now. The War Department announced that no Nisei would be permitted to go to any college within twenty-five miles of a railroad terminus, but later relented so far as to give individual decisions on colleges willing to take Nisei. It was 1944 before the War Department, which had been recruiting Nisei by the thousands, saw fit to allow them free access to all universities except those engaged in secret war work, and to these also the Nisei might be admitted after special clearance. Finally in September all such restrictions were removed.

As a result of exasperating delays in Washington over clearances and the reluctance of some colleges to cooperate, the Council had placed only 152 of the 2,500 students when colleges opened in September (1942). It was not until midsummer of 1943 that the log jam of clearances was broken and 1,000 students enrolled.

By the time student relocation was really under weigh, the Nisei had been moved to relocation centers. They or their parents were earning from \$12 to \$19 a month and were dipping into savings, if they had any, for their daily needs. Few Nisei were in any position to finance a college education. Yet by working their way, the actual cash grant they needed was very small—on the average, \$220. The Student Relocation Council obtained funds and scholarships from churches, private donors, and the World Student Service Fund. Still, of the 3,000 students relocated before the West Coast was reopened, only 740 received grants through the Council. The others made it on their own.

As center life began to make inroads upon the Nisei, they became apathetic about going to college, fearing discrimination or mistreatment. To attack this, the Council sent Nisei who had made outstanding records into the camps to talk with potential students.

The 3,000 students spread out to 550 colleges and universities throughout the country.* They made a tremendously impressive record. Though most of them were supporting themselves, though they were adjusting to new campuses and though concern for their families and their own depreciated citizenship might easily have thrown them off balance, they made a B+ average. At least five were elected presidents of student government. Many others became class presidents and filled other roles in campus life. Lillian Ota, while a student at Wellesley, competed for graduate fellowships at Michigan, Yale, Rochester, Bryn Mawr and Smith—and won all five! Oberlin chose a Nisei to head the Student Council. Naomi Nakano won a scholarship at the University of Pennsylvania, made Phi Beta Kappa, was elected president of her class and of the Women's Student Government Association, won a fellowship to Bryn Mawr and took a Master's Degree there, and returned to Pennsylvania to teach and study for the doctorate. For good measure her younger sister won a DAR essay contest on good citizenship and chalked up "an unprecedented scholastic average of 97 per cent" in high school.

Most important, the Nisei best equipped to represent their people, coming into communities where they had never been known before, exploded the ridiculous notions about "the Japs" fostered by the West Coast campaign. As a vanguard of resettlement they were of great value, while those who went to small colleges experienced a life that in contrast with what they had known on the Coast opened new vistas and new understanding of America.

Fifty thousand of the evacuated people were employable. For a fraction of what it cost to maintain them they could have been investigated, and the majority of them poured into the depleted labor pool. But WRA could only move as fast as public sentiment and army restrictions permitted. The pace was not very fast.

Ever while most of the evacuees were still in assembly centers WRA had announced (in July 1942) regulations for permanent relocation. Only those who had never lived in Japan and who had definite job offers could apply, and many of these were refused clearance by the army. In October the regulations were somewhat eased, but the process of clearance was still so clumsy and the fear of "the outside" so great that not many were getting out.

The demand for their skills was far ahead of the number being cleared. By September 1942 two transcontinental railroads had asked for a thou-

* 5,522 students had been placed by July 1946 when the Council ended its work.

sand maintenance men. Office workers were wanted in Chicago, social case workers in New York, seamen for Atlantic shipping (they were later, after living through several voyages into war zones, removed from their ships because of their ancestry), hotel workers in Salt Lake City, science teachers in North Dakota, wine chemists, linotype operators, Diesel engineers, dental technicians.

Almost as soon as field offices were established in the inter-mountain states to handle the seasonal farm workers, they had also begun to find permanent jobs for those who did not want to return to the centers. By the fall of 1942 other offices had been opened in the East and Midwest. Cooperating with WRA, the Federal Council of Churches established a Committee on Resettlement of Japanese Americans.

By March 1943 WRA had further simplified leave clearance and was offering modest financial aid for those wanting to relocate. Its emphasis now was on resettlement: it wanted to get people out of the centers, it wanted to disperse them throughout the country so that there would be no more Little Tokyos, and it wanted to aid their integration into new communities.

Job offers exceeded the number of employables. But center residents, convinced as a result of many hostile press articles that they would face resentment and even danger "on the outside," hung back. Industrial employers and housewives who had seen the solution to all their problems in the employment of Nisei were angered that WRA could not deliver the goods. But WRA had to make haste slowly. One or two conspicuous failures would have soured the whole program.

By July 1943 the majority of the center residents were processed and eligible to leave. Employers were asking for them. But now they didn't want to go. Less than ten thousand had moved out permanently, most of these single men and women in their twenties or young married couples with no dependents. Why were the rest holding back? The reasons were many and complicated. They feared public sentiment, they lacked funds to tide them over an emergency—sickness, accident, or loss of job. They thought they would not be able to find housing. They felt that they could not earn enough to support their dependents. The influence of repatriates was strong in some blocks, throwing ridicule upon those who believed that America would give them a fair chance after all it had done to them. Parents enjoying the relative stability after all the kicking around they had taken dissuaded their children. These were conscious reasons. But the unconscious motivation was even stronger—the memory of hard times and exploitation that had followed them most of their lives, the

fear of beginning over again, the uncertainty of the reception they would get, the loss of friends and status, and most of all fear of the unknown.

For the Issei mutual dependence on the Coast, economically and socially, had made life possible and worth while. Now WRA wanted to spread them out, and they could not see the possibility of existing among people they believed hostile. As aliens, they were uncertain what fate awaited them after the war. Everyone noted how evacuation had aged the Issei, making them preoccupied and withdrawn. Such psychological neutrality became a necessity as their sons went into the army and sentiment continued to hold them to a Japan which was no political reality but simply a memory of their lost youth. Some felt that the army in taking their sons made resettlement impossible. Independent farmers who might have found farm work were unwilling to face the loss of status involved in becoming laborers again—hated position from which they had risen through years of hard work.

There were factors, on the other hand, which encouraged resettlement, even of Issei. Most likely to resettle were people from blocks where the residents had good education, were Christians, spoke English, and came from an urban community. Farmers most likely to resettle were those who had lived a long time in the United States, who had adult sons able to relocate with them, who were in good health, who had experience in growing several kinds of crops, some capital, independence of judgment, and favorable relations with Caucasians before the war.²

Those who got out of the centers still had plenty of hurdles ahead. Worst of all was their own sensitivity, the result of everything that had happened to them. They felt people staring at them. They heard someone say, "Look, there go two Japs." And in defense they built up an "I don't give a damn" attitude—a cockiness obviously compensatory.

The loneliness and the feeling of identification had been driven in so thoroughly by concentration that Nisei resettlers would stop in the streets of Chicago or Philadelphia or Cleveland to greet each other. The first question would be, "What center are you from?" And then, "Where are you from on the Coast?" Usually some mutual acquaintance or coincidence could be discovered, and the contact was made. Nisei stopped greeting each other when their numbers grew, but "Pardon me, but weren't you at Manzanar?" (or Poston, or Minidoka) came to be a standing joke where young men on the make tried to get acquainted with the girls.

Sometimes there seemed to be no solution to the problem of loneliness. Marian Nikomoto, a hospital technician and honor graduate of the Uni-

versity of California, went to work in a town where there were no other Nisei. The nurses would not associate with her outside the hospital. She was made to feel so uncomfortable in restaurants that she preferred to eat alone in her small apartment. Not a single pastor or church member invited her to church. She had to pay a higher rent than anyone else in her apartment house and to accept a salary lower than that of other technicians with less training. Twenty-five years old, attractive, thoroughly American in thought and action, Marian was isolated in the midst of an American city as if she had a dangerous disease.⁸

Another graduate of the University of California had majored in journalism but had never been able to get a newspaper job and had gone to work for a dairy. In relocation camp he got his first chance at journalism as editor of the newspaper. Offered a job on a dairy trade paper where he could combine his two backgrounds, he was afraid to accept. Living in camp did that to many. Self-confidence is a tender plant. Distrust and neglect are hard on it. He did accept a printing job at which he was soon making \$113 a week, with the likelihood of going much higher within a few years. But when the West Coast was opened, he went back to his dairy job.

Community acceptance ranged all the way from that of the Madison, Wisconsin, church which made Mae Hara, experienced musician, its choir leader to the Denver minister who detained a Nisei girl after Sunday service to say, "Wouldn't you feel more at home in your own church?"

In 1940 there were only 47 Japanese in Saint Louis. When WRA opened an office in April 1943, they began to trickle in. But after a year there were still only 362, three-quarters of the arrivals single, most of them young and without dependents. Seventy per cent were between the ages of fifteen and thirty.

The people coming to Saint Louis were of high calibre. Students first, sometimes followed by their families, then office workers and professional people—doctors, technicians, artists. The sponsors of the Nisei in Saint Louis opened no hostel in the early phase, and counselled against moving into marginal areas. Consequently Saint Louis did not attract resettlers in large numbers. When the peak had passed, it had only 600.

But it had good people—people like the Obatas. Chiura Obata, a distinguished artist and professor from the University of California, took a job with a commercial studio. His son, Kim, joined him, but soon set up in a business of his own with some Caucasian girls. When he first came

to Saint Louis from relocation camp he could scarcely ask for a soda, he was so self-conscious. Everyone in the street car seemed to be looking at him. He was "stir happy." But success brought confidence. His business prospered; he and his wife moved into a home of their own.

Sam Nakano, experienced in the produce line, became produce manager for a large chain of super-markets.

Frank Hayashida, young and with little capital or experience, went into the dry cleaning business, extended his activities to laundry and dressmaking, and succeeded in all.

Margaret Echigoshima, capable young law student, was taken into an outstanding Saint Louis law firm when she graduated from Washington University. Within a short time she was made a junior partner.

Acceptance was good in Saint Louis from the very first, thanks to good planning. A city with a color line, it nevertheless accepted the Nisei as full-fledged Americans. This led to another problem, for there was a danger that the Nisei, accepted in hotels and theaters and residential areas that barred Negroes, would acquire a white bias, forgetting that in a nation of minorities they would threaten their own security by acquiring prejudices against any other group. One answer was the Inter-American Night held weekly at Christ Church Cathedral where Nisei had a chance to meet Negroes and Caucasians in easy social circumstances.

Social acceptance went as far as the Nisei were willing to carry it, sometimes farther. Many Nisei denied themselves social outlets, driven by a compulsion to make up for lost time, to collect a nest egg, to feel secure. The "bootchie" (Japanese) influence began to appear in exclusively Nisei athletic teams and parties. Yet there was a good deal of mixed dancing and some mixed dating.⁴

Even the most "integrated," the Nisei whose friends were mostly Caucasian, missed the warm intimacy of the West Coast communities. "We miss the easy give and take," said one. "There are barriers we can't overcome." And the wife of a YMCA swimming coach said, "My neighbors are awfully friendly. They tell me all their thoughts and troubles and everything. But I can't talk to them that way—yet. Maybe I can after we've been here a while."

Then something came along to give the Nisei perspective on how far they had gone. Beginning in March 1945, a dozen train car loads of evacuees bound home from the Rohwer relocation center had five-hour stopovers in Saint Louis. Through cooperation between church and Nisei groups, the travelers were given a chance to stretch their legs, eat, and see a real American city for the first time in three years.

The first trainload took a lot of persuading. They were afraid to be seen in a city in the United States of America even though most of them had sons in the army. Their neurosis was a mild form of the disease which was making such holes in the minds of Nazi victims.

A caravan of cars took the travelers all over Saint Louis. One father, broken-hearted when his two-star lapel button—his passport to America—broke apart, was made happy by a trip to a five and ten cent store where the loss could be replaced. Children went to the zoo. The younger ones had no memory of such a world as this. They had never even climbed a flight of stairs. Revolving doors and escalators fascinated them. This was their birthright, yet it was make-believe come true. The church people who acted as hosts had their eyes opened to the real meaning of evacuation. They are not likely to forget the eyes of the children, or the poorly enunciated, ever-repeated "thank-yous" of the Issei.

The war over, many Saint Louis Nisei went to the West Coast for a summer holiday, and some were permanently drawn back to join parents who could not bear to leave the few acres they had won with a lifetime of toil or the small shop that represented their investment in America. Less than half of those living in Saint Louis in the fall of 1946 were willing to say that they would stay there permanently, favorable as its reception of them had been. California was still El Dorado.

What Saint Louis had done for them, though, was summed up in this quiet comment of a girl who had gone for a ride in a car and stopped at a drive-in restaurant:

Somewhere many years gone by we had sat like this. Then too, as now, we had felt so normal. We had thought, "This is my home, my country." We hadn't thought that for years. It wasn't any tremendous event, it was just this short comfortable trip that made us aware with satisfaction of the extent of our relocation.⁵

New York, different in most things, was different in the quality of its Japanese community. As early as 1876 there had been Japanese dealers in silk and chinaware, and almost as early in Japanese objects of art. Before 1907 a good many Japanese worked as cooks and stewards on ships of the American navy and in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Never more than five thousand at the peak, the Japanese when war broke out numbered about two thousand. Although a few well-established families had become real New Yorkers, they were mostly of two groups—the consular officials and transient business men (*tabigarasu*), and the "men from the sea"—sailors

who had jumped ship and were in the country illegally. Most of these worked as domestics or as restaurant help. Many followed the seasons up and down the coast from Florida to New England, some making as much as twenty thousand a year as *natsuba*, operating games of chance at carnivals and resorts. They in turn supported the small importers around Union Square with their purchases of Japan-made prizes.

The community early expressed itself in formal organizations. To care for the poor, the Japanese Mutual Aid Society was formed in 1907 under the leadership of Dr. Toyohiko Takami. In 1905, under the sponsorship of Dr. Takamine, discoverer of adrenalin,* the Nippon Club was formed. After the building of a clubhouse in 1912 it was the focus for social activities of the upper-crust Japanese. The Japan Society in 1907—another upper-crust organization which brought together Japanese and Americans for mutual understanding, and the Japanese Association in 1914 provided a formal framework for the small well-to-do community. These organizations, however, did not create a Little Tokyo. Though there were several Christian churches, there was never a language school. Both the well-to-do and the illegal entrants were absorbed into the city—the merchant-consular group through social exchanges with Americans of good economic or cultural standing, the others often by intermarriage. Fifty-one per cent of the married had non-Japanese wives. These unions must have been accomplished with ingenuity, since often the principals did not speak the same language. One Japanese valet fell in love with a Swiss parlor maid. He spoke halting English, she spoke only German. The tongue-tied swain hunted out a Japanese who spoke German, the maiden said yes—or at least *ja*, and the marriage was consummated. Whether the couple went on speaking different languages, thus discovering a new technique of marital harmony, the informant does not say.

Most of the Nisei in New York before the war were minors, and were outnumbered by the Issei. Of those old enough to work, most held clerical or office jobs.

In the period of resettlement, the Eastern Defense Command made it virtually impossible for WRA to relocate anyone in New York until 1945.** Even when the gates were opened, New York in spite of its acceptance of minorities failed to attract like Chicago. For one thing, salaries were generally lower, though a couple willing to be domestics could

* See Chap. XXVI.

** In December 1943 Dillon Myer served warning that he would no longer continue to keep Nisei with clear records out of Eastern cities.

get up to \$350 a month in addition to board and room. About two thousand came from the centers, but there has been some shifting back and forth since.

One of the most popular trades was that of lapidary. One Nisei girl designed and made dresses for the smart shops. She was soon employing others. The Issei, when they came out to join their children, found mostly unskilled jobs. But the women were in demand as painters on glass and chinaware at \$35 to \$40 a week.

The resettlers pumped new blood into the Christian and Buddhist organizations which had served the pre-war community. The area around Columbia University, long popular with the Japanese, now blossomed with Issei housewives and neat-looking high school girls instead of the former students and immaculate business men. The lack of prejudice helped people to feel at home. The old pattern of well-to-do clubmen and hand-to-mouth workers was transformed into the less spectacular but more normal one of family living.

For some Issei the change brought emancipation from Little Tokyo. Mrs. Yanagi had spent her whole adult life in Alameda, coming over as a young picture bride from Japan. Tied to the little Japanese community and shaped by it, she had hoped for a Japanese victory and had bitterly opposed her sons' volunteering. But as the Nisei GIs gained fame she gradually changed her mind. After moving to New York to join a daughter her identification with America became complete. Another Issei, trained in his early years as a sculptor but having worked most of his life as a farmer, found a job which delighted him. He carved new parts for broken antiques and art objects.

The tolerance, the lack of any ill will which was New York's best gift to resettlers, was best seen in the case of an Issei, an enemy alien, who after free care at a city hospital during an extended illness, wrote to complain about the treatment he had received. He got a courteous reply from the Mayor.⁶

Mariko Ozaki left Minidoka Relocation Center early in 1943 for Washington. She liked the capital city for herself, but it did not seem to be the right place for her family—her mother and four minor children still in the center. There was also a sister hospitalized on the West Coast. There was a brother in the army. But Mariko was the only wage earner.

In October she transferred to Philadelphia, a city which was attracting family groups, and which had a reputation for friendliness counterbalanced by low pay. But Mariko was not ready for the family yet. It was

almost the end of 1944 before she was able to call her fourteen-year-old sister out and put her in school. Setsuko "made such a wonderful adjustment," says Mariko, "that I decided the sooner my family left the center, the better off they would be." The other children were willing enough, but to Mrs. Ozaki Seattle was home; her invalid daughter was still there.

When Mariko, with the aid of WRA and the Philadelphia Department of Public Assistance, had arranged for the hospitalized sister to be brought East, a major hurdle was overcome. But then she had to find a home. An unfurnished three-floor house that would be within her means by subletting the top floor turned up at last. Mariko cashed her war bonds to buy the bare necessities for the five rooms. Caucasian friends contributed dishes, silverware, pillows. Two years and three months after Mariko had started work in Washington, more than three years since they had left the Coast, the Ozakis had a home.

The family, crowded for three years into a single bare room, found their five rooms palatial. The kids quickly made neighborhood friends. And Mother, lonely at first, kept herself busy caring for the house. When her soldier son came home on furlough she was able to say, "I've finally gotten used to Philadelphia."

"I happen to be the only breadwinner in the family," Mariko said, "and our budget has to be followed very closely. But we are managing and living a normal life once more. Can we ask for anything more?"

It was in Philadelphia (which attracted about 750 resettlers) that I had the good fortune to meet Japan-born George Yamamoto. George was the storm center of the ruckus that received a lot of publicity in 1944 when neighbors of the New Jersey farmer who had hired him set fire to a barn and demonstrated enough hostility to remove him and other Japanese farm workers from the community. What got into the newspapers made the battle look like racial prejudice against the Japanese. Actually it was a different but still primitive emotion—private jealousy and greed.

The farmer George went to work for was a Ukrainian. He had a few acres in vegetables and was doing well enough. But George, formerly manager of a big farm near Stockton, California; looked at five hundred swampy acres lying idle. Accustomed to drainage operations, it hurt him to see this land going to waste. The owner had done a little pumping, but George told him, "Here we got radar and planes flying around, and you use an eighteenth century pump." So George got permission to drain the land. When the neighbors, many of them Poles who did not love the

Ukrainian, saw what was happening, they began to react. For they were doing well with twenty acres. Their neighbor, with over five hundred, would grow rich.

So George Yamamoto left Great Meadows.

He was more fortunate in Newtown where an understanding owner was delighted to have him farm on shares. He was able to have his children with him, all but one who had entered the army. They did well. One was elected class president. When a daughter received scholastic honors at commencement, the audience clapped "like at a show," George said. Neighbors invited him to church. America had slapped him down two or three times before, but he wasn't discouraged, he was doing all right.

George tells his daughter, "You American, you marry white boy, all right, so long he's no bum I have to support. This America. You marry anybody you like."

George says about the older Issei, "Those old fellows think Japan great country, think Japan won the war. They gone soon. It makes them happy, what harm? They die, go to heaven happy."

And George says to young Nisei lads who complain about the deprivation of their rights: "I'm alien Jap, you're American. You come work for me, I make you real American." And he's right. Because Americanism is not a matter of race. And George Yamamoto has an American heart.

Other cities attracting resettlers were Denver (3,124), Salt Lake City (2,002), Chicago (11,309), Detroit (1,649), Minneapolis (1,354), Cincinnati (616) and Cleveland (3,089).⁷

Both Denver and Salt Lake City had small Japanese populations before the war. When evacuees were urged to go into the inter-mountain states as beet workers during the spring and fall of 1942, some found jobs to keep them permanently in the two cities. Around this nucleus enclaves were formed which attracted still other evacuees, until there were 2,310 in Denver by February 1944—seven times the pre-war number. They were mostly (73 per cent) Nisei, and they were concentrated in the sub-standard rooming house area around Larimer Street that had been Denver's original business district.⁸ Restraints were used to keep the resettlers in this run-down area, and Nisei occasionally suffered insults and hostility. But by cutting off the flow of resettlers, WRA averted any serious outbreak.

A Nisei veteran who had lost a leg in combat saw a "No Japs Allowed"

sign in a restaurant. He went in and gave the proprietor the tongue-lashing he deserved. The sign disappeared.

Frank Yama bought a \$17,000 home in a good residential section. Thirty Caucasian neighbors signed a petition against his taking occupancy and sent a threatening letter. The JACL, the Denver Unity Council and religious groups went to work. Letters explaining his constitutional rights were sent to the signers. Ten families were persuaded to withdraw from the petition. The rest remained hostile or indifferent. But Frank moved in, there was no trouble, and many neighbors became friendly.

Denver also illustrates the kind of family breakup which, to a people valuing the family so highly, has been a real hardship. The Hirai family was evacuated from the Sacramento Valley to Granada. Mr. Hirai found a seasonal farm labor job which provided a two-room labor camp house for his wife and two children, ten and two. But except for short seasons Mr. Hirai cannot make a living at Fort Lupton, where his family is. He works as a dishwasher in Denver, living in a cheap boarding house and spending Sundays with his family. Another son, a discharged veteran, goes to radio school in Denver during the day and is a bartender at night. He does not live with his father, but with another Nisei. A second veteran son is studying chick sexing in Georgia, another son is with the occupation troops in Japan, and an eighteen-year-old daughter lives with her husband in southern Colorado.

About a third of the Denver people expect to return to the West Coast.

Most popular of any city except Chicago (which is discussed in Chapter XXV) was Cleveland. Three things account for it. WRA opened an office there in the early stages of resettlement. Good jobs were available at good wages. And a local committee of influential people, organized as early as November 1942, led the community to accept the Japanese. A hostel was opened. Max Franzen, its director, followed every possible lead to locate housing. He soon found that though landlords were reluctant the first time, they invariably opened up other apartments once they had tried the Japanese.

Cleveland accepted the Nisei, even beyond their capacity to receive. It gave them good jobs. Graduate engineers, forced to be fruit store clerks on the West Coast, got a chance to practice their profession. Nisei found managerial positions which had rarely been open to them in the West—one a head druggist, another the foreman of a confection business. Would

all these things—good jobs, high pay, social acceptance—persuade the Nisei to settle permanently in Cleveland?

One man said, "Before the war I didn't have the nerve to leave the home town. I always talked about going East where I would have a chance in my technical field, but I didn't feel like leaving my friends. Well, the evacuation took care of that. Now I'm in the East and I'm going to stay here."

But the head pharmacist gave up his job, the best he had ever had, and returned to the Coast "on account of his wife's health." The foreman in the confection factory, better off than he had ever been before, went back twice "to look around." Maybe he has gone back for good by now.

Cincinnati had the reputation in at least one relocation center of being far and away the best city in the country for resettlement. From the beginning it had an excellent reputation for friendliness, partly perhaps because before the war there had been only four Japanese families there, all of whom had moved in the best society. Cincinnati had known the Japanese, and known them favorably, for a long time. The master designer of a pottery works had first come there in 1882. Madame Sugimoto, author of *A Daughter of the Samurai*, had made her home and raised her two daughters there. An active citizen's committee of all faiths and races tackled the problems of housing, employment, social outlets. Two Nisei were elected deacons in a Presbyterian church. Others played on company basketball teams. Two brothers opened a chain of fruit markets.

Cincinnati was a friendly town. Yet one of the deacons gave up a very good job as accountant to return home and open an insurance business.

The pattern of resettlement, except for the inter-mountain states where there was some settling on farms, was mostly urban. Even families which had spent their lives in the San Joaquin Valley or in the orchard country of Placer County and in Oregon did their best to make homes in New York or Chicago or Philadelphia. But there was one outstanding and unique exception—Seabrook Farms at Bridgeton, New Jersey.

C. F. Seabrook, operator of 15,000 acres of vegetables grown for freezing and canning, like everyone else was looking for reliable help. Early in 1944 he decided to try the Nisei. Some single men came in January; they did well. In June family groups began to arrive. By 1946 there was a population of two thousand. The people of nearby Bridgeton were upset about this invasion. They looked suspiciously at the new arrivals, they

were afraid there might be trouble, and they weren't sure they wanted to wait on Orientals.

Their fears died out as they got to know the people. "These people are clean, and they're polite," one storekeeper said. "We didn't know what we might be up against when they came. Tell the truth, I'd rather wait on them now than a good many of my white customers."

At Bridgeton High School the Nisei students have the reputation of being well behaved. Caucasian parents were apprehensive when Nisei kids practically took over the grammar school near the farms, but their cleanliness and intelligence put any legitimate fears to rest.

Many of the resettlers were housed in cinder-block apartments built by the Federal Public Housing Authority. Some were in substandard barrack-type buildings very like the relocation centers until additional housing units could be built. A few lived in small but attractive cottages. Social activities centered in the community building with its gymnasium for sports and dances, its reading room and small meeting or game rooms, its snack bar and, for single workers, a cafeteria. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts were organized on an interracial basis, and religious services both Christian and Buddhist were available in Japanese for the Issei.

I asked the director of social services, recently arrived, for her first impressions of the group.

"They're clean," she said. "They keep their homes clean, and their children and themselves. They're wonderful with their children—they take such good care of them, and keep their tempers and never strike them or act harshly toward them. The children are quiet; you never see them cry in public. If they get hurt, they'll hold onto the sore place and stand still and never whimper."

I asked her then what unfavorable characteristics she had observed.

"The only thing is the way the women hold back and don't assert themselves. They're too reserved and modest—too willing to let their husbands speak for them. But," she added with a smile, "it seems to work out well. The quality of their family life is good—very good."

The Nisei, and some Issei, are in many kinds of jobs. They are engineers, secretaries, packers, truck drivers, working side by side with Negroes and Caucasians. They belong to the union. Most of the clerks in the community store are of Japanese stock. The Caucasian customers seem to take them for granted. Most of the resettlers appear well satisfied, except for too long a slack season the first year.

The children are doing well—though their numbers make for abnormal concentration. The community is friendly. There is enough con-

centration to satisfy the Issei who are too old to change their language and customs. Yet for the younger there are opportunities for interracial activities. Perhaps the surest test of acceptance is this: you will find Nisei playing at the local golf club.*

By January 2, 1945 when they were permitted to return to the West Coast 35,000 Japanese had settled in other areas. With the Coast reopened and the camps scheduled to close within six months to a year, it might have been expected that departures for the East would stop. But this was not the case. Nearly half of the evacuees—52,000—had settled in other sections when the last of the centers was closed in March 1946. Some were merely completing plans laid before the Coast was opened, but others, disturbed by the wave of terrorism in California, decided that it would be safer to stay away. There was no rush to the sacred soil of California.

In February (1945) evacuee leaders from all the centers convened at Salt Lake City. The conference, after calling attention to the losses, suffering, fears and insecurity induced by evacuation and showing that many had drawn "duration" leases on their property or were unable to begin without their soldier sons, made twenty-one recommendations to WRA. These were thought extremely moderate by the Committee, which had had to batter down a campaign for far stiffer demands. They included increased grants to aid resettlement, readmission into centers of those failing to make a go of relocation, old people's homes for those unable to care for themselves, indemnity for damage or injury arising from West Coast hostility.

To those who clung to center life as to a safe haven, WRA's decision to force them out looked like one more broken promise, since they believed that they had been promised war-duration homes in the centers. Some sat tight in the belief that WRA would have to keep at least one center open for the unrellocatable residue. Very few were anxious to return to the West Coast. Those who did return early in 1945, had farms or businesses that could function without a supporting Nihonmachi.

But there were not many such men. Among the rest there was widespread fear of returning, and with good reason.

Even before the exclusion orders were rescinded, West Coast papers,

* Another attempt to use Nisei rurally in considerable numbers was made at the R. E. Wilson plantation in Arkansas. This 60,000 acre plantation which employs 10,000 people in its many activities planned to hire a thousand Nisei to raise fruit and vegetable crops on a share or contract basis. Some brought their own farm machinery with them, but the hope of attracting a large number did not materialize.

smelling the wind, had begun a campaign having many of the earmarks of the campaign that had ousted the Japanese in 1942. American Legion posts, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Native Sons of the Golden West passed resolutions. The California Farm Bureau was active. Governor Warren, who apparently had sources unavailable to the army, pontificated that their return might interfere with the war effort. Bar room commandos formed themselves into Ban the Jap Committees and Anti-Japanese Leagues and California Preservation Leagues and American Leagues. When one alien was permitted to return to Sacramento the *Bee* (a McClatchy paper) screamed "sneak technique"—a matter in which it had reason to consider itself expert.* The California Congressional delegation demanded an explanation. Imperial County planned a protest meeting. The *Los Angeles Examiner* on November 29 reported ominously that the Chief of Police would do his best to patrol the former Japanese area but would be powerless with his small staff in case they should be allowed to return before war's end. In Oregon Anti-Jap Inc. met to plan a strategy which the *Portland Oregonian* had the sense and courage to condemn. On December 14 the *San Francisco Chronicle* was bold enough to say that the uproar over the return was being artificially created—the same thing it had said about evacuation. By December 18, however—the day after rescission was announced—the *Washington* (D.C.) *Daily News* had the Mayor of Los Angeles anticipating riots. So, according to the *Chronicle*, did the Remember Pearl Harbor League and the Native Sons of the Golden West. Petitions began to circulate demanding revocation of the order. On December 21, according to the *Chronicle*, the Grange was still determined to prevent the evacuees' return. Editorials up and down the Coast condemned the army order. And the *Los Angeles Times*, about Christmas time, hauled out the dingy four-year-old argument that Nisei could "prove" their loyalty by staying away. The Nisei, having fallen for that once, were not impressed.

Scare headlines made Californians think that sixty thousand Japanese were poised at the border, waiting to overrun the sacred land once the gun was fired.

By early January the *San Francisco Examiner* was demanding sympathy for people who had received evacuation notices from heartless Japanese owners who had the unpardonable nerve to want to live in their own homes. A boycott was being staged in Placer County. In February the city fathers of Portland decided to refuse aliens the licenses they would need before reopening their shops. As late as April and May these

* See Chapter XVI, p. 213.

activities were going on. Perhaps the final irony was provided by the *Los Angeles Times* which used its right of free expression to prove that evacuation had really been in the best interest of the Japanese after all, as proved by the fact that some of them now preferred—for reasons unexplained by the *Times*—not to come back to California!

The West Coast press for crying havoc bears part of the responsibility for the incidents which followed.* To be sure, there was an acute housing shortage which would have made any influx a matter of resentment. But working from beneath such open sores was the real cause of the disease—a deep sense of guilt on the part of those who had profited from the evacuation, coming out (such is the magic of human behavior) in resentment against the very persons who had been wronged.

Hood River had jumped the gun in November by erasing the names of its sixteen Nisei soldiers from the honor roll. Editors throughout the country who hastened to congratulate the Hood River Legion post when it restored the names apparently did not know that the economic campaign against the Japanese was still being carried on by full page advertisements in the local paper advising the Nisei not to return. Nisei who saw their names listed there as undesirables, and who read the names of neighbors they had trusted on a statement which said they weren't wanted, found the replaced names on the honor roll a cynical gesture. Their fathers could remember how in the early twenties the same Legion post had originated an anti-Japanese campaign that had reached national proportions.

When the Nisei began returning to the Coast, acts took the place of threats. In the first half of 1945 more than thirty serious incidents had occurred throughout California, though plague spots were Placer County and a seventy-five mile area centering in Fresno. They included arson, shooting, vandalism, and threat of death or bodily harm. There were hundreds of minor incidents.

Sumio Doi returned to his farm in Placer County near Auburn early in January. Doi was an American citizen with two brothers in the army. Soon after he returned someone tried to burn down his packing shed, but he was able to put out the fire. The next night several cars drove up. When Doi started out to see who was there, shots were fired in his direction. Later he found dynamite under his shed, equipped with fuses which

* A few leading papers such as the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Portland Oregonian* were notably fair. Had their tone been followed, there would have been fewer shootings and incendiary fires.

had burned out. Four offenders were arrested. Even though guilt was admitted, their lawyer won his defense with the plea, "Let's keep this a white man's country."

On February 17 a home was ransacked in Sacramento. On March 29 a discharged Nisei soldier was shot at in Madera. On March 28 the first alien returning to his home in Vacaville was refused service at two restaurants. On April 12 a Nisei doctor was refused reinstatement in a Los Angeles hospital.

A veteran who had joined the army back in 1938, fought through the first Philippines campaign and been evacuated with wounds on the last transport, and had then fought in Italy and France with the 442nd, returned to his home in Pasadena. He had only one leg now; helping to rescue the Lost Battalion had cost him the other. His old barber refused to cut his hair. Eleven other barber shops turned him down, sometimes with anger and insults. He was turned away from twenty-four movie theaters. His name had been removed from the local war memorial.

But these manifestations of liberty and justice for all were not limited to California. In the states to the north, while violence was avoided, economic boycotts were effective. One returnee took a truckload of fresh vegetables into Portland. He had to return home with half of them though vegetables were scarce. Anti-Japanese groups had threatened to boycott any stores buying from "Japs." Other returnees were refused licenses to operate their businesses.

The Idaho State Grange recommended that no property be sold or rented to Japanese, and then solemnly reaffirmed its horror of discrimination on grounds of race or color.

Only two out of four hundred insurance companies doing business in California would insure Nisei car owners. By refusing liability insurance on trucks, they could make it impossible for a farmer to carry on his business.

The California Board of Equalization required a letter signed by army and navy officers before it would grant a sales tax license to a Nisei. The Civil Liberties Union had to start mandamus proceedings in order to put a stop to this.

A Nisei tried to buy a home in the attractive Sunset area of San Francisco. A bank brought pressure upon the owner not to sell. So he went back to the old Japanese area. And people began to accuse the Japanese of re-establishing their Little Tokyos.

In Loomis the wife of the minister of the Japanese Methodist Church was refused prenatal care. She had to go to a doctor in Sacramento, thirty

miles away, and have her baby there. Another Nisei woman, suffering from a miscarriage, was turned away from the doctor's office where she sought treatment.

But perhaps most ironic of all was the anti-Japanese truck operator in Watsonville who was moving goods for Japanese, returning to their homes. Plastered on the sides of his vans were signs reading "WE DON'T WANT JAPS."

These things were going on within a few miles of San Francisco where forty-eight nations were assembled to see if they could build an organization for world peace.

WRA met these crimes and resistances aggressively. Harold Ickes jumped with both feet on the communities that permitted such goings-on and on the courts that refused justice. The press across the nation was alive with protest. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, condemning the Washington (state) judge who had fined a confessed arsonist a thousand dollars for burning down four houses, said that he "had praised this kind of outlawry with faint damns."

Though the arsonists and the race-baiters made at first the most noise, many counties in California had organized groups who intended to see that the returning Japanese got a square deal. In Berkeley an interracial group set up a housing service. Early in January a conference was held in San Francisco to organize the strategy of fair play. By April the Fresno Fair Play Committee was ready to file eviction suits for Japanese unable to return to their homes. In Monterey a campaign led by the high school principal and backed by people like Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Jr. got five hundred influential people to support the Nisei publicly.

In Hood River, under the leadership of a Christian pastor, W. Sherman Burgoyne, the League for Liberty and Justice was formed. It openly resisted the efforts of the American Legion post and the Chamber of Commerce to intimidate the Nisei and prevent their return. It made a frontal attack on the shameful practice of refusing to sell groceries and other necessities to Nisei. In Hood River, as everywhere, a few real people went quietly about their acts of kindness while the rabble rousers were whooping it up—people like Carl Smith and his wife who had kept the Asai orchards weeded and irrigated.

In August when machinists of the San Francisco Municipal Railway threatened to strike in protest against the employment of a Nisei, Mayor Roger Lapham went down to the shop himself. "This man is entitled to his job," he told the men. And he told them why. The strike was averted.

A few more public officials with political and moral courage like that could have nipped hoodlumism from the start.

Up and down the Coast the churches were a powerful influence. They were the focal points of support for the Nisei. They provided workers who gave personal aid to resettlers, who helped them find jobs and housing in cooperation with the WRA offices which had been set up in all the principal cities to which the Japanese were returning.

The pressure of public opinion all over the country put California on the defensive. It came to the point where the civic pride of the separate communities was challenged and race baiting lost favor. At the beginning of 1945 the West Coast papers had been four to one against the Japanese. A year later they were four to one in favor of fair and equal treatment.

During the first half of 1945 about 16,000 people left the centers. Over 60,000 people (including the segregants at Tule Lake) still had to be accounted for.

In June and July WRA announced the closing dates for the centers. All were to be cleared between October 1 and December 15. To accomplish this against great resistance, WRA issued an instruction requiring project directors to set a deadline for every inhabitant who did not volunteer to leave. Internal security officers were to round up any center residents failing to meet the deadline. Packing boxes were delivered three days in advance. Some Issei who could not speak English were delivered to a railroad and left to shift for themselves.

Mr. Nakawatase, seventy-four years old, was given a departure date of October 16 from Minidoka. On the twelfth he was picked up and taken in his old clothes to the station. An official tried to give him an envelope containing money due him, his ration book and travel permit. He refused to accept it because he felt that he should have been allowed to stay in camp until his old age pension acceptance arrived. The WRA official called the sheriff, who put the old man on the train, placed the envelope on his lap, and told the conductor to "see that this man gets off at Seattle."⁹

Because by September, when these forced departures began, farmers on the Coast were clamoring for help, WRA could promise jobs and could place the returnees, even though in barns and tents, so long as there was even one worker in the family.

But long-term solutions were not so easily found. One family had been in a hostel in Fresno for six months when I arrived there in the spring of

1946. Three of their sons were in the army, a fourth was killed in combat and posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. The father had died in relocation camp, the mother was too ill to work, and the daughter and high school son could find no home. Finally a dependency discharge was arranged for one of the soldiers.

A Spanish War veteran, eighty-four years old and an American citizen, had been evacuated from the Veterans' Home in Los Angeles. There was no room for him when he came back. He was dumped into a trailer camp. He lay there on his narrow cot from one day's end to the next, thinking whatever thoughts come to a man in his situation. It was also possible for him to sit up on the edge of his bed, or with help to walk a few steps.

The self-reliant, the capable, had for the most part left the centers before the squeeze was put on. With some notable exceptions it was the least aggressive, the men burdened with the largest families, and those least able to help themselves who waited until the last. Many, bitter over what had happened to them, left all initiative to WRA. They took what emergency housing was offered. They went on relief. They were choosy about job offers. This was what three or four years of institutionalism had done to the most energetic people in the land.

As the "involuntary departures"—bureaucratic slang for forced removals—went on, WRA got hold of surplus barracks, trailers, and even tents to house the returning people. Christian groups opened hostels. Federal housing, available after war's end to displaced families, was used wherever available.

Wrote one youth, "Conditions at the hostels, my hostel conditions are all shot, no hot water, all the families cook on one stove. Other hostels are said to have hot water and other conditions I haven't seen. Well, looks all shot anyway." The large recreation hall of the Nishi Hongwanji temple in San Francisco looked like something hastily organized for flood relief, crowded to the edges with rows of cots. Men sat on the edges of their cots or lay quietly upon them, their few possessions stuffed beneath, towels spread out at the foot.

The inmates of the hostels were not there by choice. Though some were not very active on their own behalf, others were victims of circumstances. The owner of a nursery and some beach lots at Redondo had entrusted his property at evacuation to a church friend, leaving a thousand dollars in cash to cover mortgage payments. Eight months later the "friend" sent three hundred dollars from the sale of some equipment. A little later the owner was advised by the bank that it was foreclosing

on the lots. Helpless behind barbed wire and with no more savings, the man lost the property. When finally he returned home he found all his property lost, the "friend" missing after having used the thousand dollars to get a divorce. This evacuee and his family were in a hostel because they had nowhere else to go.

By the end of June (1945) the number of those going to the West Coast from the centers was beginning to equal the number departing for the East. By the end of November over six thousand people were there in temporary housing. The statistics do not reveal whether this number also includes those who slept in railroad stations and parks, under culverts and bridges.¹⁰ On some of the superannuated barracks used as emergency housing the government was collecting as much as two hundred dollars a month.

By December 15 (1945) the last of the relocation centers was closed. Tule Lake, now operated by the Department of Justice, stayed in business a few months longer. When it closed on March 20, 1946, 57,000 evacuees were back on the Pacific Coast, while 52,000 had settled elsewhere. Some Nisei leaders thought that by different tactics the WRA could have resettled another 25,000 east of the Rockies. But when the Coast was reopened in January only 31,625 had thus settled in nearly three years and with every possible inducement. If the evacuees had been allowed to stay in the centers "for the duration" would they have moved East any more willingly later on? Would Eastern communities have offered jobs and welcomed new residents with the prospect of finding homes and jobs for their own returning veterans?

WRA thought not. It felt the rigor mortis of a wardship mentality gripping the inhabitants. It was determined not to create another Indian Service, another set of reservation inmates. And it looked with some bitterness at its liberal critics who for quite different reasons demanded like the anti-Orientalists that the Japanese be kept in centers until suitable homes and jobs could be found for them. This, it felt, was just what the hate groups wanted and would seize on for a continuing campaign to prove that the Japanese were no good, that WRA was wasting taxpayers' money, and by inference to stir up sentiment against those who had returned to the Coast—thus undoing the hard work by which the Nisei had been raised to the highest position in public opinion they had ever enjoyed. WRA had seen enough of this sort of skirmishing to know how it worked.

And while anyone will agree with the liberal critics that some of the temporary housing was shameful, it is clear that this was better than per-

manent housing in a government reservation. In view of the recent tendency of resettlers everywhere to filter back to California, it is doubtful whether further effort to relocate the residue in the East would have had any permanent effect.

On May 15, 1946 WRA closed its last field office. No one was happier than the WRA leaders to bring the whole affair to a close. They had been criticized for everything, battered from the right and from the left, and praised for nothing. No one had criticized them more bitterly than the evacuees themselves, yet they had fought for the evacuees on every front. Granted their share of human error, they had done an amazingly good job.

The Japanese were back from exile, back home.* From the Israelites in Egypt to the Acadians in Louisiana, the exile has always been an appealing figure, a symbol of the homelessness all men feel in the short interval between the womb and the grave; and his return, as witness the Prodigal Son or the ascension of Jesus, is one of the noblest motives in literature. Yet the Nisei, though they had returned, were still in many ways exiled from the very world they moved in, cut off by superfluity of a yellow chemical in their bodies from the heritage that bound them heart and brain and hand to their native land. It is bad to be an exile. It must be worse to return and find oneself an exile still.

* About 60 per cent of the former West Coast residents had returned by 1947.

XXIV

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

For three wartime years the appearance of Los Angeles and Seattle and the farming towns of the San Joaquin Valley had been different without the Japanese. In the cities their places had been filled up by an influx of Negro war workers, in the country by migrants from Mexico and Oklahoma or by neighbors of Italian or Filipino origin.

But now, in the spring of 1946, if you walked down Buchanan or Fillmore Street in San Francisco, or along Main and East San Pedro in Los Angeles, you would know that the Nisei were back. Still there was a difference. Their shops no longer stood shoulder to shoulder, but were edged in between stores operated by the other minorities who had replaced them.

In San Francisco you could spot the Japanese places by their new fronts, and often by an unmistakable neatness. Cleaning establishments were popular, and little restaurants that advertised chop suey and sold Japanese dishes. Before the war many of the "Chinese" curio shops along Grant Street had been Japanese-owned, but now the former owners, if they had come back at all, were working as gardeners or hotel workers. Even before the war there had been only some five thousand Japanese in San Francisco. Now there were about three thousand.

Those with any savings left were buying homes and usually renting rooms or apartments to other returnees, often at exorbitant prices.* Five Japanese-run employment agencies had opened. Nisei girls were getting good jobs as stenographers and department store clerks. They never had before. But men were still unable to find white-collar jobs, except in government service. People who had spent their lives on farms, too old for such work now, were working as domestics where wages were good and they were assured a roof over their heads. That was the only way a Japanese could live in a good residential area, since real estate operators

* Rent control was no help, since families were forced to pay for hotel accommodations.

and restrictive covenants prevented him from buying.* But domestic employment was breaking up the family.

Down the peninsula, in Santa Clara Valley, men who once had owned or rented farms were working as farm laborers. "No use look back," said one Issei. "Go crazy think about all lost. Have to start all over again like when come from Japan, but faster this time, maybe." This man sold land which now is worth two and a half times the price he got. He picks fruit for a living.

The Shibuya family was back in its big, modern colonial home at Mountain View. They had left their unique chrysanthemum strains in the care of the county agricultural agent and found them all dead when they returned. They were grateful to have their own home, their land, and they were working their fields again. But over them hung the threat of escheat.

Santa Clara County, home of Stanford University where Nisei students had been making good records for years, was well ahead of most of California in its acceptance of returning Japanese. As a result, 7,000 came to Santa Clara where there had been less than 4,000 before. Even here the patterns of segregation reformed. Religious activity was limited to three segregated churches. Only two or three returned veterans joined veterans' clubs. Even toward the JACL there was general indifference, partly because everyone was trying to get back on his feet.

Walnut Grove, the Japanese town sunk behind the levee, was in a worse state than it had been before the war. The block containing the Japanese hall and some rooming houses had been fire gutted just before the evacuees came home. The Buddhist temple and the language school looked beaten and unkept. The language school still served as a hostel.

Some of the Walnut Grove people had been East. But their jobs had folded up, or they couldn't find satisfactory living quarters, so they had come back. That was what they said. The real reason was that this was home. Outsiders had moved in too—people from Los Angeles unable to find living space where they had once lived. They did not care for Walnut Grove. The types of work available were farm labor, gardening, and domestic. Nothing else.

In the spring of 1946 the community was still without a heart and head. The church had not opened. The young people had nothing to do after supper. They hung around the pool halls and soda fountains. The girls kept apart from the boys; there was no organized activity to bring them

* In some areas the Federal Housing Authority was insisting on restrictive covenants before it would lend money!

together. One girl had just come back from Sacramento where she had been going to junior college and earning her board and room and twenty dollars a month as a domestic. She thought she would like to continue her education in San Francisco. "We're very bootchie in this town," she said. "We always speak Japanese to each other."

Very bootchie. But at least the girls could get away to the cities. The boys were bound to the soil. Any effort seemed useless when farm labor was their only prospect. If someone had opened the relocation center and invited them back, they would have gone gladly.

Thirty miles north, Sacramento was, on the surface at least, making a better comeback. About half the people had returned. Three congregations were holding joint services in an attractive Japanese-owned church. Homes were available in the same section they had formerly occupied—an old residence area somewhat like the Fillmore section in San Francisco. Jobs were available, but mostly they were menial. Men who once had owned their businesses could not buy them back, for prices had risen ten times. Farmers, as elsewhere, were taking city jobs because three-fourths of them had operated leased land before the war and could not find land now. In nearby Florin thirty per cent of the farm owners had lost their places. A good many old people were back. Lacking the support of their children who were now in the army or resettled elsewhere, some of them were on relief. They would have thought this a disgrace before. Now they thought the government owed it to them.

A little farther north, in Placer County, you are in old California. The landscape is more rugged, and so was the attitude of the people toward the Japanese. A touch remains of the old vigilantism of a hundred years ago when this country was the hub of the world, drawing men in search of gold. It was the things that happened in Placer and nearby counties which gave coinage to the phrase, "a Chinaman's chance." The Japanese, coming in around the end of the century, fell heir to this anti-Orientalism. They were tolerated as laborers, and gradually they acquired a little land of their own. The gold miners, blasting their sluices, inadvertently made ditches which were good for orchard irrigation. Today most of the Japanese in Placer County are fruit growers living not far from the county seat of Auburn, in Loomis, Newcastle, Penryn.

It was to Loomis that Sumio Doi returned—the first evacuee to come back to Placer. It was also in Loomis that Cosmo Sakamoto's house was burned to the ground. Altogether about ten houses and garages were burned in this one town. But sixty or seventy families came back anyway. It was home.

Cosmo Sakamoto is an open-hearted young American with a friendly grin, whose glasses make him look a little like Harold Lloyd. When I saw him he had recently been made a member of the American Legion post at Auburn. Like most of the Nisei in the county, he leased his orchards at evacuation to the big growers, who put them in the hands of migrant workers. The trees were not properly irrigated or pruned. Another two years, he says, and the orchards would have been ruined beyond repair. Farmers who had worked the orchards walked off with dishes, refrigerators, furniture.

Auburn, which had run an anti-Japanese campaign, also had good Americans who stood up for the Nisei and against intolerance and race baiting. Only eighty-five Nisei were back in high school. There had been 225 before the war. One father respectfully requested that the discriminatory practice of putting Nisei at the back of the school bus be discontinued. The principal, investigating, found that the driver had put them there because they were the only ones he could trust out of his sight.

Fresno, center of the great Central or San Joaquin Valley, was violently anti-Japanese as long as the war lasted. Desperately as farmers needed help, they were afraid to employ Japanese. The day after war ended there was a flood of calls to the WRA office—for domestic help, for stenographers, but most of all for workers in the vineyards. Fresno began to lead all areas in returns. By October (1945) the number had risen to five thousand. Many were newcomers whose coming the former Japanese residents tried at first to discourage by preventing the use of language schools as hostels.

First to employ Japanese, even before V-J Day, was "Dutch" Leonard, former baseball star and owner of 1,600 acres of vineyard near Sanger. Leonard had the courage to override the sentiment against the Japanese. He employed three hundred in harvest season, paid eighty cents an hour, supplied free housing (Quonset huts for families, dormitories for bachelors), and paid a harvest bonus. Most welcome was a family with lots of girls, who made the best packers. One family with five girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five made seven hundred dollars a month at the peak of the season.

Leonard's manager, Mr. Leblanc, says the Japanese make better workers than any other group they have tried. But they want their own land, they don't want to remain as workers. Even at \$750 and \$1,000 an acre—too high, he believed, for an adequate return—they were buying. Forty acres in grapes would give a family a living. Some figs, plums and per-

simmons were being raised too. But at current land prices, the Nisei were sacrificing a lot for the independence they cherished.

Fresno before the war had been dominated by a strong Buddhist temple. Its people were eighty per cent Hiroshima-ken. To be Christian was practically to be ostracized from the community. In 1946 the temple looked somewhat down at the heel, a few stragglers were still using it as a hostel, but the priest was favorably impressed by the lack of discrimination. The Japanese had returned to find Chinese, Negroes, Filipinos and Mexicans in the area they had occupied. They had moved in, setting up their stores and displacing other minorities to do it, yet there had been no open friction. Here as elsewhere the displaced seemed to take the attitude that the Japanese had been here first and had a right to return.

The Nisei, feeling that it was time for their alien parents to move into the background, were trying to get economic control. Also they were trying to get out of the old rut of the narrow, self-contained community. For Christians this was easier, since they could go to a Caucasian church. Buddhists lacked that bridge. The Intercultural Fellowship Group, however, was equally available to all races and faiths. It sponsored a choir of a hundred and eighty. It provided one solution. But many more would be needed.

North of Fresno was Livingston, where the Japanese had settled early in the century, making vineyards out of desert. The Teraokas were back, all but Richard who had recently come back from Italy, been discharged, and was in Chicago with Toshi whom he had married just before going overseas. The Teraokas were looking forward to their first crop since the war. After the losses they had suffered, they hoped it would be a good one.

On an evening in March I joined an evening party of some twenty Nisei at the Kishi home. You could still see the broken plaster where shots had driven through the walls. Shortly after the shooting Mr. Kishi had died of cancer. His two sons were still in the army. Mrs. Kishi and a teen-age daughter were running the forty-acre ranch while an older daughter, teaching in San Francisco, came down weekends to help.

Of the young men and women who crowded the modest living room, all were college graduates or were still studying. Many of them had not seen each other for several years; it was a real reunion. Though strangers, we were quickly accepted. It was an exceptionally attractive group of Americans—the girls good looking and with a band-box neatness one comes to associate with them, the men well groomed and healthy. The

talk was easy and thoroughly American, interesting and intelligent. Some spoke of having returned to California under pressure from their parents. Some talked of going East again. They laughed about the bullet holes in the wall, but you would catch their eyes resting on them occasionally.

In 1943, after the Japanese had left, the empty stores and dirty windows of First Street in Los Angeles had looked shabby and abandoned. As the center of a wartime Negro population East First Street had come to life again. As the Japanese began to come back, the new neon signs, the windows full of clean new merchandise gave the shabby old buildings an incongruously hopeful look. Wartime "Bronzeville" was becoming Little Tokyo once more.

A well-meaning old resident of Los Angeles confided to me that the Japanese were making a great mistake in concentrating themselves again. He had read about the housing shortage in his paper, he must have known about restrictive covenants, yet when the Japanese were forced by these circumstances back into the same areas, it never occurred to him that they might not be going there by choice.

The new shops, more of them each day, sold hardware, shoes, drugs. There were restaurants and barber shops. But hardware was the favorite line. Japanese merchants were catering to the other minorities now. They needed them as customers, for the tight little pre-war community was gone. Less than a tenth of the farmers of Los Angeles County were back, and an even smaller number of the produce merchants and commission men. Of a thousand fruit and vegetable stores, only thirty had reopened. The whole complex system of markets, farmers, financing, and distribution was gone. And Little Tokyo had been built on this economic base. Now it was finding that Negroes made good customers. The Nisei were beginning to talk of a new role as retailers to other minority groups, having made the discovery that the Negroes preferred to buy from them rather than from Caucasians.

In other lines of work there were jobs for men who were not too choosy. Because the old stereotype persisted, Californians expected to find plenty of domestics and gardeners among the returnees to satisfy their needs. The offers were attractive: \$250 to \$300 a month for a couple to care for house and garden. Room and meals would be provided. One hundred and sixty dollars a month for a caretaker who had only to keep the house clean and water eighteen acres of citrus. He could if he liked

have some land for farming on his own. But domestic jobs broke up families. Many families were scattered, the members rarely seeing each other.

Before the war Nisei had scarcely been employed in industry at all. When they began to return, the Los Angeles Mattress Company was one of the first to hire them. Feeling was still high; some of the old employees quit. But the president of the company stuck to his guns. In a few days the old employees came back. A little determination of this sort was usually successful in breaking down unreasoning attitudes.

Members of an AFL union in Long Beach threatened to walk out if three Nisei employed in a California sea food cannery remained. Management and the union got together. A statement of policy was signed, there was no walkout, and fifty additional Nisei were hired and admitted to the union. Similarly the Teamsters' Union came around.

Many Japanese women were entering the garment industry where they could earn from fifty to sixty dollars a week. Record pressers were making seventy. There were auto mechanics and skilled hand workers. Even with unemployment beginning to rise, they were finding jobs, because employers who hired one Nisei usually asked for more. Most backward of employers were the state and county civil services which had forced the Nisei out after Pearl Harbor. On the other hand, some Japanese were being more than a little choosy about the jobs they would accept. One family of ten, drawing five hundred dollars a month from welfare funds, had turned down every offer.

The big question was how to find housing within reach of a job. Los Angeles had needed 100,000 housing units before the war. Its housing was now 110 per cent occupied on the average, but 140 per cent occupied in the areas where Japanese were permitted to live. Veterans had to be taken care of first. Four thousand returnees were in temporary and makeshift housing—in old barracks, hostels, trailers. One family, fortunate enough to return to a five-room bungalow adequate for its four members, had at one time housed a total of nineteen people.

But the Nisei were not the only sufferers. And Los Angeles' acceptance of its former citizens had been good. At the very beginning of the return Mayor Bowron, who once boasted that he had been responsible for the evacuation, was persuaded to welcome the Nisei publicly. And despite the worst that Hearst could do, and the somewhat less virulent sniping of the *Los Angeles Times*, the hate campaign fizzled out, the ringleaders exposed as selfish men standing to profit by continued exclusion. The

main problem in Los Angeles had been to organize favorable and friendly sentiment in a city itself, unorganized—complex of some fifty distinct communities.

Floated on a wave of friendly sentiment created by the Fair Play and other liberal groups, Japanese leaders cooperated to reproduce in Los Angeles the kind of integration they had seen in the East. It was doubtful whether they could succeed. It was too easy for both the Japanese and non-Japanese to fall back on the old pattern of segregation. Yet many Japanese were looking critically at their own people. "Many people now realize," said one, "that if they had thought of this as their own country, they would now have a place to return to. Most of them were always thinking about going back to Japan."

The Japanese in Los Angeles, as elsewhere along the Coast, were disorganized. People were too busy trying to get back on their feet to bother with anything else. Invitations from veterans' and YMCA groups found little response. The old patterns were forming again. Young men and women raised in the center high schools were particularly ill at ease in the Caucasian community. The scars of exile were clearly to be seen. Most of the potential leaders were not coming back. They were staying East, where for many, a door had opened upon America.

In the Northwest there had been no physical acts against the Japanese, only campaigns such as that in Hood River to keep them out. As they came back, they found things better than they had expected. Still there was heart-breaking discrimination. The first family to set up a market stand in Portland was troubled by a man who took up a position across the street and called to people not to buy. When the daughter of the owner told a WRA official about it she managed to keep her voice calm, but tears were running down her cheeks. Because this was Portland; this was home. Then church and civic groups encouraged members to stop there, and the stand prospered. Portland had Nisei working in the library, the art museum, stores and offices, and as teachers and nurses.

Two-thirds of Seattle's pre-war seven thousand had returned—more of the Nisei than Issei. Some were opening shops and restaurants and rooming houses again, trying to get back into their accustomed grooves. Kensaku Murata was in the same grocery store he had closed up nearly four years earlier. "I've been in this location twenty-seven years," he said. "I paid rent on this store the three and a half years that we were away, because I've always expected to be back. I've lived in Seattle almost thirty

years, and it's home to me." But many who had once been self-employed had to take what they could get.

The redcaps were back in the station, sharing this service now with Negroes. Most of those returning agreed that there was still as much social discrimination as there had been before the war.¹

The West Coast was still home, even to those who hadn't come back but still talked about it, even to those who said they would never go back. Sometimes it seemed as if the Issei had passed on some of the psychology of exile to their children. For just as the Issei, when they lived in California, had dreamed of returning to a village in Hiroshima, so the Nisei in Chicago and Cleveland and Saint Louis dreamed of California. They said it was the weather, or their friends, or a home they owned. But it was not these: it was youth. It was the past. It was a life that had never existed. Not for them or anyone else. It was a wish to return to the prenatal comfort of not-thinking, not-struggling. The warmth they had dreamed of was not of the weather but of the womb. It is so with all exiles. And because the exile has found an acceptable symbol for this unacceptable desire that is in all of us, he appeals to us all as a dramatic and touching figure; we feel ourselves in him.

Well, the Nisei had come home, for home is where the heart is. They hadn't been there long before they found, most of them, that there must have been some mistake.

XXV

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

Before the war there were about 300 Japanese in Chicago. By 1947 there were more than 15,000 and Chicago had more Japanese than any city in the country with the possible exception of Los Angeles.

Chicago is the only place in the world where you will find a kosher-style delicatessen and restaurant owned and operated by a Nisei. In Chicago the First Baptist Church has a Nisei associate pastor.* Attendance at the church has doubled since he went there, and not all of the new members are Nisei. Ernest Takahashi is Dean of the Monroe College of Optometry. Kazu Kuwahara operates a beauty salon catering to theatrical people and residents of Chicago's fashionable Gold Coast.

After years of living in Little Tokyos along the Pacific Coast, the Nisei were discovering America. In Chicago they are not excluded from residential areas and preferred types of employment. Though they were evacuated because of their racial origin, in Chicago they are accepted in jobs calling for whites only. No longer are college graduates working as errand boys. Their skills are sought after, their abilities put to use.

The move to Chicago began with a trickle from the relocation centers back in 1943. Because the East Coast cities were still prohibited, because jobs were available, because WRA opened an office there and hostels were soon functioning, and because Chicago as a railroad hub offered the best opportunities for meeting Nisei in the army, it attracted resettlers from the start. At war's end there were more than 12,000 in the city. Some have since gone back to California. Others have moved in to Chicago from other Midwestern cities. And some, after a scouting trip back to the Coast, have come back and settled down with the conviction that California's warm climate is not as important as Chicago's warm welcome.

Sammy Terao, though anything but typical, illustrates the reasons for Chicago's popularity.

Before evacuation Sam helped his father run a restaurant in Seattle.

* More recently elevated to pastor.

In 1945 they came from relocation camp to Chicago, looking for a similar business to invest their small capital in. One of the prospects was Ida's Delicatessen, a kosher-style shop with a dozen tables crowding the large glass food counter. Sammy, twenty-three years old and unacquainted with Jewish customs, didn't know gefüllte fish from matzoth, but it looked like a pretty good business. He bought it with the understanding that the cook would stay for a month while he learned to prepare the Jewish dishes.

For a couple of months business was very slow. The neighbors didn't quite know whether they wanted to get their strudel from an Oriental. When Yom Kippur came around Sammy saw the shops closing up all around him. He decided to close too. After that, business picked up remarkably. Customers found that Sammy could make as good a pastry as if he had been brought up in the synagogue. They liked the courtesy of his two sisters who waited on them. (Father and mother helped out in the kitchen.) When I found Sammy in his kitchen he was rolling dough, cutting it into squares, and filling it with ground meat.

"Sure I like it here," he said. "We've got good steady customers. We're doing all right."

"How late are you open?" I asked him.

"Till after midnight. We used to stay open till two, but we found we got a lot of bums in here that way."

"Don't you have any time off?"

"We take Wednesdays off. But I didn't know what to do with myself, so now I go to school on Wednesdays."

"Do you plan to go back to the Coast?"

"I'll never go back. It's better for us here. Evacuation was a blessing in disguise, as far as we're concerned."

Al Doi, a college graduate in his middle twenties, first came to Chicago to teach Japanese to military government classes at the University. He shifted into a business of his own—begun with no capital—where he could give employment to the older women as they began to come from the relocation centers to join their children. Soon he was renting the entire floor of a downtown office building, with about a hundred Issei ladies making artificial flowers and fifty Nisei girls poking the ribbons into greeting cards or wrapping the cards in cellophane. The older women make about \$35 a week. But they enjoy each other's company so much, the opportunity to meet and gossip in Japanese, that they would probably work for nothing rather than give it up. The girls make \$50 or more on piecework.

"Being an Oriental helps in this business," Al Doi says. "The customers think an Oriental can add an artistic touch other folks don't have."

Many older women also found jobs in the clothing industry, and housewives who never worked for pay before earned as much as \$20 a day operating power machines. Their reputation as good workers soon spread.

A well-known candy company employed a large number, both men and women, in everything from janitor service to executive positions.

When the wartime need for stenographers was at its peak, Nisei girls were hired, at first reluctantly, then with enthusiasm as their good qualities became known. They had rarely had a chance at good secretarial jobs in the West.

The Hiura family had nine grown children, two girls and seven boys. Five of the sons came to Chicago—three optometrists, two dentists. They soon had more work than they could do, and much of their trade was non-Japanese. There seems to be a feeling among Caucasian patients that Orientals have skillful hands.

Both the Nisei and their parents almost completely altered their pre-war employments. Farmers, produce merchants, fishermen, gardeners and domestics became industrial workers, garment workers, hotel workers. More than two thousand firms employed them. They became supervisors over other races, a situation practically unheard of in California. Less than ten per cent were in domestic jobs.

Employers had only one complaint: the Nisei were too good as workers. They worked hard because they were anxious to get ahead. They wanted promotions faster than better jobs were available, and they quit to go somewhere else when they saw a chance to take a step up.

A good many set up shop for themselves. Among the American-born were lawyers, physicians, dentists, optometrists, photographers, commercial artists. They opened garages, beauty parlors, packaging services, groceries. The older men with money to invest usually put it into real estate—into apartment and rooming houses. One estimate says they have invested over two and a half million dollars in property and small enterprises. Wage earners report an income from two to ten times what they got before the war.

Because the Nisei generation is still young, many came to Chicago because of its educational facilities. Many of the students were soldiers back from Europe or the Pacific. Victor Izui's education was interrupted by evacuation just as he was finishing a pre-medical course at the University of Washington. Removed to a relocation camp in Idaho, he volun-

teered when the army reopened its ranks to the Nisei, went overseas with a medical detachment, and was decorated with the Silver Star for bravery under fire while aiding thirty stricken men, one of whom he carried through a hail of shells. Before leaving for Europe he had married Michi Katagiri, a nurse from the same relocation center. They and their baby were in Chicago while Victor studied dentistry. Richard Teraoka, back from Europe, settled in Chicago with his wife Toshi in order to finish a college course interrupted by war. Jimmie Ono, his brother-in-law, was back from the war too—all of them living together with the older Onos. Joining up that way helped solve the housing shortage, while the pooling of resources made it possible for the children to finish their education. Toshi had an office job, Mrs. Ono made artificial flowers, and Mr. Ono worked in a hotel. Though he had once been an independent business man, he did not mind too much. James, and his younger son now just finishing college, would take care of him when he grew too old to work. He would like to return to California, but there was nothing to return to.

The main problem for the Nisei, as for everyone else in 1947, was housing. Some solved the difficulty by buying homes at fancy prices, counting on the rental from apartments or rooms to see them through. Others paid more than they could really afford, the average rental running about \$50 a family. At best the homes they found were average apartments in decent, slightly down-at-the-heel middle-class city neighborhoods. At the worst they were near slums sandwiched in between the Negro area and Chicago's most expensive apartment houses.

Yet the Nisei were not complaining, because their failure to find attractive homes was not, as on the Coast, owing to racial prejudice. They were concerned about the effect on their children of living in areas where anonymity breeds misbehavior and where delinquency is high, for the Nisei had a spotless record on the Coast. They wanted to keep it that way. Crime and delinquency rates were on the rise. Fourteen babies had been born out of wedlock. One boy was serving a life sentence for having taken part in a holdup. So they wanted to get out of that area. Meanwhile they cleaned it up a good deal.

Even with such crowding, no Little Tokyo developed. Nor will Chicago ever see anything like the Main-San Pedro area of Los Angeles. In Chicago the Nisei, despite a few areas of heavy settlement, are widely dispersed.

Before the war most Nisei went to segregated churches. In Chicago they go to over a hundred churches where Caucasian congregations wel-

come them. Of the three Buddhist temples established by Japanese, at least one is welcoming non-Japanese to its services. One Buddhist priest complains that the Nisei are not much interested and that he has little influence with them.

In Chicago the Nisei are not segregated but are part of the great city. Their stores, interspersed with others, cater to the general public. Except for a shelf filled with Japanese delicacies, the many groceries with their gleaming refrigerated counters, their breakfast foods and canned goods, look like any other American grocery. Walking down 55th Street in the South Side, you would not know that the Van Dyke Studio was run by a Japanese. You might also be fooled by the Irish-sounding name of another photographer on Michigan Avenue, Riley O'Suga. The machines and appointments of the Nisei-run beauty salons are no different from those familiar throughout the country, and many women have developed a preference for the deft fingers of the Nisei operators.

Only the art shops and restaurants are Japanese in appearance. Very few of the restaurants cater to the general public, but some day Americans will discover the wonderful flavor the Japanese can impart to fish by frying it in deep vegetable oil, or the richness of thin slices of beef boiled with vegetables in soy sauce. Then sukiyaki restaurants may become as popular as chop suey houses.

The Japanese not only cater to the general public; they buy from non-Japanese stores. Merchants along 55th Street, doubtful at first, now welcome their trade. Nisei both work for Caucasian employers and employ Caucasians in their enterprises.

They have also broadened their interests and recreations. Dave Ishino, a lawyer from Seattle, like many other Nisei lives near the University of Chicago. Before the war he and his pretty wife were caught in a busy and meaningless social whirl. There is none of that now. Instead, Mary meets her husband in town for dinner occasionally, and afterward they go to a play or concert. They have visited the museums and parks. They do more reading than they used to. They have exchanged a comfortable rut for a cooler but broader plane of living.

The unmarried group is finding outlets in characteristic American ways—in basketball tournaments, bowling leagues, discussion groups, dancing. Because the majority of Nisei were born between 1918 and 1927, much of the social activity is designed to bring marriageables together. Yet because many of the men are holding off, lacking the means to provide the kind of home they want, and because the men who marry late are choosing girls younger than themselves, a good many girls are

threatened with spinsterhood. The competition for husbands has added careful grooming and smart dressing to their natural attractions.

Many Nisei, aided at first by church and civic groups, have made friends among non-Japanese circles and have broken down the barriers which had pent them up in their tiny minority group. A group calling itself the Triple I (intercultural, interracial, international) began to meet informally, bringing in friends of all races and ancestries. At the First Baptist Church a mixed discussion group studied social and economic problems. Nisei discovered that people of other racial backgrounds were faced with problems which they had once thought peculiar to themselves.

The Loop YWCA has a weekly night for dancing, dancing lessons, games and discussions on an interracial basis. By doing things with other Americans, Nisei are finding social outlets and overcoming the bitter hurt, the disillusionment and sense of inferiority caused by the evacuation.

Contacts made on the job are helping some to discover their American heritage. George Nakahama joined the union at the glove factory where he was employed. Hesitantly, he took his wife to a union social evening. Once the ice was broken and dances exchanged, the Nakahamas made friends who now invite them home or come to their apartment for a game of bridge.

High school students, though meeting no open discrimination, found it hard to make friends when they first came because friendship groups were already formed. But the younger children are making friends across racial lines. Already those who have been in Chicago long enough to become known to their classmates are gaining recognition. The freshman class of a large high school near the University of Chicago elected a Nisei girl as their president.

Resettlement has been harder for the Issei than for their children. The loss of a lifetime's effort came to most of them just as they were preparing to rest from their labors. They lacked the language and the experience to open businesses of their own, with no Little Tokyo to back them up. Independent merchants took menial jobs. Often the skills their wives possessed had a higher market value. To a generation raised on the dominance of the male this was hard to swallow.

The Issei no longer spoke of returning to Japan. War, and the service of their sons in the American forces, had changed all that. They were grateful to Chicago for accepting them, and they hoped something would come of the move to make them eligible for citizenship.

Things were easier between the generations too—partly because tribulation had drawn them together, but also because the Nisei—the majority of whom were in the midst of their adolescent revolt when evacuation came—had grown up, and because they had made a wartime record the whole country was proud of.

Not all Nisei have made a successful readjustment. For some the wounds of evacuation made scars too deep for healing. Some became barflies, frequenting the joints along Clark Street. Others relaxed their sexual standards. More simply withdrew within themselves, convinced that America would never accept them, never give them a square deal. Many who wanted nothing more than to live like other Americans felt ill at ease among Caucasians. They thought they were being sneered at. They thought their manners or their speech betrayed them. They could never for a moment forget their racial differences—differences that were superficial rather than cultural but elevated to importance by prejudice and segregation. For such as these segregation was something imposed from within. No short cut could provide them with self-confidence; they were civilian casualties of war.

The old argument of integration versus segregation reached a new stage when it became clear that many Nisei were psychologically unable to accept the invitation of Caucasian groups to join with them in social or religious activities. Even the best will in the world, it developed, could not bring about successful integration just because the Nisei wanted to be integrated and a Caucasian group wanted to help. Meetings arranged on this basis soon collapsed. Integration had to be a personal thing, and like every other human contact it had to be based on common interest, not on the fact that a Nisei was an American who ought to be integrated. Through hobbies, religious interests, occupations, neighborhood, parenthood, real integration could be accomplished. But that way took time.

Until such chains could be forged, the Nisei would remain insecure. They feared being laid off first if a depression came. They still had a hankering for home. "Chicago is so big," a high school girl said, "we can't feel at home." If you asked a Nisei whether he planned to stay in Chicago, he would usually say, "Well, I'll stay around two or three years and then see what happens." If bad times came, they figured they could at least keep warm in California.

Meanwhile the basketball teams, the dances, the social evenings for Nisei only went on. Even at a mixed party Nisei tended to stick together.

There was still a need for something like the pre-war community with its tight structure, its warmth. Only among themselves could many Nisei feel relaxed, at ease, light-humored and truly happy. This was not a racial thing, but the result of a lifetime of segregation imposed first from without until in the end it was also imposed from within.

The Chicago Resettler's Committee, supported and staffed by Issei and Nisei leaders, while in theory recommending integration has recognized the need for some compromise between integration and segregation. It fosters activities for Japanese only—especially for Issei who do not speak English.

Thus while economic integration is nearly complete, social assimilation is slow except for those of good education and broad interests who know how to make their own contacts. But long-run influences will in the end bring about integration of the Nisei as surely as any other group has been dissolved in the American melting pot. Business contacts encourage it. Labor unions help. In many a downtown restaurant Nisei secretaries lunch with girls of other stock. Mixed marriages appear to be increasing.

I asked an Issei property owner whether he intended to stay in Chicago or go back to Seattle. "I will stay," he said in his slightly stiff and formal English. "Everything is good in Chicago—all except the climatic conditions." The "climatic conditions" inevitably come into any conversation. Chicago's weather has been harder for most Japanese than the housing situation. No matter how satisfying their work, most Nisei feel a touch of homesickness for the West.

Jimmy Takemura quit a pretty good job as a laboratory technician to return to Los Angeles. For weeks, until his money was about gone, he tried to get work. He could have had menial jobs, but no one would employ him in his specialty. He is back in Chicago. "Anyway, Los Angeles looks like a hick town after Chicago," he explained. "Chicago is colder, but it is also wider. You can't have everything."

As Sammy Terao put it, "Evacuation was a blessing in disguise. If you look at it right, there's always some good with the bad."

Another young Nisei said, "It's been over two years since I left Tule Lake with a few dollars in my pocket and half-hearted hope. Today I have a swell job, a Bachelor's degree, a sense of oneness, responsibility and self-respect."

Chicago has treated the Nisei as people rather than as Japanese. That,

simple as it may seem, is the solution of all "racial" problems. The Japanese are not a problem and never have been. Race prejudice is.

Maybe that is the meaning of the three optometrists and two dentists, children of a poor immigrant. And that is the meaning of Sammy Terao who runs a kosher restaurant in a town settled by the Indians, discovered by the French, and ruled by an Irish mayor.

XXVI

WHO'S WHO

Everyone has heard of the Noguchi who discovered the organism causing syphilis and who died in Africa of the yellow fever he was investigating.¹ He was one of the many Japanese who, with a thirst for knowledge, came to America in the late nineteenth century lacking funds, lacking adequate preparation, succeeding by persistence and self-denial and undeviating singleness of purpose. Many others worked as hard and denied themselves as much as Noguchi without possessing his genius.

One of the successes was Toyohiko Takami who ran away from his samurai home and became a cabin boy in order to study medicine in America. Still a child, he dropped out of a world still feudal and into one that must have seemed crass and material. By self-denial, and with the assistance of an American woman who became like a mother to him, he made his way through preparatory school and college. To save money he used to cook a kind of beef stew once a week. By eating a little of this with rice—usually cold rice—every day, he kept himself alive. Through such frugality and by working summers he got through medical school and began his practice in, as he says, “the heyday of the general practitioner.” At his death in 1945 he was on the attending and consulting staffs of several hospitals in Brooklyn where he had made his home, and honorary consultant in dermatology to all the city hospitals. He was a sincere and active Christian.²

Most colorful, after Noguchi, of all the Japanese who have made their home with us was Jokichi Takamine, the scientist who became wealthy through his discovery of the process for artificial production of adrenalin and other drugs.

Takamine, after studying in England, was sent by the Japanese government to New Orleans as commissioner of Japanese exhibits in the international exposition of 1884. There he met Caroline, daughter of Colonel Eben Hitch, and fell in love with her. Ultimately he took her to Japan, but was invited back to America to commercialize his discovery

of the artificial production of diastase for making alcohol. The discovery did away with the use of malt and considerably speeded the process of making whiskey—a consummation which though it may have gained him the admiration of the potential consumer incurred the hatred of malt companies and of laborers made superfluous by his discovery. The distillery he was working for suffered from a fire, apparently incendiary, the directors got cold feet, and Takamine having abandoned a promising career in Japan, sick and with two children dependent on him, was in a tight spot.

But in 1894 he produced an aid to digestion called Takagestard, which Parke Davis produced and marketed. Shortly after the turn of the century he announced his synthetic preparation of adrenalin—heart stimulant and stauncher of bleeding.

Within a few years Takamine had grown rich on the income from these preparations. He built a house at 334 Riverside Drive, begun in 1909 and completed in 1912, which was to be decorated in a different period of Japanese history on each of its five floors. The building was sumptuously designed by a Japanese architect, its ceilings like those of the palaces and temples of Japan. But the plan, like many so purely conceived, proved impractical. In the end the first two floors were filled with Japanese objects of great price, but the remaining floors, where the family lived, were done in Western style. There was, apparently, no way to reconcile American comforts with Japanese artistry.

Because Takamine had married a non-Japanese, and because he was well-to-do, he had a wide circle of American friends. He knew Rockefeller, Seth Low, and the other bigwigs of the day. He became a Roman Catholic. His position and influence helped make a favorable attitude toward the Japanese in New York. Though he died in 1922, his work is still carried on by Eben, his surviving son.³

When an army plane crashed into the Bank of Manhattan Building in the spring of 1946 the public was reminded that this had been the first structure in downtown Manhattan to surpass the height of the Woolworth Building. Few realized that one of the two architects was Yasuo Matsui, an Issei who has lived in New York for many years, having a hand in the planning of many skyscrapers. Because Mr. Matsui is shy of publicity and will not be interviewed, this is all I know of him.

In that early wave of gifted men who came from Japan were also I. Sekine who made a comfortable fortune as a manufacturer, Chiura Obata, artist and professor of art at the University of California, and

Professors Ichihashi of Stanford, Asakawa of Yale and Tsunoda of Columbia. With the many distinguished visitors, students or diplomats who were not of the permanent community we are not concerned here.

The aliens who distinguished themselves among us have inclined toward art and medicine—perhaps because of their clear superiority in one and their compelling desire to learn the other. Scholars have occasionally noted a touch of hypochondria in the Japanese character. The quality is probably related to a conception of ritualistic cleanliness which regards disease as unclean, making the healing art essential to a state of purity. To other professions there are legal impediments in the case of aliens. Nor can aliens from a culture so different be expected to succeed in the verbal arts.

Among artists Yasuo Kuniyoshi stands first. He came to the United States in 1906 at the age of thirteen, making his life here, and has won many of the top prizes for his work, including first prize at the annual Carnegie Institute of Technology exhibition and first prize at the San Francisco fair (1940) for the best painting by an American artist. Kuniyoshi, though denied citizenship, is a strong liberal, outspoken from the beginning against Japanese militarism.

Bunji Tagawa, son of a liberal editor and politician many times jailed by the Japanese police for his beliefs, was sent at the age of sixteen to the United States. When Japan began wholesale arrests of liberals in 1928 his father advised him to remain in America, though he himself continued to fight Japanese militarism and to be imprisoned. Though qualified as a psychologist, Tagawa was advised by his friends to make his hobby of painting a profession. In addition to his work in the fine arts he has become a specialist in visual education.

Chuzo Tamotzu who came to America in the twenties has exhibited in most of the important museums of the country and is represented in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum. Like his fellow artists he attacked Japanese fascism through his art, contributing posters, cartoons and exhibitions to the war effort.

Latest of the distinguished artists to arrive before war tore down the lines of international exchange was Jun Iwamatsu (known during the war as Taro Yashima) who with his wife had suffered torture for his liberal beliefs at the hands of the Japanese police. The story of his fight against fascism as artist and as man is told in *The New Sun*, a novel in pictures.⁴

If our laws had permitted even a token immigration on selective principles—judging education, achievement and human worth instead of

skin color—many more Japanese liberals would have made their homes here and would greatly have aided us in fighting the war against Japan. One at least, Ikuo Oyama, labor leader and former Diet member, found refuge here from persecution, though he was an exile rather than a man seeking (as did the others) to make America his home.

These men brought their talents with them and poured them into the wide pool of our varied culture. But what about those who were born here of Japanese parents? Aided by superior education but impeded by economic and social sanctions, have they been able to contribute to the improving and refining of the American way of life?

Isamu Noguchi, son of a Japanese poet and a mother of Scotch, Irish, English, French and American Indian ancestry, is a distinguished sculptor whose work may be seen in the Whitney, Metropolitan, or Modern Art Museums in New York and elsewhere throughout the country. Noguchi has a strong sense of social responsibility which moves dramatically in such works as his "Lynched Figure." To him sculpture is more than the carving of statues. "The whole earth is sculpture," he says, "and until the mass has been attended to, the details have no meaning." This belief has led him to what he calls "earth sculpture"—the integrating of art with the basic needs and functions of living as in his designs for playground equipment, swimming pools, cemeteries, living areas. Looking at some of his work, the sensitive observer might feel the forces of East and West working within the stone, giving that effect of tension and strength which his best work shows.

One of the great sources of strength in American life is the nearly equal opportunity a woman has to use her talents—an opportunity the more striking when held up against the fate of most women in the Orient. Many an Issei mother must have drunk joy from the freedom with which her daughters have made names for themselves. Mine Okubo, talented artist, was evacuated to a relocation center where she shrewdly observed and deftly recorded the primitive, crowded, desperate quality of its life. *Citizen 13660*⁵ is a narrative in pictures of that experience. Her work has appeared in *Fortune* and other magazines.

Eunice Furuta, an attractive unmarried girl in her twenties, got her start in that symptomatic art of our day, chick-sexing (for in our Freudian time even the sex of a day-old chick is a matter of importance). She also runs a drug sundries business with several salesmen travelling for her, and operates an olive ranch.

Chitose Nishimiya, a lifelong Boston resident, founded and manages

the Copley Secretarial Institute which gives quick intensive courses to college graduates, debutantes and GIs.

Sono Osato, child of a Japanese father and a Caucasian mother, first made a name for herself in ballet and went on to capture attention in *One Touch of Venus*, and then to star in *On the Town*—both Broadway hits. She has since appeared in the movies.

The Togasaki family of San Francisco has three daughters who are practicing physicians and three daughters who are registered nurses. Yuriko Amemiya dances with the Martha Graham Group. Mariko Mukai of Seattle made her radio debut as a coloratura soprano in 1946 and was acclaimed in her Town Hall debut in the following year. Other girls of equal promise are appearing, especially in nursing, medicine and the arts.

The record of the men, such being the nature of our society, affords a wider range.

Al Nozaki, assistant art director at the Paramount Studios, designs movie sets.

James K. Nagamatsu, aeronautical designer, heads a firm, incorporated at half a million, to produce "the most advanced personal airplane in the world."

Dr. Shuichi Kusaka, born in Japan though he has lived in America since the age of four, taught at Smith College, went into the army, and was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for atomic research. He died in 1947 while still in his thirties.

Kiyoshi Nakama of Hawaii is a great swimmer, winner of many awards and chosen a member of the All-American swimming team. Other Nisei have distinguished themselves in sports.

Otto Uyehara of the University of Wisconsin is co-inventor of a device, long needed, to measure the rapid changes of temperature in a Diesel engine cylinder.

S. I. Hayakawa, professor of English at the Illinois Institute of Technology, wrote *Language in Action, a Guide to Accurate Thinking*, which was a Book of the Month Club choice. Apparently none of the professional anti-Orientalists ever read it. Hayakawa wrote his book because he knew (as what Nisei would not) how important it is for democracy that men learn to distinguish true words from false.

Milton K. Ozaki is a writer of murder mysteries.

In Hawaii Nisei sit in the Territorial House of Representatives and fill other posts in government.

Dr. Henry Tsuchiya directed research on drugs at the University of Minnesota.

Minoru Yamasaki designed the information room in the Time and Life Building at Rockefeller Center as well as a number of army and navy bases.

Dr. Eben Takamine worked on bactericides similar to penicillin at the University of Rochester. William Takahashi received a Guggenheim fellowship for a study of virus reproduction. Kuniyoshi and Isamu Noguchi have also been Guggenheim fellows.

Patrick Okura is psychologist and assistant director of welfare at Boys' Town.

In deeds of valor such as have been recorded in earlier chapters the very number of the deeds raises a high plateau from which a few names like that of Ben Kuroki stand out, not so much because their courage was greater but because we must channel our admiration for all in the elevating of a few.

Nisei—and now Sansei ("third generation") are always winning contests for spelling, for scholarship, for popularity, but most of all for citizenship. They would probably be heard from more frequently in their later years except for the discrimination—sometimes subtle, sometimes brutal—which makes graduate engineers into delivery boys and qualified accountants clerks in a fruit market. Evacuation broke through this blind alley in which more and more Nisei were finding themselves. As a result more Nisei may be expected to achieve distinction in the years to come.

When the Japanese were evacuated from the West Coast, only four thousand Nisei had reached the age of thirty. Not many people attain prominence before that. The record they have made is far beyond what might have been expected from their small numbers and from the discrimination they have had to fight.

But for the Sansei things will be different. That is what their parents say and hope. In them the promise of American life is to be fulfilled.

XXVII

THE FOOT OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

URAGA, Japan (AP)— In the stench-ridden halls of the filthy barracks in which Japanese civilians returning from the United States are housed one of those who renounced his citizenship hurried over and said:

"This place is terrible. Why can't the American army disinfect these buildings? Why didn't they do it before we arrived?"

"It's tough, brother, but the American army has nothing to do with this place. You are under the Japanese government now," a reporter told him. "They are running this place. These are the buildings they picked for you."

He said his name was Robert Tsuida, that he was born in Hawaii, had been a cook in Chicago and had worked in Santa Ana, California.

"We never thought we were coming back to anything as bad as this," he complained. "This is terrible."

The welcome in Japan for these repatriates who asked to be relieved of their American citizenship is indeed a harsh revelation. Once they leave their American ships, they are completely under the care of the Japanese government.

Uraga camp, at the mouth of Tokyo Bay, is even off limits for Allied military personnel.

Civilians trudged for a mile up the muddy, rutted road to reach the camp, a half dozen weatherbeaten, unpainted barracks. Windows were broken, letting a chill wind whip through the barren rooms.

Rotting and untended since the Japanese army moved out, the buildings had not been cleaned for months. Halls were littered with old tin cans, ashes dumped from charcoal burners and cardboard boxes of refuse and junk. There were no beds, just worn, woven straw sleeping mats.

Each man was issued four dirty blankets, presumably salvaged from the Japanese army. "At least they could have cleaned the blankets," Tsuida said. "They even smell bad. Living here is miserable."

"Not like the Japanese relocation centers in the states?" he was asked.

"There's no comparison! I sure wish I had an American meal right now, but I guess it will be a long time before I get that kind of food again."

FRESNO, Calif.—Five escheat cases involving persons of Japanese ancestry were settled by which the state accepted \$68,415 and cleared title to the farming properties in the name of American born Japanese, Superior Judge Dan F. Conway announced this week.

The largest settlement came in two suits against Takei and Natsuye Iwamura and their children, amounting to \$29,625, for 100 acres in the Selma and Sanger areas.

Title was given for 60 acres to Akira Iwamura, a war veteran, and for 40 acres to a daughter, Mary.

Other settlements included Tamigoro and Chisato Chamori and children for \$24,502.50. Title to more than 40 acres was given to Yosuchi Chamori and his wife, Toyoko, was given title to 26 acres.

Hanako Ishii received land rights on 40 acres in Reedley from Keijiro and Mary Nakashima in another suit.

Helen Fumiko Akahori, daughter of Mitsuo and Umeji Akahori of Reedley, also settled a suit for \$3,887.50.

Akira Iwamura was the Nisei ex-GI whose letter to editors received state wide attention and probably contributed materially to the defeat of Proposition 15 last November.

Akira Iwamura was evacuated from his California home in the spring of 1942. Two years later he volunteered, went to army language school, and then to the South Pacific. When war ended he helped draw up charges against Japanese war criminals for the trials in Manila. Meanwhile his younger brother fought in Europe. When he came home at the age of twenty-four his hair was streaked with gray. He had lived through some of the toughest going in the war.

Akira Iwamura came home after two years in the army. His parents had been allowed to go back to California. He was looking forward to making up for lost time—improving his land, settling down. He was twenty-seven now; it was time he got established.

He got home just in time to read a summons to court. California's way of welcoming him back from war service was to demand that he forfeit his land.

Akira went to see a lawyer. He explained that his father had bought

the land in his name—sixty acres in the grape-growing Fresno area—back in 1938 when he himself was still a minor.

In 1941 and again in 1946 the California Supreme Court had upheld the constitutionality of the alien land law. Furthermore it held that if the alien parent could be shown to have any interest whatever in the land—even though he was operating it for his children—the land became forfeit to the state.

Akira's father, after buying the land in his son's name, had continued to operate it. His crime was that of saving money, investing it in farm land, planning for the future welfare of his children, and operating the land until they could take over. That, in California, is a crime—if you are an alien ineligible to citizenship.

The Iwamuras' lawyer advised them that since the land laws had been declared constitutional they could never win a case in court. But the case could be settled out of court by a form of legalized blackmail authorized by the state's Attorney General. All the state asked was that the Iwamuras pay a cash sum equal to half the assessed valuation of the land. In return, the state would "quiet the title." That is, once the shake-down had taken place, the Iwamuras would be permitted to possess and enjoy the land they had already bought in a fair and open manner. So the Iwamuras paid to the state the sum of \$29,625—part of this for Akira's sixty acres, part for forty acres held by his sister. And the state credited the sum to a fund to be used to prosecute more escheat cases.

Akira Iwamura's house and barn had burned to the ground during the time he was away. All the family possessions were stored in the upper story of the house. Maybe he felt like selling out. But if he had tried, he would have run into trouble clearing his title, again because of the alien land law. Anyhow, this was home. The non-Japanese neighbors were friendly. Then why did the law want to drive them out?

The Iwamuras were not alone. In one Los Angeles case \$75,000 was required to "quiet" the state's scruples about letting American children have the property their parents had bought for them. Of some seventy-five cases initiated by the state, sixteen were settled and about \$437,000 collected from owners who had survived evacuation, vandalism, military combat, loss of household goods, desert dust, infidelity of trusted friends and the corruption of public officials.

Actually, the alien land law had never contemplated the kind of squeeze that was going on now. That it was not the desire of the people of California became clear in November 1946 when Proposition 15 was

presented to them. The Proposition was intended to validate the 1923 and 1943 amendments to the land law of 1920. It was decisively beaten. If the people of California had anything to do with making the law they lived under, then, it was clear that the alien land law was morally dead. And if this was true, such holdups as the Iwamuras were subjected to were indefensible. Yet the Iwamura case was settled two months after the people of California had expressed themselves at the polls.*

WASHINGTON— Declaring it has been demonstrated that the evacuation of Americans of Japanese ancestry from the Pacific Coast was “unnecessary” because there “has been no evidence of any sabotage or subversive action,” Rep. Robert J. Twyman, R., Ill., said in the House on June 4 that he was in favor of the bill establishing a claims commission to consider indemnification of Japanese American evacuees.

WASHINGTON— Senator Sheridan Downey, Democrat, of California, has introduced a bill to permit naturalization of persons, irrespective of race, whose sons or daughters were killed while serving in the armed forces of the United States.

WASHINGTON— Under a public bill introduced into the House of Representatives noncitizen parents of persons who served or are serving in the armed forces of the United States may be admitted to citizenship, the Washington office of the JACL Anti-Discrimination Committee learned on June 12 [1947].

Designated H. R. 3771, the bill was introduced by Delegate Joseph R. Farrington, Rep., of the Territory of Hawaii.

In a poll taken last year by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver, twice as many of those questioned thought that the Japanese here should be granted the privilege of citizenship, as those who did not.

As usual, the people of the United States are instinctively right. As usual, law-making lags behind.

—Richard J. Walsh in *Common Ground*, Summer, 1947.

The total direct cost of the evacuation program to the American people was about \$250,000,000. This of course takes no account of the millions

* On January 19, 1948, the Supreme Court ruled that Fred Oyama could not be barred from ownership of land in California purchased for him by his alien father. Four of the nine justices were for invalidating the alien land laws as unconstitutional.

in losses borne by the evacuated. Was anything gained from this vast expense—enough to have built a modern city fit to accommodate 100,000 people? As the sand sifts in across the desert areas where most of this money was expended, and even the names of the camps come to be forgotten and men cannot tell for sure where they were, will anything live to justify that expenditure?

That the Nisei are better understood, more widely and favorably known than ever before is a fact, an achievement. But this could have come about with no evacuation, on the foundation of their war record.

That a redistribution of this tiny minority has brought better jobs, better adjustment, and more American lives to many does not excuse the attitude of West Coast pressure groups which to a considerable extent engineered the evacuation.

That the WRA did a humane job against constant criticism, that it fought for the evacuees on every front, and that the forces of good will and fair play won out over the forces of racism and evil intent is a good thing, though still it does not condone the evacuation.

Nothing can condone it, yet by paradox it brought the Nisei more fully into the life of America and made more Americans aware of our Japanese component and of the unsuspected virtues it contained.

How some Nisei reacted to evacuation by becoming heroes in the bloody hills of Italy or the steaming jungles of the South Pacific while others blew bugles and shouted banzais for Japan in a segregation center is a mystery of personality—a mystery because all the facts of personality can rarely be known. Besides these heroes and renegades were the thousands of plain people who endured the deprivations of center life, made a fresh start in Chicago or Cleveland or on a Colorado farm, less bitter than one would expect over their losses, unaware of their similarity to the equally disfavored ones who once had set out westward from the settled East, who also in their time were somewhat looked down upon for being poor or restless or visionary, whom now we praise and dignify as the pioneers. It is easier to see a pioneer a hundred years away than to identify him when he lives next door. Maybe someone will sing the courage and the dignity of this pioneering, a hundred years from now.

Hawaii, by contrast, asked no such sacrifice of its Nisei. It had a conviction of racial amity, soundly American in theory but too often held only in theory on the mainland. Long before the war Hawaii had shown that it would work, and one index of its success was the fact that fewer Orientals committed suicide in Hawaii than on the mainland. "The net effect of the war upon the Japanese" in Hawaii, writes Andrew Lind,

"has been clearly to hasten and assist their participation in the broader life of the community. Out of the travail of war, born of the heroic sacrifice of thousands of Hawaii's best youth on the battlefields of the world and the fearful pain of greater thousands of their parents and kin throughout Hawaii, there has emerged a devotion of spirit to American values and ideals such as the Islands have never before possessed." ¹

We come back to the question with which we began: what made the Nisei such steadfast Americans in spite of mistreatment and discrimination? And what is the origin of such sturdy traits of character as we should be fortunate to encourage among the population at large? Why had we been unaware of this contribution to American life?

A group can only contribute toward the community in which it lives if the community is willing to receive. The war brought into focus, but it did not create, strong moral traits in the Japanese minority. Those traits had always been there, restricted to the Little Tokyos because America with the brazenness of a new civilization has always assumed that the foreigner would do best to forget his past and become "American."

The war helped a little to expose that fallacy, to show that the Japanese alien parent had handed down to his children—not by "blood" but by training, the only way cultural traits are transmitted—some very worthwhile virtues. Most noticeable were a sense of duty (over 10,000 volunteers; 33,000 in the armed forces altogether), gratitude (a favor must never be forgotten and continually repaid), integrity ("If I feel one per cent different I don't want to say yes"), and loyalty—to the family and to the nation in particular. Influencing almost every act of life is the importance of a clean family record in order to assure good marriages, hence a good future. Any misconduct may affect the fortunes and future of the family and thus of generations unborn. Individual conduct affects many beside the doer. A Japanese never forgets that.

Growing out of these central virtues, drummed as they were into every Nisei head by parental object lesson and by the language school, came other strong traits: self-reliance which felt public aid to be shameful, mutual help among family or community members, willingness to sacrifice oneself in the interest of a greater objective, industriousness, cleanliness, eagerness to learn. Perhaps most important of all at this point in history is the fact that the Japanese does not feel hampered by serving the group of which he is a part; he feels as if his own self were extended by such harmonious working, even when personal sacrifice is involved.

The strong sense of duty and moral obligation which the Nisei gained

from the parental culture was thus a stimulus rather than a deterrent to Americanization, for these traits though learned from Japanese culture were applied to the Nisei's American life. Having absorbed from his parents, moreover, a knowledge of the physical poverty of life in Japan, he appreciated the blessing of being American-born. Having been, as he thought, cursed with physical traits marking him off from other Americans, he strove the harder to be American in all things.

These being the sources of his essential and often heroic Americanism, is there anyone to say that our individualist, materialist, competitive, self-indulging culture would not benefit from encouraging such traits? In essence they are not, of course, "Japanese" or "American." They are human, and they belong to any pre-urban, village, self-reliant kind of society such as that of the Pilgrims at Plymouth or the Japanese village. Plymouth Rock and Ellis Island have, indeed, much more in common so far as social structure is concerned than Plymouth Rock and Park Avenue.

The Issei contribution to America was not in great men, but in the anonymous little men who made the desert spaces to turn green with the labor of their hands, who kept the track even so that Americans could ride comfortably across the land, who tended the comfort of the well-to-do and grew vegetables the poor could afford to buy, who sacrificed everything for the welfare of their children.

The Nisei, still young, have already shown promise in the fields that are open to them; and the men who fought at Volturmo, Salerno, in the Vosges and in the Pacific have carved a durable record of common men who became uncommon heroes.

Still the Nisei, in the phrase of Robert E. Park, are marginal men. They have two cultures, a heritage from Japan and a heritage from America. Yet it should not be made a handicap for them, since "it is in the regions of extended contacts and cultural exchange that the main civilizations of the world have developed. . . . The marginal man is the key personality in the contacts of cultures. It is in his mind that the cultures come together, conflict, and eventually work out some kind of mutual adjustment and interpenetration."²

Almost everyone today knows that the fate of the world hangs upon America's ability to live up to its principles, to attain leadership by a full implementation of the ideals of democracy, to cast out racial prejudice in order that it may be accepted as a leader by that majority of the world's population which is "colored," to fuse the essentials of Western and Eastern thought in a truly universal culture,³ to rediscover a proper balance

between rights and duties, privileges and obligations. These things cannot be done without struggle. The struggle has already been going on within the Nisei; it has already borne fruit in their great contribution to our governing of Japan and would bear more if they were given more responsibility.

Nothing is to be gained by a sentimental preservation by American minorities of the customs and traits they brought with them from the old world. In this sense the pageants of native costumes and dances miss the point. The value of the immigrant contribution is not what it preserves as a curiosity but in what it contributes to the leavening of the whole loaf. In Hawaii this ideal has to some extent been accomplished.

It is still hard for many Americans to look at an Oriental and see a man—to know that he is moved by the same impulses, basically, and cherishes the same desires. Yet until this happens, America cannot become a leader the whole world can accept. In many places in the world today America is no longer the beacon of equal opportunity that once shed the light of its promise across the earth. Men, particularly of the colored races, are turning to communism in disappointment over what seems to them our failure. Yet the solutions are in our hands: we have the human and natural resources to make a civilization to guide the world. Our impediments are personal greed, pampered individualism, and spiritual starvation. The Oriental virtues and the Oriental view of life as aesthetic experience have much to suggest. Unlike most nations, we have the carriers of that culture within our own borders. Our strength, if we but knew it, is in our minorities. It is a strength we have scarcely tapped.

Marco Polo, sitting in a Genoese jail, brought Japan to Europe. Columbus, reading Polo, sought Japan and found a new world. John Mung, avid for the world Columbus had found, cracked the seal that had kept his countrymen in. Sentaro Ishii, casting his swords into the river, forsook the ancestral pattern and wagered his life upon the promise of unseen islands. Toyohiko Takami ran away to sea, forsaking his samurai home to learn medicine and make his life in America. Ben Kuroki, fighting his way into the army, dropped bombs upon the land of his ancestors and then came home to fight another battle that took as much courage as a bombing mission. Clark Kawakami, discharged American soldier back in Japan as a civilian occupation officer, married a Japanese movie actress. The tides of civilization wash upon one shore only to return to the other, and out of such motions the life of men is sustained and richened.

And today, while superstitious and unworthy prejudice against the darker skinned exists in many American minds, the Japanese Americans are working for America in Japan by bringing the Japanese into our democratic orbit. If Americans realized the necessity and the opportunity, the Nisei would also be bringing the lesson of the Orient to them. We are lucky to have the Nisei. We would be luckier still if we knew how to use them. And if we truly understood how to use them, we would be on the way to conquering the darkness that scares us all.

The Japanese have a proverb: It is always darkest at the foot of the lighthouse.

The light is ours. But we must polish the lamp.

APPENDIX A

THE WHEEL OF TIME

- 1298 Marco Polo dictates his *Travels* in a Genoa jail.
- 1492 Columbus, seeking the Japan described by Marco Polo, discovers America.
- 1841 John Mung, rescued by Captain Whitfield, brought to America in 1844—the first Japanese to live in the United States.
- 1853 Commodore Perry visits Japan.
- 1868 Feudal government ends in Japan, Meiji is restored, and the first Japanese contract laborers reach Hawaii.
- 1885 Immigration to Hawaii resumed after a lapse of 17 years.
- 1895 Sino-Japanese War concluded by the Treaty of Shimonoseki.
- 1898 Spanish-American War. United States annexes the Hawaiian islands.
- 1900 Fire destroys the Oriental section of Honolulu.
Flow of Japanese to the West Coast begins. (There were only 2,000 in the continental United States as late as 1890.)
First mass meeting for exclusion of the Japanese held in California.
(At this time there were 10,000 Japanese in the state.)
- 1905 Japan wins the war with Russia.
- 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Japanese businesses boycotted and children ordered to attend segregated school.
- 1907 The Gentlemen's Agreement prevents the further arrival of Japanese laborers.
- 1909 Oahu Japanese plantation workers strike.
- 1913 California passes the alien land law, aimed at the Japanese.
- 1920 Second major plantation strike in Hawaii involving Japanese. California land law amended and tightened.
- 1922 Supreme Court declares alien-born Japanese ineligible to citizenship.
- 1923 Land law further tightened. No Japanese could now farm except as a hired hand, unless he had bought land before 1913.
- 1924 Congress passes the immigration law excluding Japanese.
- 1928 New American Citizens' League forms, forerunner of Japanese American Citizens League.
- 1941 Japanese planes and submarines attack Pearl Harbor.

- 1942 February—A campaign for removal of the Japanese from the West Coast begins. The army urges voluntary evacuation.
March —The army command says there will be no mass evacuation, then changes its mind and orders complete evacuation of all Japanese, aliens and citizens.
August —All Japanese have been removed from their homes and placed in assembly centers.
- 1943 Over 10,000 Nisei answer the army's call for volunteers to form a special combat team.
- 1944 Nisei troops land in Italy.
- 1945 Nisei troops help to liberate Genoa, where Marco Polo had dictated the *Travels* that had started Columbus on his voyage in search of Japan.
Exclusion orders are rescinded as of January 2.
All relocation centers (excepting the segregation center at Tule Lake) are closed by December 15.
- 1946 Tule Lake segregation center is closed, March 20.
A token force of the 442d Combat Team returns from Europe, is reviewed and decorated by President Truman.

APPENDIX B

RELIGIOUS GROUPS IN HAWAII

Sixteen of the nineteen temples and shrines in Honolulu were built between 1908 and 1925. The principal Buddhist sects tend to have headquarters in Honolulu and smaller temples throughout the islands.

1. Nishi Hongwanji, Shin sect, established 1897, in 1941 had 74 temples, 22,000 adherents, 23 language schools. The most Westernized of the Buddhist sects and the largest—which may prove something. The first Nishi Hongwanji temple was in Hilo. Founded by Shinran in Japan about 1175.

2. Higashi Hongwanji. Another Shin sect. Higashi means east, Nishi west, the names being taken from the original temples in Kyoto. Forty-eight hundred adherents. Has Sunday school, young people's meeting, regular Sunday services.

3. Hokkekyo. One of the sects tracing its origin to Nichiren (1222-1282). Apparently the most devout of the sects, having several daily services before the war. Sunday services lasted two hours, included a sermon an hour and a half long.

4. Nichiren-shu. Established 1900 in Hawaii, 1912 in Honolulu. Anyone who can explain to a Japanese why we have Northern and Southern Baptists will be able to understand why this sect exists independent of the Hokkekyo.

5. Jodo (Pure land). Established 1894 at Hamakua, 1902 in Honolulu. The second largest Buddhist sect in Hawaii. Like Nishi Hongwanji it has pews, group activities, social hall, Sunday school, pulpit, student dormitories, and goes back to India rather than Japan for its architecture.

6. Shingon (True word). Established 1914 in Honolulu. A Jizo shrine outside, the temple itself ornate with heavily gilded altars and regalia. Faith cure by repetition of 1,000 sutras.

7. Tendai. Established 1915 in Honolulu. Historically the precursor of Nichiren, Amida and Zen sects. Cures by means of holy water and ashes of incense.

8. Soto-shu. A subset of Zen, established in Honolulu in 1903. Preaches meditation and good works.

Of the Shinto groups, the following were most important although many others, established in private homes, had their own small followings.

1. Daijingu. Built in 1905, enshrines the goddess Amaterasu who is sup-

posed to be an ancestor of the present emperor. Also eight other deities. Property seized by the government, vested in Alien Property Custodian and sold.

2. Izumo Taisha, established 1906, popular for marriages, propagated its faith aggressively through pamphlets, radio, missions. Many local deities were enshrined so that anyone could worship the god of his native place there. Seized by the government, the property was turned over to the city.

3. Kotohira Jinsha. Popular with sailors and fishermen. Represents the god Hachiman of Shirasaki.

4. Ishizuchi Jinsha. A mountain god, represented by the traditional Shinto emblems of jewel, sword and mirror. Disbanded after the war.

5. Inari Jinsha. There are many Inari shrines throughout the islands, usually recognized by the figure of a fox who is the god's messenger. This sect appeals usually to the less educated.

6. Tenrikyo. Originally associated with Shinto but when officially established it nominally abandoned the connection. Emphasizes healing, poverty, self-sacrifice.

7. Konko-kyo. Similar to Tenrikyo, a small shrine emphasizing healing.

8. Kato Jinsha. A Kumamoto sect, disbanded during the war.

Christian sects are those familiar to the American reader. Some of the congregations are racially segregated, in other cases Japanese attend interracial services. There are Roman Catholics and Mormons as well as the familiar Protestant sects.

NOTES ON SOURCES

In the preparation of this book several hundred books and articles were read in addition to a large number of newspapers. But I have used footnotes sparingly, because to have cited a source for every fact and figure would have sacrificed buoyancy for mere dead weight.

The presentation of a complete bibliography seems similarly out of place in a work of this kind. The scholar can go to the lists prepared by the War Relocation Authority, though they of course do not cover Hawaii. The basic list given below is of books which stand out because of authoritativeness, interest, or general coverage of the subject.

But many of the most important sources cannot be presented in any list. They include the many interviews with Nisei, Issei, their neighbors, WRA officials, the business and civic leaders of Hawaii and the Pacific Coast. They include several hundred student essays written for me at the University of Hawaii through the generous cooperation of the President of the University, Gregg Sinclair, and the English Department under Dr. Laura V. Schwartz. They include the valuable files of the Sociology Department at the same university, thrown open to me through the courtesy of Prof. Andrew Lind, and the Hawaiian collection both at the University and the Public Library, and in the Public Archives. Also a large box of clippings made available to me when the WRA office in Los Angeles closed, complete files of the WRA social analysis studies, a miscellaneous collection of items generously turned over to me by Louis Adamic and a similar collection of my own. Also a pile of letters Earl Finch received from some of his thousands of correspondents, and a number of letters and diaries from Nisei which were most valuable in helping me to see the picture from inside. This was of utmost importance, for I have been conscious throughout that my principal handicap was in not being a Nisei (a Nisei attempting to write this book would have found that his handicap was in being one).

They include trips to relocation centers, two years in Hawaii, and the notes of an exploratory trip across the country, especially throughout California, visiting communities where the evacuees resettled after their return from relocation centers. Also a good bit of material in Japanese, principally histories of the Japanese in Hawaii and California which have evidently not been consulted to any extent by previous writers in English. Also unpublished master's theses, principally from Hawaii and the West Coast universities.

During the war it was my good fortune to work with many Nisei and

some Issei in Washington, San Francisco, Denver, Honolulu, Saipan, Manila and Tokyo. Such contacts are more valuable than anything printed, though they find no place in a bibliography.

Basic Reading List

- Adamic, Louis: *From Many Lands*, New York, Harper, 1940.
- Adams, Romanzo: *Interracial Marriage in Hawaii*, New York, Macmillan, 1937.
- Embree, John: *Acculturation among the Japanese of Kona, Hawaii*, Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association, No. 59, Menasha, Wisconsin, 1941.
- Ichihashi, Yamato: *Japanese in the United States*, Stanford University Press, 1932.
- Japanese American Citizens League: *The Case for the Nisei* (no date).
- : *Pacific Citizen*. (A weekly newspaper published at Salt Lake City, essential for news of Nisei activities and interests.)
- LaViolette, Forrest E.: *Americans of Japanese Ancestry*, Toronto, Canadian Institute of International Affairs, 1945.
- Leighton, Alexander H.: *The Governing of Men*, Princeton University Press, 1945.
- Lind, Andrew W.: *An Island Community*, University of Chicago Press, 1938.
- : *Hawaii's Japanese: An Experiment in Democracy*, Princeton University Press, 1946.
- McKenzie, R. D.: *Oriental Exclusion*, Chicago University Press, 1928.
- McWilliams, Carey: *Prejudice. Japanese Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance*, Boston, Little, Brown, 1944.
- Mears, Eliot Grinnell: *Resident Orientals on the American Pacific Coast*, University of Chicago Press, 1928.
- Millis, H. A.: *The Japanese Problem in the United States*, New York, Macmillan, 1915.
- Miyamoto, Shotaro Frank: *Social Solidarity among the Japanese in Seattle*, Seattle, University of Washington, 1939.
- Smith, William Carlos: *Americans in Process*, Ann Arbor, Edwards Bros., 1937.
- Strong, Edward K.: *The Second Generation Japanese Problem*, Stanford University Press, 1934.
- Thomas, Dorothy S. and Richard Nishimoto: *The Spoilage*, University of California Press, 1946.
- : *The Salvage*, University of California Press, scheduled for 1948.
- United States Government Printing Office:
77th Congress, 2d Session, House Report No. 2124. Select Committee Investigating National Defense Migration. *Findings and Recommendations*

on Evacuation of Enemy Aliens and Others from Prohibited Military Zones. 1942.

U.S. Army, Western Defense Command: *Final Report, Japanese Evacuation from the West Coast, 1942.* 1943. (Good basic statistics, but beware its arguments in defense of evacuation.)

War Relocation Authority: *Community Government in War Relocation Centers.*

——: *The Evacuated People. A Quantitative Description.*

——: *Impounded People.*

——: *People in Motion.*

——: *The Relocation Program.*

——: *WRA: A Story of Human Conservation.* (The Director's final report.)

——: *Wartime Exile.*

——: *The Wartime Handling of Evacuee Property.*

Wakukawa, Ernest K.: *A History of the Japanese People in Hawaii,* Honolulu, 1938.

NOTES

Chapter I

1. For details in this section I have borrowed from *The Story of the 442nd Combat Team* published by the Information Education Section, Mediterranean Theater of Operations, United States Army.
2. *Yank*, August 25, 1944.
3. Orville C. Shirey: *Americans, the Story of the 442nd Combat Team*, Infantry Journal Press, 1946. P. 85.
4. Blake Clark and Oland Russell in *Reader's Digest*, July 1945.

Chapter II

1. The best English source for the story of Manjiro is M. Ibuse's *John Manjiro the Castaway, His Life and Adventures*, translated by H. Kaneko and published by Hokuseido of Tokyo. But no doubt most of the stock was destroyed in the fire raids, and as the book appeared only in 1941 it is not likely that many copies reached America. A new edition is being printed in Japan. Another interesting item is published by the Millicent Library of Fairhaven, Massachusetts: *The Presentation of a Samurai Sword*, 1918.

Chapter III

1. The exact number is open to dispute. The *Hawaiian Gazette* for June 24, 1868 gives 147 men, 6 women, but a month later gives the total as 149. Other sources give a total of 143.
2. Ernest Wakukawa, *A History of the Japanese People in Hawaii*, Honolulu, 1938, covers the sources relating to Van Reed's transactions and is a good formal history of the subject though not concerned with society or culture.
3. For some details in the foregoing I am indebted to a history in Japanese, *Hawaii Nippon Jin Hatten Shi, History of the Development of the Japanese in Hawaii*, by Morita, and also to the reminiscences of Sentaro Ishii and others.
4. "A Broadway Pageant."
5. Adequate immigration statistics, showing both arrivals and departures, were not kept until 1908.
6. *Hawaiian Gazette*, July 8, 1868.

7. June 24, 1868.
8. Van Reed to Varigny, quoted in Wakukawa, p. 32.
9. In every case but this I have used the Western rather than the Japanese order of names, since not to do so would have produced chaos when we came to deal with the Nisei. But you cannot say Kantoku-no-kami Uyeno, because all but Uyeno is a title which must follow the family name.
10. Uyeno to Harris, quoted in Wakukawa, p. 38.

Chapter IV

1. *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, February 9, 1885.
2. As usual there is a disagreement on figures. The *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* for February 9, 1885 reports: farmers, 610 males, 138 females, 58 boys, 37 girls, *total* 842 (an error of 1); servants, 56 males, 27 females, 11 boys, 11 girls, *total* 95 (an error of 10); doctor, 1 male, 1 female, 1 girl; over fifteen years, 4 males, 3 females; an additional doctor not paid for (and apparently not counted); an eighteen-month foundling. *Totals*: 682 males, 164 females, 102 children, *grand total* 948. But the cross totals are in error and it is impossible to harmonize them with the other set of figures usually given: 676 males, 159 females, 108 children, totalling 943. To confuse matters further, the Hawaiian Board of Immigration Report for 1886 gives the number as 938, claiming 7 doctors, 7 interpreters and 50 sailors in the total. Morita's history in Japanese claims 956. Coman, *History of Contract Labor in the Hawaiian Islands*, gives 883!
3. *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, February 10, 1885.
4. For some of these details I am indebted to the reminiscences in Japanese of Jojuichi Fujikawa who arrived in 1885.

Chapter V

1. *Mid-Pacific Magazine*, Vol. VIII, no. 1, July 1914.
2. Quoted portions and much of the surrounding material of this section are from a paper by Hifuo Iwano, student at the University of Hawaii.
3. For a full and interesting discussion of this whole topic, see John Embree's *Acculturation among the Japanese of Kona, Hawaii*, Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association, No. 59, 1941. Also his *Suyemura, a Japanese Village*, University of Chicago Press.
4. Ruth Masuda, "The Japanese Tanomoshi," *Social Process in Hawaii*, May 1937.
5. See Embree, above.

Chapter VI

1. Quoted in Wakukawa from the *Hawaiian Star*, April 1893.
2. *A Handbook on the Annexation of Hawaii*, Honolulu, no date.

3. Every figure, if it were honest, would have a footnote. It is often impossible to square the figures quoted by various authorities on the same item, and the more authorities, the greater the disparity. The 1885-1894 figure checks fairly well. As for 1894-1900, the choice runs from 40,000 to 64,000. For 1900-1910 you have your choice of 68,000 or 77,000. As for total immigration, 1885-1924 when the Exclusion Act was passed, the U.S. Congress Joint Commission on Hawaii says that 180,000 came and 126,000 went away (28,000 to the mainland, the rest to Japan), leaving a net of only 54,000. But Ichihashi says 199,564 came from Japan, 113,362 went back, leaving 87,772.

4. *A Survey of Education in Hawaii*, Bulletin no. 16, Department of Interior, Bureau of Education.

Chapter VII

1. See Embree, *Acculturation . . . of Kona*, p. 73.

Chapter VIII

1. See Tasuku Harada, "Japanese Character and Christianity," *Addresses and Data Papers*, Honolulu Institute of Pacific Relations, 1929.
2. Embree, *Acculturation . . . of Kona, Hawaii*, p. 131.
3. *Dobo (Brotherhood)*, a Buddhist publication, Honolulu, May 1941.

Chapter IX

1. *Program and Proceedings*, First Pan-Pacific Press Conference, Honolulu, 1921; statement of Lorrin A. Thurston, pp. 55-56.
2. The translated passages come from a collection of student themes published by the Kakaako-Alapai Union Japanese Language School.
3. Akiyoshi Hayashida, "Japanese Moral Instruction as a Factor in the Americanization of Citizens of Japanese Ancestry," unpublished M.A. thesis, University of Hawaii, 1933.
4. *Journal of Applied Psychology*, Vol. VIII, no. 4, p. 411.
5. William C. Smith, "Changing Personality Traits of Second Generation Orientals in America," *American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. XXXIII, no. 6, May 1928.

Chapter X

1. *Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor*, 1911.
2. For information on recent labor developments I am indebted to John Reinecke and Jack Kawano.
3. Yukiko Kimura, "Honolulu Barber Girls," *Social Process in Hawaii*,

Vol. V, June 1939. I am also indebted to Miss Kimura for several unpublished studies and for a number of conversations and letters which have greatly helped me to understand the economic and social problems of the island Japanese.

4. Machiyo Mitamura, "Life on a Hawaiian Plantation," *Social Process in Hawaii*, Vol. I, July 1940.

Chapter XI

1. See Wakukawa, p. 135.
2. *Survey of Education in Hawaii*, 1920.
3. In 1925, 3,645 children of Japanese parents were registered at the Consulate in Hawaii alone. By 1939 this number had dropped to 799. In 1925 only 487 dual citizens expatriated. In 1941 they were expatriating at the rate of 4,800 a year. *The Case for the Nisei*, Japanese American Citizens League, pp. 14-21, reviews the figures, exposes fallacies, and reaches a reasonable conclusion.

Chapter XII

1. William Carlos Smith, *Americans in Process*, Edwards Brothers, Ann Arbor, 1937.
2. Jitsuichi Masuoka, *Race Attitudes of the Japanese People in Hawaii*, unpublished M.A. thesis, University of Hawaii, 1931.
3. Edwin G. Burrows, *Chinese and Japanese in Hawaii during the Sino-Japanese Conflict*, Institute of Pacific Relations, Honolulu, 1939.
4. Smith, quoted above, p. 21.
5. Romanzo Adams, *Interracial Marriage in Hawaii*, Macmillan, 1937, p. 281.
6. Same. P. 165.

Chapter XIII

1. Wakukawa, p. 114 n.
2. Shunzo Sakamaki, "The Japanese Press in Hawaii," unpublished M.A. thesis, University of Hawaii, 1928, supplied some of these details.
3. From Robert L. Shivers, then chief agent of the FBI.

Chapter XIV

1. This and several other items in this section are taken from the valuable soundings made by the War Research Laboratory of the University of Hawaii under the direction of Andrew Lind.

Chapter XV

1. Much of the foregoing comes from a history in Japanese, *Zai Bei Nippon Jin Shi*, 1940, published through the cooperation of Japanese Associations in the United States and printed in Tokyo.
2. Yamato Ichihashi, *Japanese in the United States*, Stanford, California, Stanford University Press, 1932.
3. 61st Congress, 3rd Session, Senate Documents Vol. 7. Immigration Commission: *Abstracts of Reports*, Government Printing Office, 1911.

Chapter XVI

1. *California, A Study in American Character*.
2. An excellent summary of this whole background is the mimeographed *California and her Less Favored Minorities*, by Ruth E. McKee, War Relocation Authority, April 1944.
3. McKee, cited above.
4. Raymond Leslie Buell, "Anti-Japanese Agitation in the United States," *Political Science Quarterly*, Vol. 37, p. 605, 1922.
5. Eleanor Tupper and George E. McReynolds, *Japan in American Public Opinion*, New York, Macmillan, 1937, p. 29.
6. For a full account of the anti-Oriental movement in California see Carey McWilliams, *Prejudice. Japanese-Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance*, Boston, Little, Brown, 1944.
7. Quoted in Eliot Grinnell Mears, *Resident Orientals on the American Pacific Coast*, University of Chicago, 1928. The law is Act of Congress March 3, 1887, par. 2, 24 Stats/477.
8. On this point Morton Grodzins of the University of Chicago has collected valuable material from primary sources, as yet unpublished.
9. Rodman W. Paul, *The Abrogation of the Gentlemen's Agreement*, Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Society, 1936.
10. See Tupper and McReynolds, pp. 182-98.
11. Harry Emerson Wildes, *Japan in Crisis*, quoted in McWilliams, *Prejudice*.
12. Quoted by Mears, *Resident Orientals on the American Pacific Coast* from the Survey of Race Relations.
13. This and the following examples are taken from that great work of Sir James Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, which lights up so many of the darker corridors of human conduct and by helping us to understand them may some day help us to cure.
14. *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, 1909.
15. Harry Alvin Millis, *The Japanese Problem in the United States*, New York, Macmillan, 1915.

16. In an unpublished dissertation by Charles N. Reynolds, "Oriental-White Relations in Santa Clara County," Stanford, 1927, quoted in McWilliams, *Prejudice*.

Chapter XVII

1. See Kanichi Kawasaki, "The Japanese Community of East San Pedro," unpublished Master's thesis, University of Southern California, 1931.
2. See Shotaro Frank Miyamoto, *Social Solidarity among the Japanese in Seattle*, Seattle, University of Washington, 1939.
3. Albert W. Palmer, *Orientalism in American Life*, New York, Friendship Press, 1934, p. 57.
4. For the record, the prefectural associations with date of founding follow, as given in *Zai Bei Nihon Jin Shi*: Gumma, 1890; Wakayama, 1896; Yamana-shi, 1900; Shizuoka, 1900; Hiroshima, 1902; Kanagawa, 1903; Kumamoto, 1904; Saga, 1904; Ehime, 1905; Okayama, 1906; Tottori, 1907; Kochi, 1908; Bocho (Yamaguchi), 1914; Fukuoka, 1921; Osaka, 1923.
5. Fumiko Fukuoka, "Mutual Life and Aid among the Japanese in Southern California," unpublished Master's thesis, University of Southern California, 1937.
6. The most satisfactory account of early religious activities is in the Japanese source, *Zai Bei Nihon Jin Shi*.
7. Miyamoto, cited above.
8. WRA Community Analysis Report no. 9, mimeographed.
9. *Meyer vs. Nebraska*, 262 U.S. 390, 43 Sup. Ct. 625 and *Bartels vs. Iowa*, 262 U.S. 404, 43 Sup. Ct. 628.
10. The dailies were *Rafu Shimpō*, *Kashu Mainichi* and *Beikoku Sangyo Nippo* of Los Angeles; *Nichi Bei* and *Shin Sekai Asahi* of San Francisco; the *Sacramento Nippo*; the *Oregon Nippo* of Portland; *Hokubei Jiji* and *Dai-hoku Nippo* in Seattle. Newspapers were also published in the mountain states and in New York City.
11. George Sabagh and Dorothy S. Thomas, "Changing Patterns of Fertility and Survival among the Japanese Americans on the Pacific Coast," *American Sociological Review*, Vol. X, No. 5, October 1945.

Chapter XVIII

1. Quoted in McWilliams, p. 79.
2. Jean Pajus, *The Real Japanese California*, Berkeley, J. J. Gillick Co., 1937.
3. Adon Poli, *Japanese Farm Holdings on the Pacific Coast*, Berkeley, United States Department of Agriculture, 1944.
4. Assembled from WRA Project Analysis Series No. 20 and *Findings of the*

Select Committee Investigating National Defense Migration (Tolan Committee), House Report No. 2124, May 1942.

5. Marjorie R. Stearns, *History of the Japanese People in Oregon*, University of Oregon, 1937.

6. McWilliams, p. 88.

7. *12th Biennial Report*, Bureau of Labor Statistics of California, 1905-6.

8. Shichiro Matsui, "Economic Aspect of the Japanese Situation in California," unpublished Master's thesis, Univ. of California, Berkeley, 1922. Also see the Tolan Committee *Findings*, pp. 101-4.

9. See Forrest E. LaViolette, *Americans of Japanese Ancestry*, Toronto, The Canadian Institute of International Affairs, 1945, pp. 92 ff.

Chapter XIX

1. See Ichihashi, cited above, p. 357.

2. Edward K. Strong, Jr., *The Second-Generation Japanese Problem*, Stanford University Press, 1934.

3. Ichihashi, p. 361.

4. This aspect of Nisei life is briefly discussed in LaViolette, p. 174.

5. Reginald Bell, *Public School Education of Second-Generation Japanese*, Stanford University Press, 1935.

6. Carey McWilliams, *Brothers Under the Skin*, Boston, Little, Brown, 1943.

7. For this and some following details I am indebted to an interesting little booklet, *The Nisei—A Study of Their Life in Japan*, written by the Nisei Survey Committee at the Keisen Girls' School and published in Tokyo in 1939.

8. LaViolette, p. 116. There is a good review of the whole marriage problem here.

9. *Zai Bei Nihon J'in Shi*.

10. Quoted by Carey McWilliams from *The Future of Japan-American Relations in California*, 1922.

11. Robert E. Park, "Behind Our Masks," *Survey*, May 1, 1926.

Chapter XX

1. *The Story of the Pacific Coast Japanese Evacuation*. An Address to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco on May 20, 1942.

2. *Prejudice*, p. 144.

3. *Hearings before the Select Committee Investigating National Defense Migration* (Tolan Committee), Government Printing Office, 1942, p. 11,254.

4. For complete statistics see the very interesting brief filed amicus curiae before the Supreme Court in the Korematsu case and published as *The Case*

for the Nisei by the Japanese American Citizens League, Salt Lake City, 1944.

5. For this shameful warping of evidence where the lives and fortunes of 110,000 were involved, see General DeWitt's *Final Report*, pp. 18 ff., and *The Case for the Nisei*, pp. 28 ff.

6. Note 1 above.

7. Vol. 54, p. 9,207, quoted in *Prejudice*, p. 116.

8. See *Dinner at the White House*, New York, Harper, pp. 44-5. The dinner was on January 13.

9. *Hearings*, Part 29, pp. 11,178-83.

10. Tolan Committee *Findings*, p. 176.

11. Same, p. 173.

12. *The Wartime Handling of Evacuee Property*, Department of the Interior, available through Superintendent of Documents at 35 cents, gives much of the background of this delay as well as some further shameful evidence of mishandling of evacuee property.

13. Tolan Committee, *Findings*, pp. 13 ff.

14. Toru Matsumoto, *Beyond Prejudice*, New York, Friendship Press, 1946, p. 21.

15. Same, p. 22.

16. *Prejudice*, p. 233.

17. Same, p. 140.

18. Same, p. 139.

19. *The Wartime Handling of Evacuee Property*, pp. 87-91.

20. Same, pp. 64 ff.

21. Same, p. 86.

22. Same, p. 104.

23. *Harper's Magazine*, September 1945.

Chapter XXI

1. See Chapter V.

2. See Alexander Leighton, *The Governing of Men*, Princeton University Press, 1945.

3. For a full and enlightening account of the Poston strike, its origins, and relocation center social structure in general see Leighton above.

4. WRA Community Analysis Notes no. 1.

5. Dorothy S. Thomas and Richard Nishimoto, *The Spoilage*, University of California Press, 1946, p. 90.

6. *Impounded People*, Department of the Interior, Government Printing Office. P. 150.

7. Same.

8. Leighton, p. 244.

Chapter XXII

1. See Ralph G. Martin's *Boy from Nebraska*, New York, Harper, 1946, for the full story.
2. Orville C. Shirey, cited above.
3. In addition to many clippings, interviews and personal knowledge I have used here an excellent article in the *Pacific Citizen*, December 22, 1945.

Chapter XXIII

1. *The Relocation Program*, Department of the Interior, Government Printing Office.
2. For details in this analysis I am indebted to WRA Project Analysis Series nos. 5, 9, 18, 21.
3. Violet Wood, "Future Indefinite," *Pilgrim Highroad*, March 1944.
4. Setsuko Matsunaga, "The Adjustment of Evacuees in St. Louis," unpublished Master's thesis, St. Louis, Washington University, 1944.
5. *St. Louis Nisei* (mimeographed), September 1946.
6. Sources include *New York Nihon Jin Hatten Shi*, Tokyo, 1921; K. K. Kawakami, *Jokichi Takamine*, New York, William Edwin Rudge, 1928; a privately printed brochure, *The Shining Stars*, autobiography of Dr. Toyohiko Campbell Takami; and private interviews.
7. These figures, taken from *The Relocation Program*, are first post office addresses. Resettlers have moved around since, but final figures must await the 1950 census returns.
8. C. W. Jackson, *A Study of the Japanese Population of the City & County of Denver*, Denver Bureau of Public Welfare of the City & County of Denver, 1944.
9. Jobu Yasumura, "What Happens Next for Americans of Japanese Ancestry?", *Missions*, January 1946.
10. Same.

Chapter XXIV

1. A survey conducted by Robert W. O'Brien and Shotaro Frank Miyamoto, reported in the *Pacific Citizen* of May 24, 1947.

Chapter XXVI

1. Gustav Eckstein, *Noguchi*, New York, Harper, 1931.
2. *The Shining Stars*, cited above.
3. *Jokichi Takamine* and *New York Nihon Jin Hatten Shi*, cited above.

4. New York, Henry Holt, 1943. A sequel, *The Horizon is Calling*, appeared in 1947.
5. Columbia University Press, 1946.

Chapter XXVII

1. Andrew W. Lind, *Hawaii's Japanese*, Princeton University Press, 1946, p. 258.
2. Everett V. Stonequist, *The Marginal Man*, New York, Scribner, 1937, pp. 55, 221.
3. For a full exposition of the importance to our civilization of fusing the basic traits and understandings of Eastern and Western civilization see F. S. C. Northrop, *The Meeting of East and West*, New York, Macmillan, 1946.

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